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THE

GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XVIII

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



THE "JOSEPH WENTWORTH HOUSE," SOMERSWORTH.

CONCORD · N·H·

THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1895



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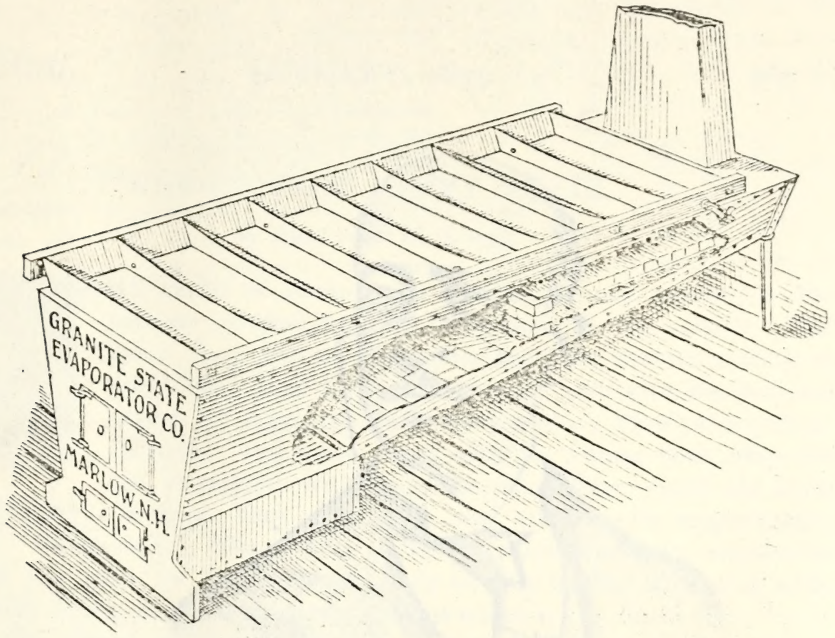
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WILL CONTAIN

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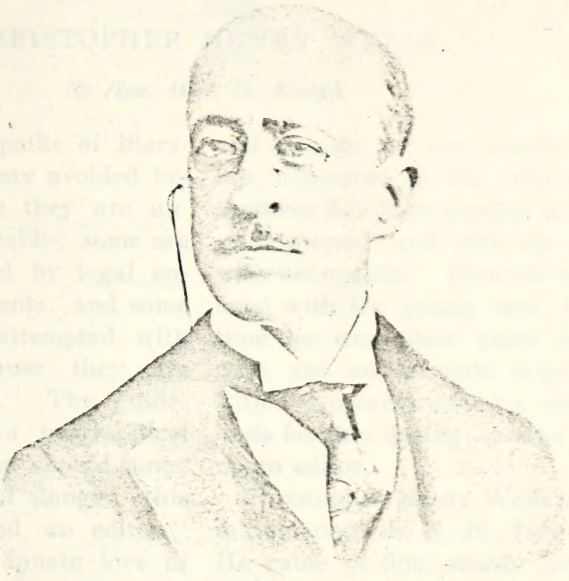
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CHRISTOPHER H. WELLS.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. JANUARY, 1895. No. 1.

CHRISTOPHER HENRY WELLS.

By Hon. Wm. D. Knapp.

SOME paths of literature are avoided because they are unprofitable; some are closed by legal enactments; and some are attempted with great caution, because they are marked "Dangerous." The guideboard to the path for biographical sketches of living men should have, besides the signal of danger, this caution, "Don't prod an editor." Whether he has an innate love of truth for its own sake, or claims a monopoly of lies and the exclusive privilege of telling them, it is always unsafe to serve him up with sauces. Skating on thin ice, chumming with rattlesnakes, teasing elephants, ballooning among cyclones, picking up bombs, and holding up targets may be harmless amusements or attended with slight risks compared with any attempt to delineate the personal traits and characteristics of a live editor, without strict adherence to absolute verities.

The following sketch has been prepared with full consciousness of the dangers and probable results, near and remote, of any untrue or unfair treatment of the subject. The sketcher has been content to walk on solid ground, and with his feet, not with his eyelids. Personal acquaintance with the young man from the time he was three years old until now, and an intimate acquaintance with his parents, afford a substantial basis for this daring attempt to write up an editor.

Christopher Henry Wells was born in Somersworth, N. H., July 6, 1853. He came of fine, sturdy New England stock, his parents being Nathaniel and Eliza Thom Wells.

The Wells, or Welles, family in England is of very ancient origin, being clearly traceable back to the time of the Norman conquest. It is pretty well established that Thomas Wells, a physician, who came to Ipswich, Mass., in 1635, was the earliest emigrant of that name who settled in this country, though several other families of Wells came over soon after. Savage, in his "Genealogical Dictionary of New England," states that Thomas Wells came to this country in 1635 on the *Susan and Ellen*, from London, with young

Richard Saltonstall, when thirty years of age. Thomas was thus one of the earliest English inhabitants of Ipswich. He married Abigail, a daughter of William Warner, and sister of Daniel and John Warner, all of them people of consideration among the first settlers. In June, 1657, he went to Wells, Me., and purchased several hundred acres of land, but returned to Ipswich in a few years, and on his death left his land in Wells to his son, John, and for more than a century that town remained the home of that line of the family.

Through Thomas Wells (the son of John) and Nathaniel (the son of Thomas) we come to Nathaniel Wells,—born 1740, died 1816,—who, during his long and useful life, was known as Judge Wells. He was one of the most distinguished and valuable of the inhabitants of Wells at that time. In 1760 he was graduated from Harvard university, where he took high rank.

Bourne, in his "History of Wells and Kennebunk," says that Judge Wells was "distinguished for strength of intellect, a tenacious memory, deep thought, and an uncommon power of argumentation." He filled many positions of trust, and his counsels were much relied on by his fellow-townsmen. He was a member of several important conventions during the Revolutionary times, and was a special justice and afterwards chief justice of the inferior court of common pleas, representative to the legislature, and member of the senate. "In fine," says Bourne, "his services were sought for on all matters of public interest. He was the people's man, fitted for any station, and always ready for duty. His opinions carried with them great weight, and controlled the action of a majority of the people." He was a contemporary of Rev. Moses Hemmenway, D. D., a graduate of Harvard, an able preacher and writer, and one of the most eminent logicians in New England.

Judge Wells's son, Nathaniel, married Eunice, daughter of Dr. Hemmenway, before alluded to, and settled at Deerfield, N. H., where he preached for more than a quarter of a century, some of his sermons being now-a-days occasionally published as models of theological effort. He was an able preacher. The third child born to Nathaniel and Eunice was Nathaniel, the father of the subject of this sketch.

His mother was Eliza Thom, a descendant of William Thom, who was born in 1706 in Scotland; removed to Londonderry, Ireland, and, after a short residence in the north of Ireland, was married to Elizabeth Wiar, of the same Scotch race. They emigrated to America and settled in Windham, N. H., in 1736.

Isaac Thom, their son, was the first regular physician in Windham of whom there is any record, and, as Parker's "History of Londonderry" says, he became distinguished by the discovery and adoption of improved methods of practice in certain cases. He was a prominent and influential citizen of the town, and was a member of the committee of safety during the Revolution. In 1782 he removed to Londonderry (now Derry), N. H.

James, his son, the father of Eliza, was also an important man in this community. He was a graduate of Dartmouth, and practised law for

some years, and a part of the time edited a "Constitutionalist" newspaper. He held various important public offices. The mother of the late Hon. Charles H. Bell was a sister of this James Thom.

Eliza's mother was Harriett Coffin, the daughter of Dr. William Coffin, who, before the War of the Revolution, was a midshipman in the British navy. In 1775 he went to Paris, France, to complete his education in medicine, which was commenced in Boston, after which he returned to America, and when the Revolution broke out he resigned his commission as midshipman in the British navy, and was appointed a surgeon on the brig *Tyrannicide*, a colony cruiser and public armed vessel of fourteen guns.

Nathaniel Wells was a lawyer in Somersworth from about the year 1835 until his death, which occurred in 1878. He was able and eminent in his profession, having been counsel for large corporations, and having large and important interests entrusted to him for adjustment. The writer of this sketch read law in his office, and recalls with feelings of gratitude and admiration the kindness of heart, the keenness of thought, the quick perception, and the broad common sense of Mr. Wells.

Christopher H. received his early education in the public schools of Somersworth, and fitted for college in the high school under Prof. James P. Dixon. In 1871 he entered Bowdoin college, and was graduated in 1875. On leaving college he studied law with his father and William R. Burleigh, then in partnership. While pursuing his law studies, he organized, and was captain of, the famous independent military company known as the Great Falls Cadets, which was acknowledged to be the finest military organization in the state.

He was admitted to the bar, August 15, 1878, being among the first candidates under the new and stricter requirements of examination for admission. His father died the very day after he was admitted to the bar, and Christopher soon afterwards formed a law partnership with William R. Burleigh, so literally taking his father's place that the name of the former firm, "Wells & Burleigh," was adopted by the new firm without change. This partnership lasted about six years. During this period young Wells was a plodding lawyer, showing in his methods of thought and action many traits like those which had characterized his father. He may not have had a full repertory of the requirements that distinguished the popular advocate, but his ability to become an eminent attorney and counsellor-at-law in the "all around" sense clearly appeared. Before he became a lawyer—before he left college, even—Mr. Wells had aspirations to do something in the literary line. Some of his earlier efforts with the pen furnished the text for private theatricals and dramatic plays. Others were published in the local newspaper, and still others found a larger public through the columns of more widely circulated papers and periodicals. His success in these tentative efforts favored his inclinations, and in 1883 he purchased the Free Press publishing and printing establishment and decided to be an editor. A year or two later he gave up his law business and devoted himself to his new line of work. He has

made of the *Free Press* a strong local newspaper, and a leader among the papers of the state. Its influence is on the side of that which is just and right and good, and it is warmly devoted to the interests and welfare of the community. Its literary tone also is good, and it is readable and interesting.

For a number of years after graduation from college he was a member of the school committee, and did good work in the cause of education. He was a member of the legislature of 1881, and also of 1883, and served on important committees in both bodies. He was also a member of the constitutional convention of 1889. In 1887–'88 he was a member of the military staff of Gov. Charles H. Sawyer, with the rank of colonel.

Last March Colonel Wells was elected mayor of Somersworth, which up to that time had been strongly Democratic. The Democratic majority for mayor in 1893 was about 50, but Colonel Wells was triumphantly elected by 267 Republican majority. His legal knowledge admirably equips him for the office of mayor, and he is competent to meet, and decide quickly, important questions which arise in the course of the transaction of municipal business. His success as mayor is well established. He has endeavored to keep in view the best good of the city and the welfare of the community. He is the mayor, not of any clique or business corporation, but of the whole city. Since his coming into office there has been a reduction of taxation, also a reduction in the rate of interest on the municipal debt, and a very gratifying reform in police methods. Laws against disturbances on the Lord's day have been better enforced, and the moral tone of the city has been thereby much improved.

As a speaker, Colonel Wells does not possess all the powers or tricks of oratory (for instance, the trick of hesitating in order to make the next word more impressive), but he is forcible and earnest in his delivery, and is sure to engage the attention of his audience for the reason that he has something to say. He has made a number of political speeches with marked success. As a presiding officer he is well versed in parliamentary law, and prompt and ready in his decisions. His efforts in this line at the banquets of the Strafford County Republican club and at other meetings have been referred to in the most complimentary terms.

Colonel Wells has always been a Republican in politics. He has been for a number of years a member of the Republican state committee, and is now a member of the executive committee, which consists of only about a dozen members for the whole state. He has been president of the Strafford County Republican club for two years, and was reëlected for two years more at the splendid banquet of the club held October 24, last. He has political influence, not only in the city and county, but also in the state. He is a member of Libanus lodge, A. F. and A. M., of this city, and is a 32d degree Mason; also is a member of other fraternal organizations, and of several press clubs and associations.

As a citizen, he is public spirited and generous, always ready to devote time, money, and both physical and

mental efforts to the public good. He is a director in the local library, also in two improvement associations, and has been identified with the growth and progress of Somersworth in recent years. In all important projects for the increase of business enterprises and the opportunities for labor requiring contributions of money, he has been among the foremost in zeal and liberality. If not the first, he was among the first to inaugurate the movement which resulted, in February, 1893, in obtaining a charter and establishing the city of Somersworth.

In religious matters Mr. Wells is identified with, and a member of, the society connected with the Congregational church, of which his father was a member, in the same denomination of which his grandfather and two of his uncles were able and worthy ministers.

Mr. Wells was married June 15, 1887, to Miss Ora Hartford, of Dover, N. H., a lady of refinement and elegant taste, qualified to attract and retain friendships. Though quiet and unobtrusive, she can entertain with genuine politeness. Their home presents a pleasing combination of taste and culture, comfort without luxury, and elegance without display.

In society Mr. Wells is agreeable and witty, genial and happy. He enjoys an intellectual feast, and is able to make liberal contributions to the entertainment.

Amid all the varied activities that have occupied his time and attention, he has not lost sight of the fact that he is the editor of the *Free Press*. The temptation to conduct a newspaper that allured him from the practice of law, still holds him under its control. His success would indicate that nature, in her secret division of mental powers, generously bestowed on him the qualities which find their best expression in an editorial sanctum. He appears to have the happy art by which favor and support are obtained, knows how to avoid with directness the shining Cyclades and steer with steady and unerring hand into the Corinthian port.

As a writer, Mr. Wells is clear and incisive. His style might be called critical rather than constructive. In the use of language he has much originality, and while felicitous in the expression of new thoughts, he can also give remarkably queer twists to old ones. Whatever he undertakes to write is never smothered with dullness. In literature and current events he is always up to date. At short notice he can change the *Free Press* into a free lance, and woe to the unhappy wight who accepts his challenge.

THE NEW YEAR.

By Myra B. Lord.

With the New Year cometh Hope,
Putting forth her fragrant flowers.
Pray that blight may spare them long—
Life hath few of sunny hours.

HOW THE PARISH GREW TO A CITY: A SKETCH OF SOMERSWORTH.

By Edward O. Lord.

"AND so the Parish of Summersworth became the Town of Somersworth, April 22, 1754."

Thus does Hon. William D. Knapp, in a historical sketch prepared for the first annual report of the city of Somersworth, note the promotion of the parish which had been set off from Dover in 1729 to the dignity of a town.

The man who wrote the town's charter is responsible for the change in orthography. He made Summersworth Somersworth; but with either spelling the original meaning, "a summer town," is retained, and a glance at its location and boundaries will demonstrate the fitness of the name.

Let some sight-seer stand successively on one of the Deerfield hills, twenty-five miles away, and look east; on the Blue hills in Strafford, twelve miles away, and look south-east; on the Ossipee mountains, forty miles away, and look south; on Boneagh Beagh, in York county, Maine, twenty miles away, and look south-west, and on Mount Agamenticus, twelve miles away, and look north-west, — from each station can be seen the square outlines of the Somersworth high school house, with its towering belfry and gilded spire. For more than forty years that building has been a noted landmark. It stands on the summit of Prospect hill, the centre of a widely diverging circle of homes.

Skirting the base of the hill in a winding course, is the Salmon Falls river, with its marvellous water-power and its scenes of placid and sometimes angry beauty. Along the river's western bank are the steel rails of the Great Falls & Conway and the Boston & Maine railroads, and running parallel with the rails are Main and Market streets, with their mile of business blocks and substantial dwellings. West of Main street, and uniting with it at its northerly end to form Market street, is High street, which extends in a southerly direction towards Dover, and forms the road-bed for the six miles of electric



The High School House.



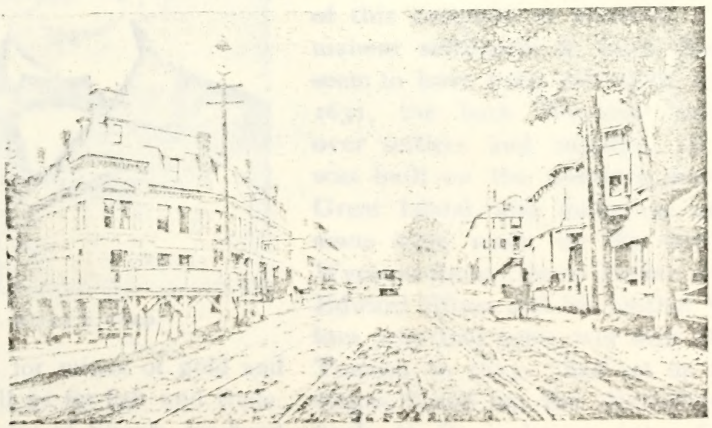


The Canal along Main Street, with No. 2 Mill in the background.

railway which connects the two cities. At the northerly end of Market street is the bridge across the river to Berwick, Me., a pleasant country town of 2,000 inhabitants, in its business and social connections an important and valued suburb of Somersworth.

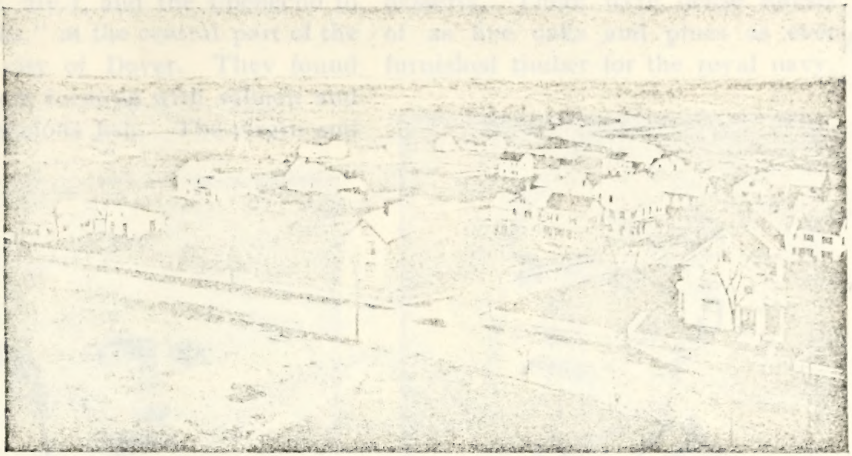
Nature has done her best to make this favored spot a summer resort. The variety of landscape, the pleasant drives over the hills or along the plains at their bases, the beauty of the river views, the abundance of fish in the brooks, ponds, and river, the presence of squirrels, partridges, coons, and rabbits in the woods and pastures roundabout,—enable the most fastidious citizen or summer guest to choose an agreeable recreation. The magnificent shade-trees—elms, maples, oaks, and horse-chestnuts—which line the wide streets, the tasteful residences with their well kept grounds in all parts of the city, attest man's appreciation of Nature's efforts.

It was in the third year of the seventeenth century that voyagers from



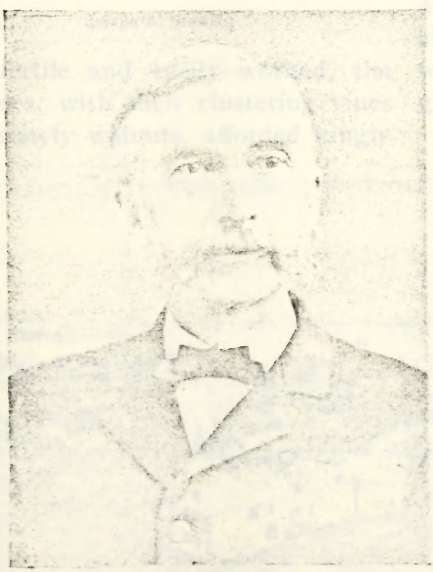
High Street, looking South from Lincoln Square.





View from High School House, looking North.

Bristol, England, entered what is now Portsmouth harbor, and made expeditions up Pascataqua river. They were enraptured by the "goodly groves and woods" along its banks. Eleven years later, Capt. John Smith,



Hon. William D. Knapp

in his search for mines of gold and copper, as well as for fish and trade, sighted the Isles of Shoals, explored the shores, and entered the Pascataqua. Returning to England, he made a quaint map of the coast, from which Prince Charles christened the newly discovered territory "New England." In 1623, "Mr. David Tomson, a Scotchman . . . began a plantation . . . at a place called Pascataquack," later known as "Little Harbor," and remained there till 1626. On the 17th of November, 1629, came the grant to the Laconia company, of which Sir Ferdinand Gorges and Capt. John Mason were members. The efforts of this company to establish a permanent settlement at Little Harbor seem to have been successful, for, in 1631, the bark *Warwick* brought over settlers and supplies. A fort was built on the northern point of Great Island, and numerous excursions were made up the river to Wecanacohunt (Dover Point), where Edward Hilton and his brother William, who had come over with David Tomson in 1623, "had set up their stages," and up the Newichawannock to Quamphegan (now South

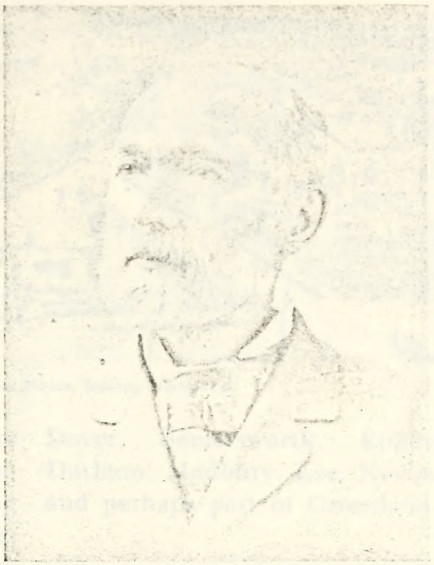


Berwick, Me.), and the Cochecho to the "falls," at the central part of the present city of Dover. They found the waters teeming with salmon and other delicious fish. The virgin soil



Joseph A. Stickney.

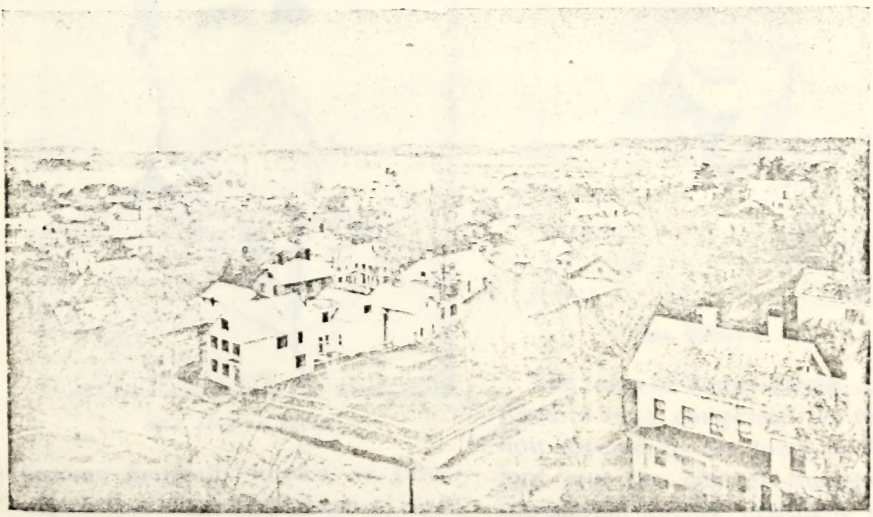
was fertile and easily worked, the hillsides, with their clustering vines and stately walnuts, afforded kingly desserts. There were dense forests of as fine oaks and pines as ever furnished timber for the royal navy,



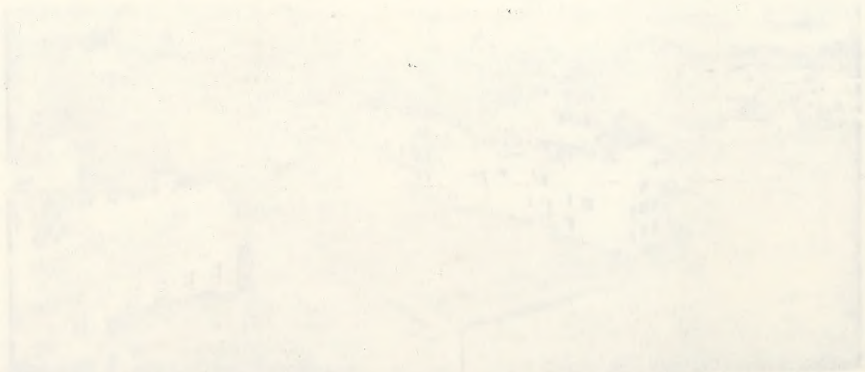
Hon. Albert A. Perkins.

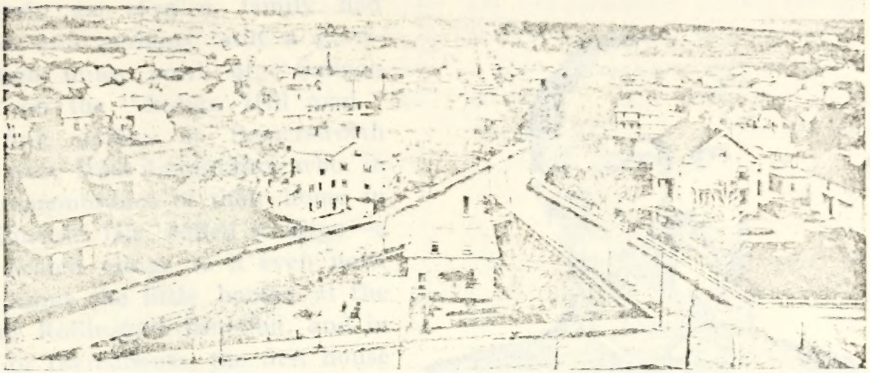
and the numerous rapids and falls above tide-water would furnish ample water-power for sawing lumber and grinding corn or wheat.

The settlement at Wecanacohunt,



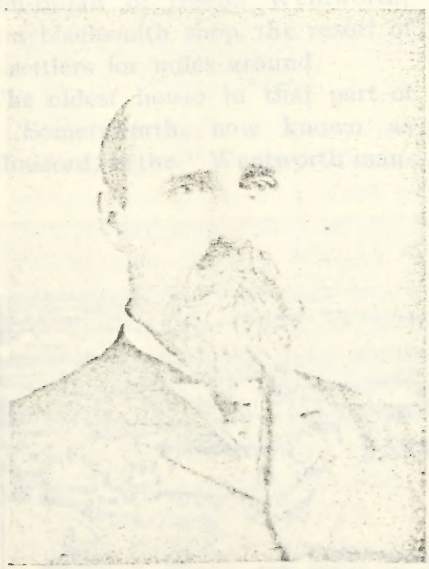
View from High School House, looking South.



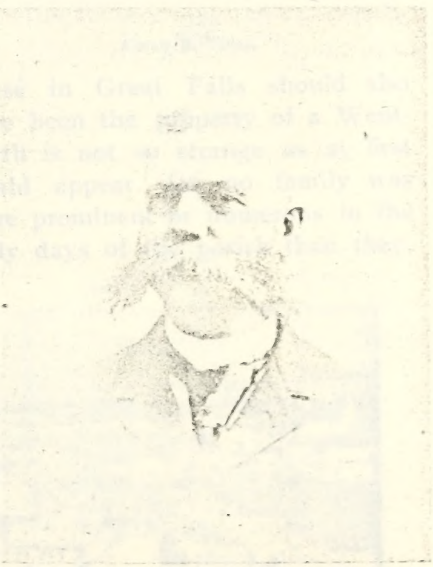


View from High School House, looking North-east.

or Hilton's Point, was the centre from which the settlers of this charming region worked. A flourishing village soon sprang up at "Cochecho falls," and by 1652 the country around the Hilton plantation had become generally known as Dover, whose boundaries had been so established that it included what is now Dover, Somersworth, Rollinsford, Durham, Madbury, Lee, Newington, and perhaps part of Greenland.



Hon. James A. Edgerly.

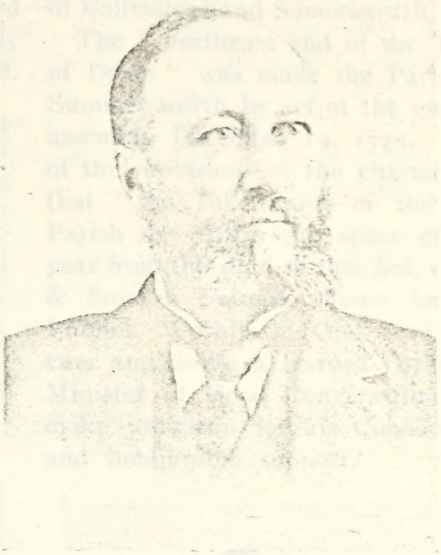


Hon. Charles M. Lorr.

The town of Somersworth, as chartered in 1754, comprised the territory now covered by the town of Rollinsford and the city of Somersworth, the people having gradually pushed back from "Cochecho falls" towards

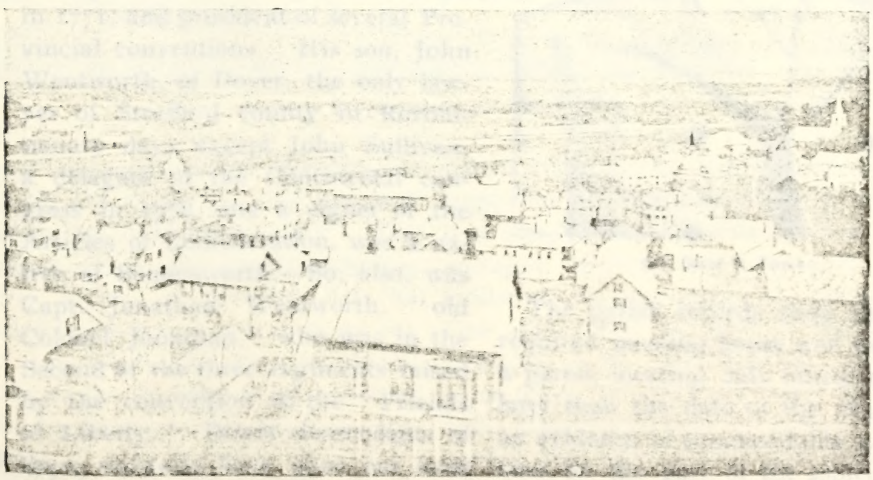
and around "Humphrey's [now Hussey's] pond" on the north, and towards "Salmon falls" on the east. As early as 1675 a family had located, and perhaps built a garrison, two miles north of "Salmon falls," on the "Indigo Hill road." The first settlers at Somersworth Point were Irish immigrants, who, in fond remembrance of their home in the Emerald Isle, called it Sligo—a name which clings to it even now. Then came the little hamlet at the present Rollinsford Junction, and in 1750, or thereabouts, the first house in the village of Great Falls was built by Joseph Wentworth. This house is still standing on Prospect street, just west of the Great Falls National Bank building. Its continued good repair speaks well for the thoroughness of its builder and the excellence of its lumber. Near by Andrew Horn, a son-in-law of Joseph Wentworth, had a blacksmith shop, the resort of the settlers for miles around.

The oldest house in that part of old Somersworth, now known as Rollinsford, is the "Wentworth mansion" at Salmon Falls, which was built five generations ago by Capt. Paul Wentworth. That the first



A'mon D. Tolles.

house in Great Falls should also have been the property of a Wentworth is not so strange as at first would appear, for no family was more prominent or numerous in the early days of the parish than they.



View from High School House, looking South-east.

Paul Wentworth was a member of the first board of selectmen of the parish, and the moderator of the first parish meeting. William Wentworth, Gershom Wentworth, Richard Wentworth, are names frequently found in the early records. Col.



James J. Woodward.

John Wentworth, a relative of the last royal governor, John Wentworth, was speaker of the Provincial house in 1771, and president of several Provincial conventions. His son, John Wentworth, of Dover, the only lawyer of Strafford county in Revolutionary days except John Sullivan, a delegate to the Continental congress in 1778, and a signer of the Articles of Confederation, was a native of Somersworth. So, also, was Capt. Jonathan Wentworth, "old Colonel Jonathan," who was in the Second of the three regiments raised by the convention of the "Friends of Liberty." Direct descendants of these stalwarts have gone out from their native state to win honors elsewhere—like the late Hon. John Wentworth, LL. D., of Chicago,—but many representatives of the old family name are still numbered among the citizens of Rollinsford and Somersworth.

The "northeast end of the Town of Dover" was made the Parish of Summersworth by act of the general assembly December 19, 1729. One of the provisions of the charter was that "the Inhabitants of the said Parish do within the space of one year from the date of this Act, erect & finish a Suitable House for the Publick Woship of God, and procure and Settle a learned Orthodox Minister of Good Conversation and make provision for his Comfortable and honourable support."



Col. David R. Pierce.

The parish records show that the required meeting-house was used for a parish meeting only nineteen days later than the date of the charter—an evidence of commendable promptness on the part of the aspiring inhabitants!

History does not chronicle how many candidates there were for the position of "Orthodox Minister," but, ten days after the first parish meeting was held, "Mr. James Pike did viva voce in the Parish meeting accept of the call from this Parish, . . . his Comfortable and honourable Support" consisting of an annual salary of £130, together with twenty acres of land, "to be his for ever if he continued the Parish minister till his death, and one hundred pounds for his settlement." The prudent parson also stipulated for his yearly supply of firewood "to be Halled to his door," ten cords for the first two years, but after he should attain to the dignity of an ordained minister twenty cords were to be provided.

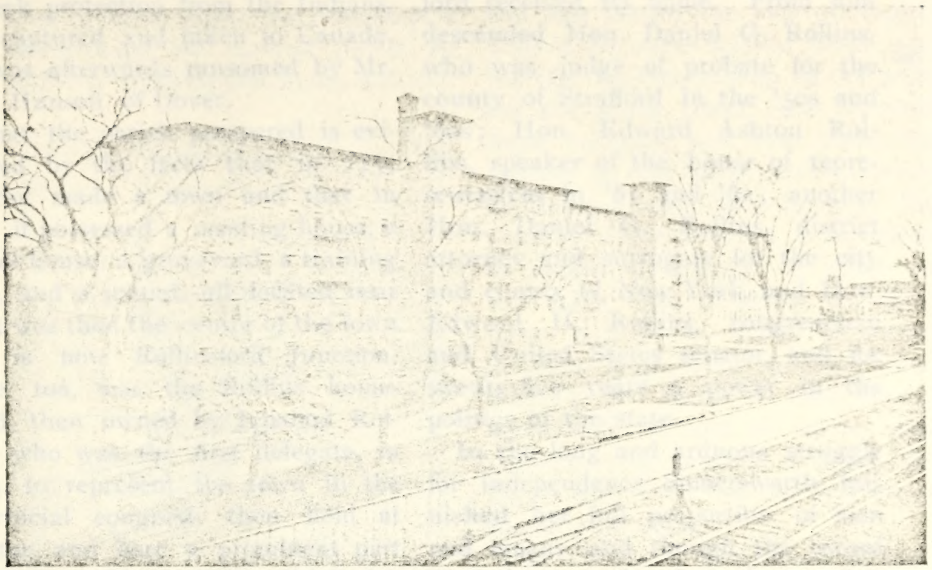
Rev. James Pike was graduated from Harvard in 1725, a class-mate of Rev. Timothy Walker, of Concord. Long and wise was his dispensation, and the Pike homestead in Rollinsford is to-day in the possession of direct descendants of the worthy minister, one of whom, Hon. Robert G. Pike, is the sitting judge of probate for Strafford county.

Almost every one of the early parish documents is in the parson's handwriting. He was loved and respected by his parishioners, and was sought as a legal as well as a spiritual adviser. He was bold in action as he was sound in counsel. One day when he and a brother minister were out walking, they came upon two men who were fighting. The representatives of the cloth agreed that each should take one of the combatants and bear him away.



Great Falls Manufacturing Company's No. 3 Mill.





Great Falls Manufacturing Company's No. 1 Mill.

Reverend James grappled his man and carried him off, while his friend did the same with the other, and the dispute was settled.

The practical turn of mind displayed by the parson was inherited by his descendants, his oldest son, Nicholas Pike, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1766, being the author of that wonderful work known as "Pike's Arithmetic," which for many years was used extensively as a text-book in the schools and colleges, and highly prized not only in scholastic but also in business circles. A grandson, besides being a successful teacher, was the author of two spelling-books and a reader, all of which were well received by an impartial public, and were useful in their day.

Their spiritual welfare thus being provided for, the parish fathers set about finding a schoolmaster, and in 1734 the records show that one Herculus Mooney was wielding the birch at the rate of £3, 15/ per month. Mr. John Sullivan was the schoolmaster in 1737, and received £60 a year for his services, together with 30/ for sweeping and taking care of the meeting-house. This John Sullivan was the father of Maj. Gen. John Sullivan, of Durham, and the grandfather of Atty. Gen. John Sullivan, and was quite an important personage if he did sweep the meeting-house. A native of Limerick, Ireland, he landed at York, Me., in 1723, and some years later taught school in Berwick, where he resided for more than sixty years, dying in May, 1796, at the ripe old age of 104 years.

During the earlier Indian wars Somersworth suffered comparatively little, but the names of George and Martin Ricker, Gershom Downs, and Jabez Garland have been handed down as those who fell victims to the prowling savages. Ebenezer Downs, a Quaker who refused to arm himself

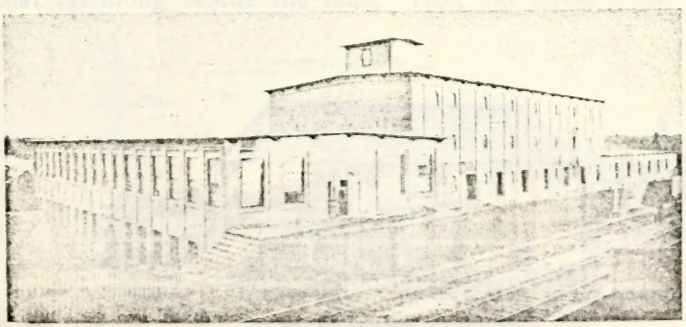


or seek protection from the Indians, was captured and taken to Canada. He was afterwards ransomed by Mr. John Hanson, of Dover.

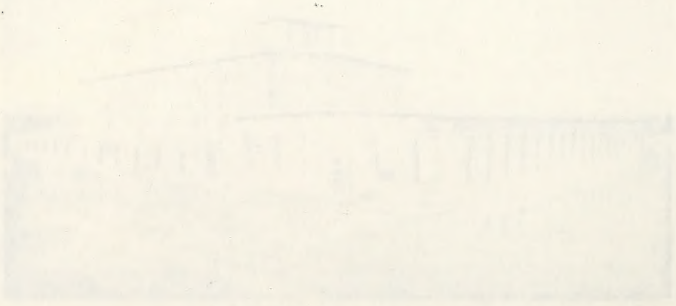
That the parish prospered is evidenced by the facts that in 1754 it was made a town and that in 1772 it possessed a meeting-house, a school-house, a graveyard, a training field, and a pound, all located near what was then the centre of the town but is now Rollinsford Junction. Here, too, was the Rollins homestead, then owned by Ichabod Rollins, who was the first delegate, in 1775, to represent the town in the Provincial congress, then held at Exeter, and bore a prominent part in the troublous times which followed. This Ichabod was the great-grandson of James Rollins, or Rawlins, who came to America in 1632, and some ten years later settled in Dover, and the grandson of the Ichabod Rollins who was killed by the Indians in 1707. He was the Squire Rollins at whose house the town voted to store provisions to be used in any emergency "in this critical conjunction of our Publick affairs," and it was in recognition of his distinguished services that that part of Somersworth which afterwards was incorporated as the town of Rollinsford received its name. From him descended Hon. Daniel G. Rollins, who was judge of probate for the county of Strafford in the '50s and '60s; Hon. Edward Ashton Rollins, speaker of the house of representatives in '61 and '62; another Hon. Daniel G. Rollins, district attorney and surrogate for the city and county of New York, and Hon. Edward H. Rollins, congressman and United States senator, and for twenty-five years a power in the politics of the state.

In the long and arduous struggle for independence Somersworth furnished her full proportion of men and means, and though the record of their names has been destroyed it is certain that there were more than fifty who served through the Revolution, not including the "six-weeks men."

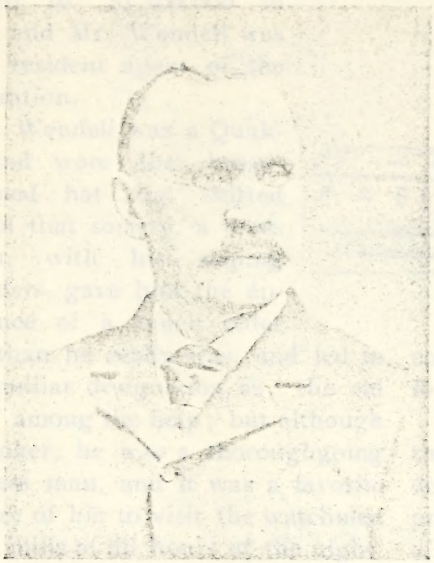
From this time down to 1820 there was little of public interest to record, —the story is one of uneventful ordinary growth; but that year marks the beginning of a new epoch in the business enterprises of the town. There were no dams across the river until then, the saw- and grist-mills being run by water taken from the river through sluiceways to lower levels; but the turbulent waters were



Great Falls Bleachery.



soon to come under the control of a master-hand and furnish power for whirling spindles and flying shuttles.

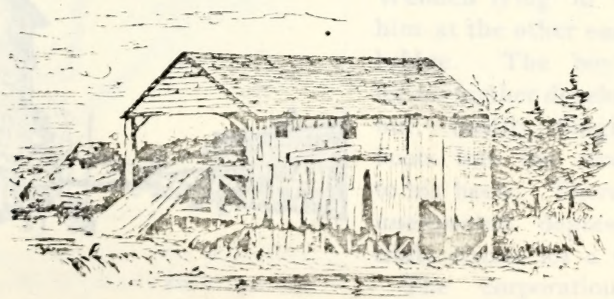


Jesse R. Horne.

Isaac Wendell, who had been instrumental in the organization of a company for the manufacture of cotton cloth at the Cochecho falls at an earlier period, now turned his attention to the Great falls, and quickly recognizing their value for manufacturing purposes, he at once entered into negotiations with Gershom Horn, who had been settled by his father, Andrew Horn, on the farm that lay along beside the falls, and now owned the mill privileges. This is the same Andrew Horn, who had the blacksmith-shop on the present site of the Great Falls National Bank building, and from whom the families of that name in the vicinity are proud to trace their descent. He without doubt married a daughter of Joseph Wentworth, by whom he had three sons, Andrew, Jr., Gershom, and Jacob, whom he settled on three large farms near the river. Andrew, Jr., seems to have been a blacksmith as well as farmer, and Gershom was certainly a miller, but Jacob who lived on the hill was a Simon-pure farmer.

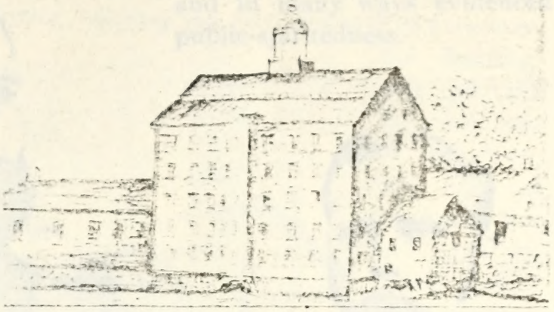
Mr. Wendell purchased of Gershom Horn, for five thousand dollars, all the water-power, the old grist-mill, farm-house, and as much land as he thought would be needed for his purpose; at once commencing operations by erecting a blacksmith-shop, where were made tools for the further prosecution of the enterprise.

The first factory, known as No. 1, was of wood, 150x100 feet, and five stories high, and after this had been put in operation No. 2 was built, of brick and six stories high. This much accomplished, Mr. Wendell set about organizing a company to develop the plant; and, on June 11, 1823, the Great Falls Manufacturing



Gershom Horn's Mill.

Company was incorporated with a chartered capital of $500,000, which was increased to $1,500,000 in 1827, and Mr. Wendell was made resident agent of the corporation.



The Original No. 1 Factory.

Mr. Wendell was a Quaker, and wore the broad-brimmed hat and skirted coat of that society, a dress which, with his sloping shoulders, gave him the appearance of a much older man than he really was, and led to his familiar designation as "the old man" among the help; but although a Quaker, he was a thoroughgoing business man, and it was a favorite practice of his to visit the watchmen in the mills at all hours of the night, and they soon learned that no delinquency of theirs could long escape his watchful eyes. He would not allow intoxicating liquor on the premises, and many were the devices adopted by the men for its concealment, a favorite hiding-place being the niches left by the workmen when they laid the walls of the canal which conducted the water from the upper to the lower level.

Maine was not the prohibition state then that it is now, and Friend Wendell had jurisdiction only on his own premises, so the men could get plenty of liquor on the Maine side of the river, though they were obliged to be very cautious how they displayed it on the Great Falls side. It was customary to send their boots to the shoemaker across the river when in need of repairs, and by and by "the old man" began to notice how frequently the messenger boy was needed for this purpose. Finally he "tumbled." One day as the boy was returning from his errand with a pair of boots dangling from his shoulder, he spied Friend Wendell lying in wait for him at the other end of the bridge. The boy waited for no further developments, but, hastily flinging the boots into the river, took to his heels. There was an unexpected depression in trade circles for a while.



Market Street, looking North from Market Square.

The corporation flourished under Mr. Wendell's



Cyrus Freeman.

administration, more mills were built, and the village began to feel itself a place of importance, for the corporation not only built mills, but graded



Richard W. Shapleigh.

the streets and set out the beautiful shade-trees which gave Elm street its significant name; they owned and controlled the fire department, built a brick hotel and bridges and stores, and in many ways evidenced their public-spiritedness.



Charles P. Andrews.

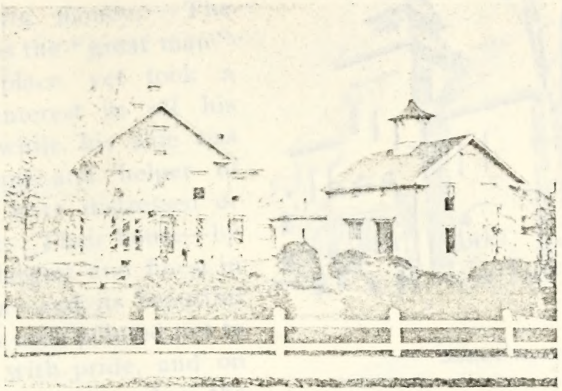
Among the more notable of the corporation agents were the Burleighs—father and son—whose com-



John C. Lothrop.



bined terms of service covered thirty-six years. Both were lawyers by profession; the father, John A. Burleigh, resigned a successful practice in the neighboring town of South Berwick, Me., to assume the agency in 1838; and the son, George William Burleigh, an honor graduate from old Dartmouth in 1851, who gave up his chosen work to relieve his father's failing health, in 1861, to resume it after thirteen years of faithful service,



Residence of John W. Bates.

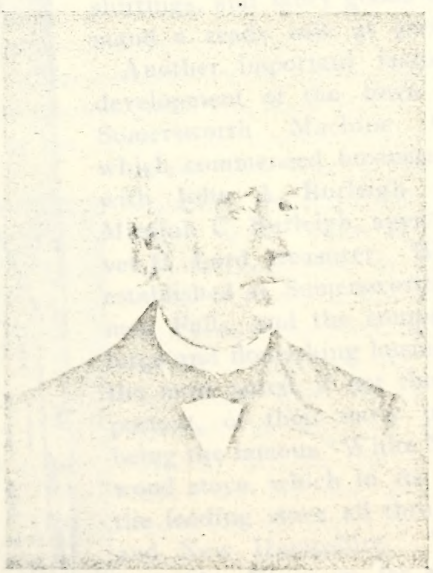


Edward Hargraves.

was regarded as one of the most able and brilliant lawyers of the state.

It was during the Burleigh administration that the bleachery was built; the gas works,—the first in the state; the reservoir on Prospect hill,—constructed while the mills were closed during the war, at a cost of $100,000; the flouring-mill on the Berwick side of the river; the dam at the lower level, and the "new dam," now utilized by the Great Falls Woolen Company and the electric light plant. These and many other substantial improvements were planned and carried through by the indefatigable zeal of men who were not content with ordinary service, but gave of their best freely, whole-heartedly.

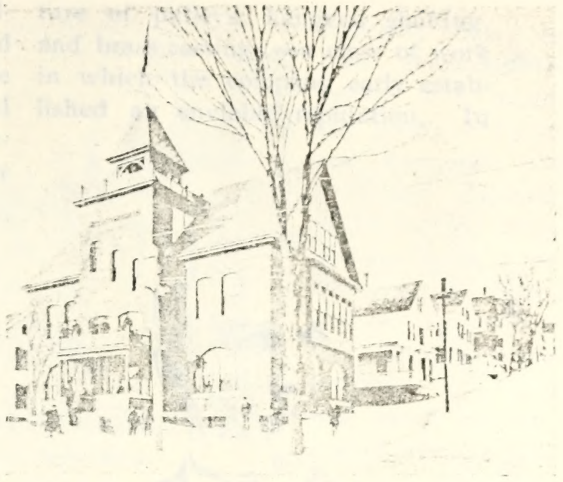
Those were palmy days. The oper-



Ebenezer A. Tibbets.



atives were mostly young men and women from the country villages, who were glad of a chance to earn a little extra money. The agent was the "great man" of the place, yet took a kindly interest in all his people, while his wife was the friend and helper of all who were distressed or troubled. Their house—by far the largest and finest in the town—and its beautiful grounds were pointed out to visitors with pride, and on Sunday morning, when the agent and his family on their way to church walked up the long, elm-shaded street, with its row of corporation boarding-houses on either side, they were the admiration of all beholders.



Soldiers' Memorial Building.

But the customs have necessarily changed with the population, and if the corporation of to-day is lacking in "soul" it is more the fault of the times than the men. Under the management of the present efficient agent, Charles H. Plummer, the company now has in operation in its three large mills about 120,000 spindles and 3,000 looms, and are putting on the market a line of sheetings, shirtings, and fancy goods that command a ready sale at good prices.



The Chandler Building.

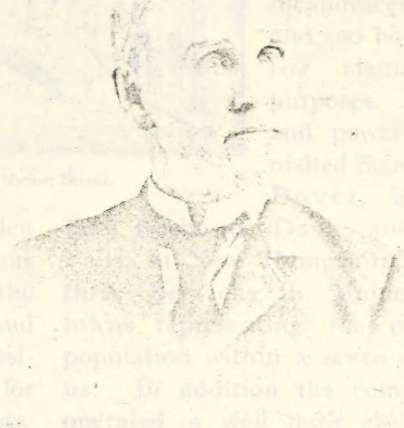
Another important factor in the development of the town was the Somersworth Machine Company, which commenced business in 1851, with John A. Burleigh, president, Micajah C. Burleigh, agent, and Oliver H. Lord, treasurer. Works were established at Somersworth and Salmon Falls, and the company did a large and flourishing business, one of the most noted, if not the most important, of their early productions being the famous "White Mountain" wood stove, which in its prime was the leading stove all through Maine and New Hampshire. They were veritable Ætnas so far as the consumption of fuel was concerned,—a

small matter when one has a woodlot beside the door—but they could and did produce a most delectable brown on the Johnny-cakes and pumpkin pies that the thrifty housewives trustingly consigned to their cavernous depths.



Capt. Henry H. Wentworth.

The stove business in all its branches is now carried on at the Salmon Falls plant, that at Somersworth being devoted to the manufacture of pulleys, hangers, shafting, and brass castings,—a class of work in which the company early established an enviable reputation. In



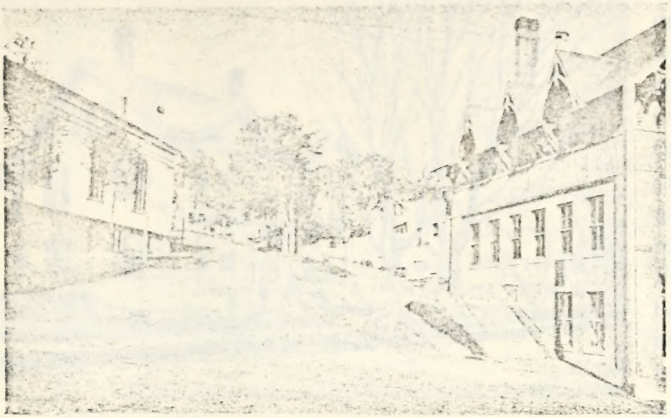
Alfred Carter.

1885–'86 another plant—one of the finest in New England—was established at Dover, and the head office of the company removed there.

The manufacture of various kinds of woolen goods has been carried on by the Great Falls Woolen Company at the New Dam, a thriving little settlement on the third level, since 1863. Mr. Wendell tried to purchase the land at the time he acquired the Horn farm, which it adjoined, but the old man who owned it refused to sell, on the ground that he had lived there all his life, and if he lived he meant to die there—a paradox which he overcame in his own way and time.



Residence of Charles H. Plummer.



Prospect Street, looking West from Market Street.

To speak of the Great Falls Woolen Company brings to mind the Buffums —Hon. David H., president of the New Hampshire senate in 1878, and his eldest son, Edgar S., now a resident of Lynn, Mass.,—who were for so long identified with its interests. The plant was sold to Thomas L. Robinson in 1887, and he reorganized the company and ran the mill in connection with others under his control. His son, Charles A. Robinson, is the present president and treasurer of the company, and the mill is devoted to the production of the finer lines of woolens.

On the opposite side of the river from the mill at the New Dam is the power station of the Consolidated Light and Power Company, a business enterprise which represents an expenditure of $800,000 in its development, and which has the largest and best equipped station in New England, together with auxiliary plants at Dover and Rochester, the combined capacity of the stations being 500 arc lights, 3,000 incandescent lights, and 400 horse-power for manufacturing purposes. Light and power are furnished Somersworth, Dover, Rochester, East Rochester, Gonic, and Salmon Falls, in New Hampshire, and the three Berwicks in Maine, — these towns representing the centres of population within a seven-mile radius. In addition the company has operated a well built electric road between Somersworth and Dover, affording to the residents of both cities a cheap and easy means of transportation, and in the summer season a delightful outing in the way of a trip to Burgett park, a tract of land on the shore of Hussey's pond in the south-western corner of Somersworth, where the natural beauty



The Daniel G. Rollins Homestead.





Residences of William E. Bedell and Edwin R. Bartlett.

of the place—fields and groves bordering as pretty a sheet of water as one could wish to see — has been greatly improved by a lavish but well directed expenditure of money, resulting in a most attractive resort for picnic and excursion parties, and offering to the weary toilers of the cities a breathing-place "close to Nature's heart."

For the past ten years the shoe business has been an important element in the city's development. There are two manufactories,—built at a cost of over fifty thousand dollars by the Somersworth Building Company and the Somersworth Improvement Association — giving employment to several hundred people.

The three banking institutions of the city are long-established, conservative, and prosperous. They have always been managed by men whose judgment was ripe and who were interested in the moral, social, and commercial prosperity of the town. The Great Falls National bank was chartered as a state bank in 1845, and a banking-house was erected on the site of the old blacksmith shop built by Andrew Horn nearly a century before. The building was occupied jointly by the Great Falls National bank and the Somersworth Savings bank, the latter having taken out a charter in 1846. The present elegant building was remodelled from the original structure in 1874.

In 1876 the Somersworth Savings bank built the fine business block which stands at the southerly end of Lincoln square, and which affords accommodations for its own business



Residence of William E. Pierce.





George E. Hanson.

and that of the Somersworth National bank—chartered as a state bank in 1855—besides several stores, offices, and secret society halls.

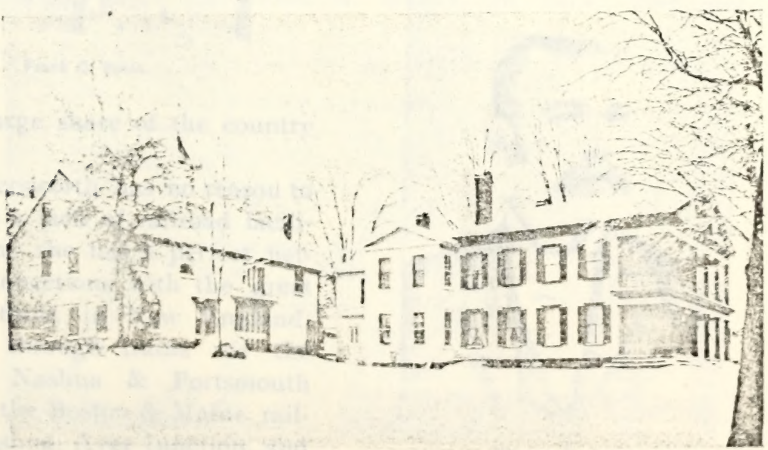
The policy of these banks has always been to favor home enterprises, and no project, which so far appeals to a good business judgment that it can command sufficient sureties or collateral, is allowed to languish for lack of capital.

In its early history Somersworth was the natural outlet for the produce of a large territory. Located on the main highway from Portsmouth to the White mountains, the merchants had a winter trade extending back through Carroll county and the Crawford notch to northern New Hampshire and Vermont. When the rails of the Portsmouth, Great Falls & Conway railroad had been laid to Union Village in Wakefield a part of the country trade was handled by



Burton Etter.

expressmen, who made daily, triweekly, or semi-weekly trips to Somersworth in the interests of their patrons; but when the Portland & Worcester lines bisected the Conway road



Residence of Thomas F. Marston.





Residences of Joseph A. Stickney and Jesse R. Horne.

at Rochester, and the latter line had been extended to North Conway, the busy village on Norway Plains which has since become a city,



Frank C. Bates.

caught a large share of the country patronage.

Yet Somersworth has no reason to complain of a lack of railroad facilities. To-day she has a perfect network of connections with the great centres of trade in New England. There are through trains *via* the Worcester, Nashua & Portsmouth division of the Boston & Maine railroad, to Nashua, Ayer Junction, and Worcester; *via* the Eastern and Western divisions to Boston; *via* the Rollinsford branch with trains over the Grand Trunk, Maine Central, and New Brunswick roads; while the Northern division opens up the unsurpassed scenic attractions of the White mountains and the far-away cities of Montreal and Quebec.

Such is the favored situation of Somersworth under the present arrangements of the Boston & Maine railroad, and that, too, with a reasonable system of fares and freights. The passenger station is one of the



Thomas P. Duffil.

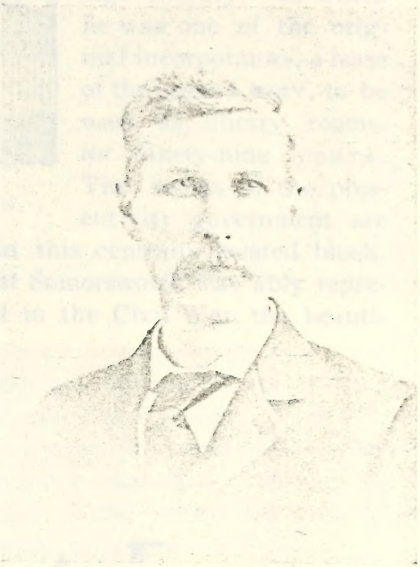




John A. Hayes, M. D.

finest buildings in the city. Erected in 1886–'87 at a cost of $40,000, it has all the modern conveniences so essential to the comfort of the travelling public; while the citizens, recalling the cavernous depths and pitchy darkness which led to the dubbing of its predecessor as the "underground terminus," regard the present elegant and convenient structure with feelings of mingled thankfulness and pride.

Chandler block, on the corner of Orange and Washington streets, perpetuates the name of a man who held many places of honor and trust in the town and was identified with all its leading interests, Captain Isaac Chandler. Coming to Great Falls in

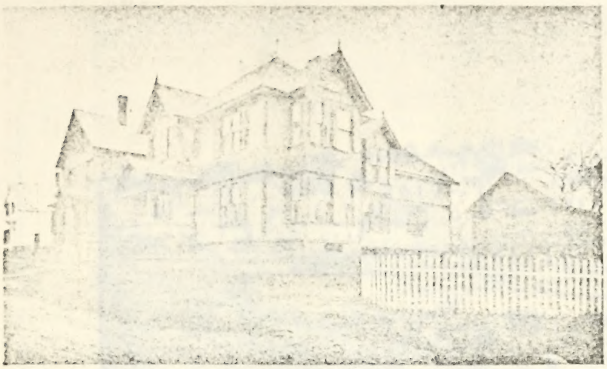


Frank P. Reeve.

1830, his first year's work was at wages of twenty-two cents per day, yet by persistent and rigid economy his savings amounted, at the end of the year, to forty-nine dollars and seventy-six cents. The young man



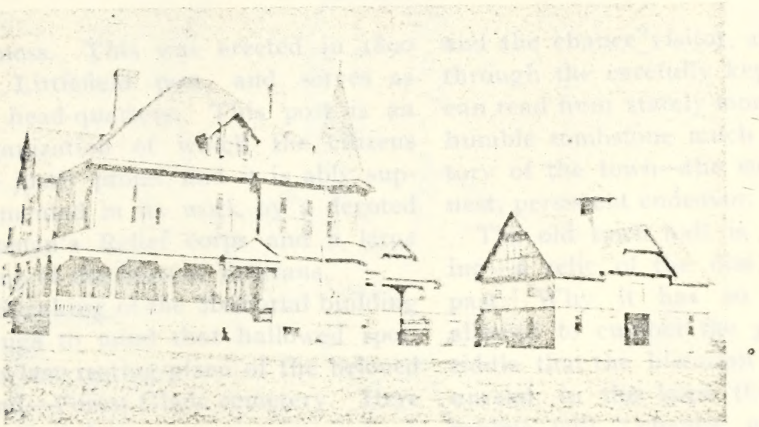
A View on Salmon Falls River.



Residence of Almon D. Tolles.

deserving of aid but found in him a friend. When his new block was completed, in 1888, Mr. Chandler gave to the "Manufacturers' and Village Library," of which he was one of the original incorporators, a lease of the second story, to be used as library rooms, for ninety-nine years. The rooms of the present city government are also in this centrally located block.

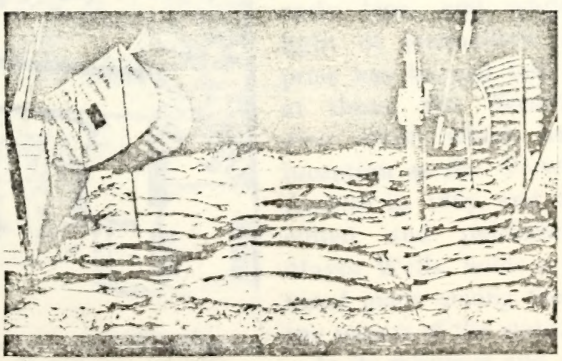
That Somersworth was ably represented in the Civil War, the beauti-



The James T. Furber Homestead.

ful Memorial building at the corner of High and Highland streets bears

who could accomplish such a result as this was sure to succeed, and the good judgment displayed in the investment of his first savings laid the foundation of his subsequently large fortune. Mr. Chandler served as school committee for a period of thirty years, and the short, spare figure, always habited in a dark green coat, became a familiar and welcome sight in the public schools, for no man ever interpreted the duties of the office more liberally than did he, and there was no boy or girl



Trout caught in Somersworth by E. W. Folsom.





The Great Falls.

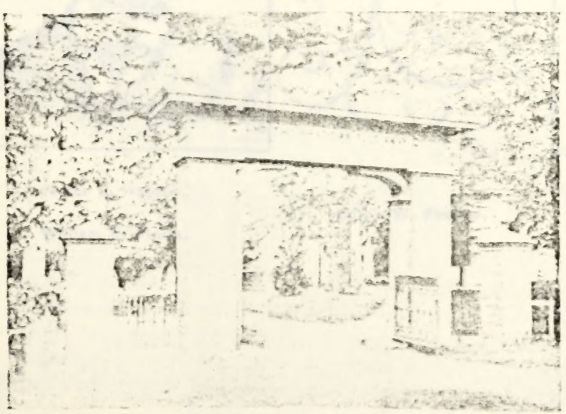
witness. This was erected in 1890 by Littlefield post, and serves as its head-quarters. This post is an organization of which the citizens are justly proud, and it is ably supplemented in its work by a devoted Woman's Relief corps and a large camp of the Sons of Veterans.

Speaking of the Memorial building brings to mind that hallowed spot, the last resting-place of the beloved dead—Forest Glade cemetery. Here many of the

". . rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

and the chance visitor, as he walks through the carefully kept grounds, can read from stately monument and humble tombstone much of the history of the town—the story of earnest, persistent endeavor.

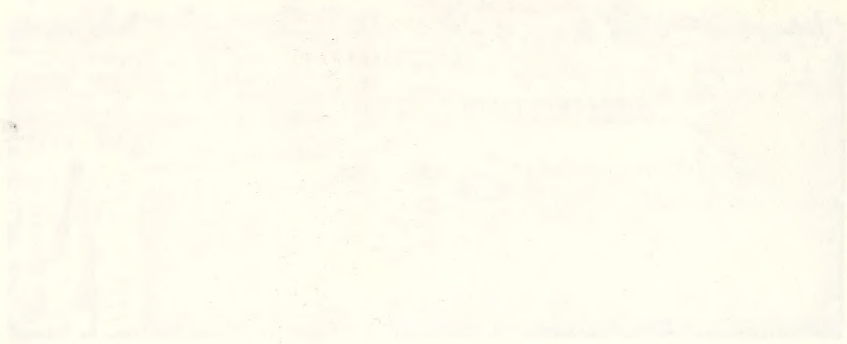
The old town hall is still standing—a relic of the dim and dusty past. Why it has so long been allowed to cumber the ground, is a riddle that the historian must leave unread, in the hope that the new regime will "change a' that" in due season.

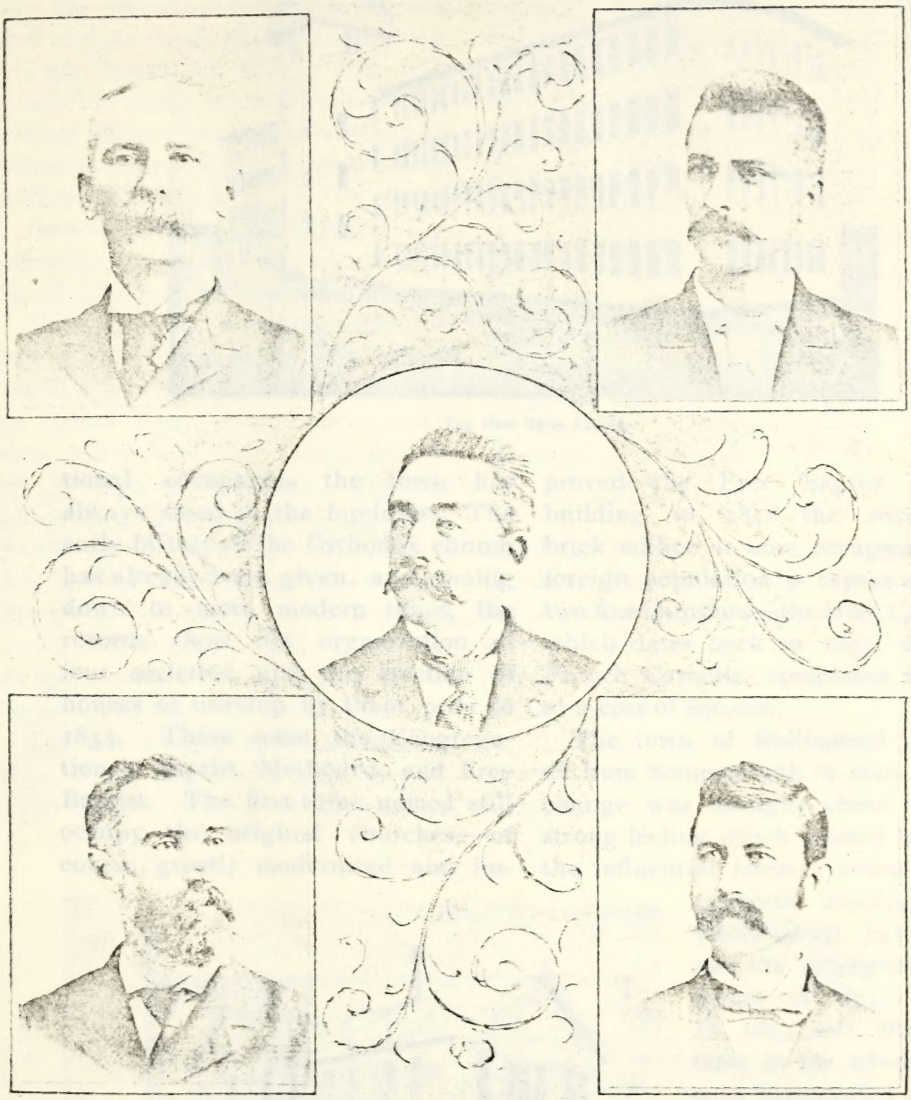


Entrance to Forest Glade Cemetery.

Somersworth had its newspaper as far back as the early '30s, and while the light of journalistic enterprise has burned but dimly at times, the *Somersworth Free Press*, which had its inception as the *Great Falls Journal* in 1867, and is now edited and published by Mayor Wells, holds a recognized place among the leading papers of the state.

In its religious and educa-





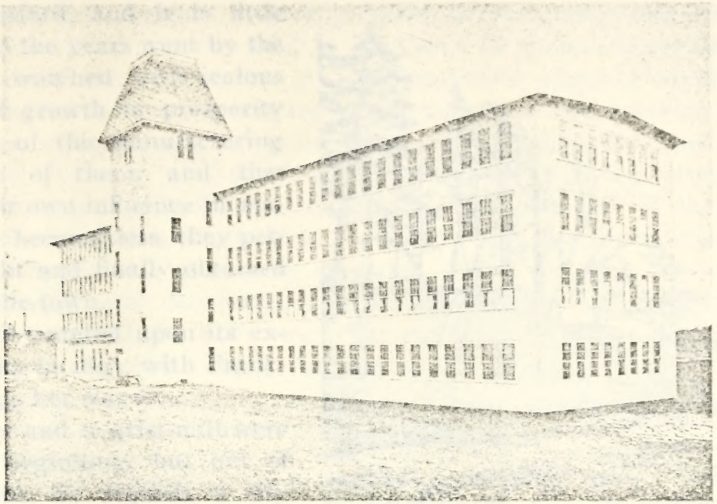
James E. Hobson.

William E. Pierce.

Edwin W. Folsom.

Fred L. Shapleigh.

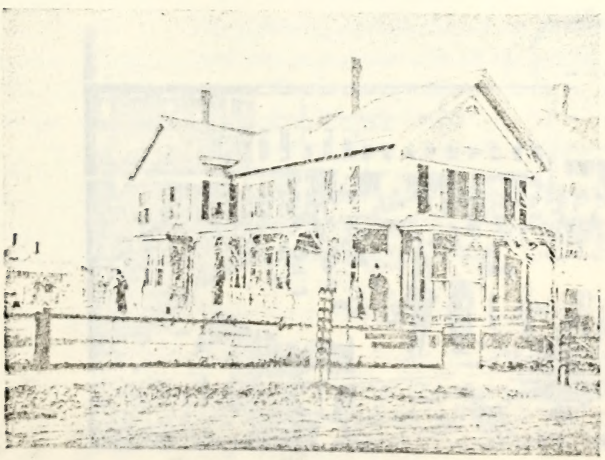
John N. Haines.



The New Shoe Factory.

tional advantages the town has always stood in the forefront. The early history of the Orthodox church has already been given, and coming down to more modern times, the records show the organization of four societies, and the erection of houses of worship by them, prior to 1833. These were the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and Free Baptist. The first three named still occupy the original churches,—of course greatly modernized and improved—the Free Baptist society building in 1842 the substantial brick edifice it now occupies. The foreign population is represented by two fine churches—the Irish Catholic, which dates back to 1857, and the French Catholic, completed in 1888 at a cost of $50,000.

The town of Rollinsford was set off from Somersworth in 1849. This change was brought about by the strong feeling which existed between the influential farmers around Somersworth meeting-house (Rollinsford Junction) and the enterprising villagers of Great Falls. In 1823 only three estates in the whole town were inventoried at more than $2,000,—Joseph Doe, father of Chief-Justice Charles Doe, paid taxes on $3,583; Andrew Rollins on $2,500, and William W. Rollins on $2,295. Each of these estates was in what



Residence of Thomas P. Duffil.

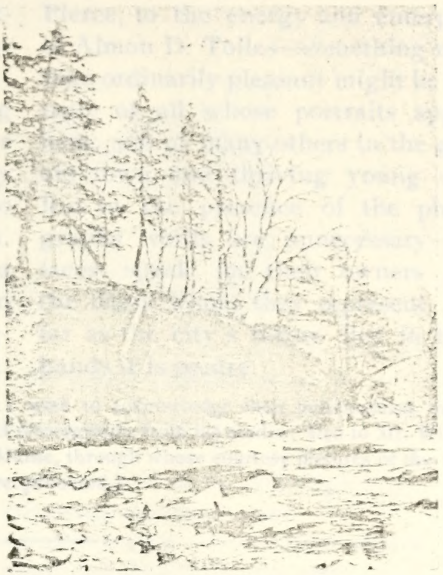


is now Rollinsford, and it is little wonder that as the years went by the people there watched with jealous eye the rapid growth in prosperity and influence of the manufacturing village north of them, and that finally, as their own influence in municipal affairs became less, they persistently sought and finally obtained a division of the town.

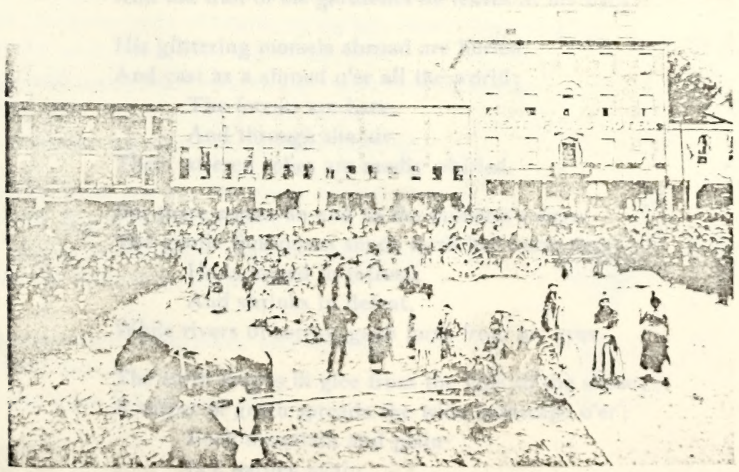
Somersworth entered upon its existence as a city in 1893, with Franklin N. Chase as her mayor.

Two houses and a grist-mill were but a small beginning, but out of them has come, by degrees, a city of varied business and social interests, many beautiful homes, schools of a high grade, and vigorous churches; and she owes all these to the energy and high character of her leading men from first to last. Many of the stalwarts have passed away, but Somersworth of to-day has as fine a corps of business men as can be found in any city of the state.

Did the limited space allotted to this sketch permit, I would be glad, in closing, to enumerate some of the successes achieved by each one of the men whose faces may be seen on these pages, to pay a deserved tribute to the wide general knowledge and culture of Hon. William D. Knapp, to the generous interest which Joseph A. Stickney has always manifested in the "boys" who have gone out from the place of their nativity and



Below the Old Powder House.



In Front of Central Buildings, on Fourth of July Morning.

to his activity and patience in making collections of old and rare books, to the steadfastness of Ebenezer A. Tibbets, who has a record of carrying on a successful business in one store for fifty-two years, to the courtesy and business tact of Alfred Carter, to the brilliant reputation which Hon. James A. Edgerly has gained as a counsellor-at-law and advocate, to the genial temperament and magnetic presence of Col. David R. Pierce, to the energy and enterprise of Almon D. Tolles—something more than ordinarily pleasant might be said truly of all whose portraits appear here, and of many others in the good old town and thriving young city. But in the presence of the photographs words are unnecessary—the faces speak for their owners and the many whom they represent. So far as the city's future lies in their hands it is secure.

[The publishers of THE GRANITE MONTHLY wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. Burton Etter, of Somersworth, for negatives and photographs from his studio; also to Mr. William F. Lord, the well known historian of Berwick, Maine, through whose courtesy pictures of the original No. 1 factory and Gershom Horn's mill were procured.]

THE REIGN OF THE ICE-KING.

By W. S. Harris.

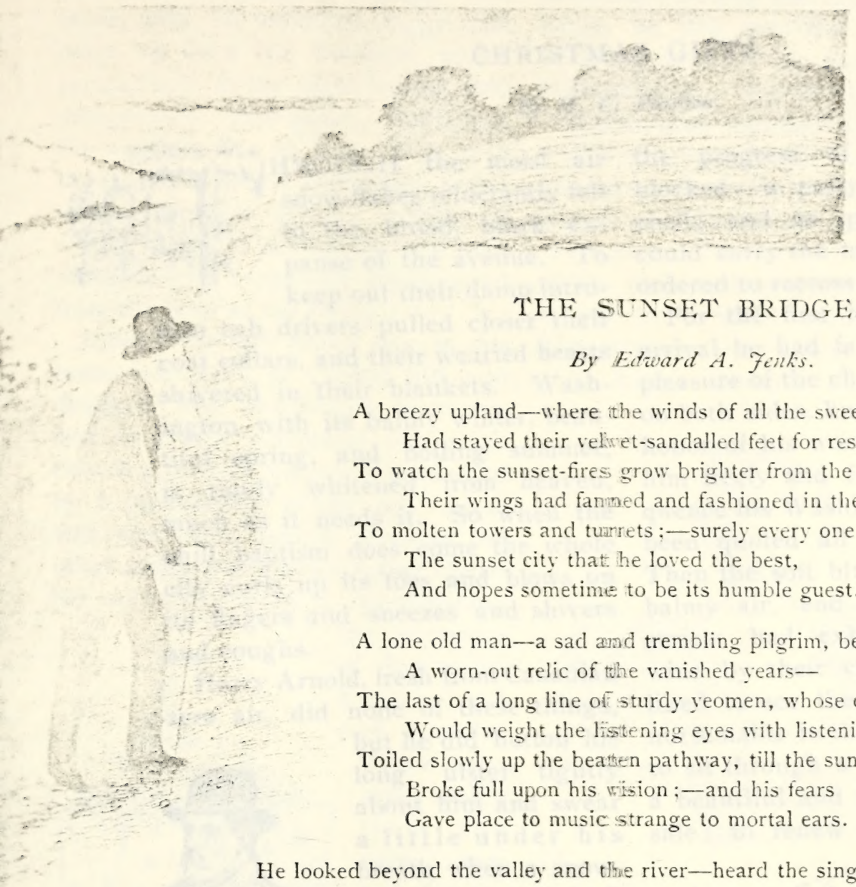
The dreadful Ice-king comes thundering forth
From his home in the distant, glittering North;
Destruction and death
Are in his breath,
And his ponderous tread shakes the frightened earth.

Resistless he comes, spreading ruin and rack;
He heaps desolation along his whole track.
O'er mountain and hill
He sweeps at his will,
And the trail of his garments he leaves at his back.

His glittering morsels abroad are hurled,
And cast as a shroud o'er all the world;
The forests are bare,
And through the air
Their tattered robes are madly whirled.

But there comes an end to the monster's days,
The gentle Sun-queen sends forth her warm rays;
He is forced to retreat,
And shrinks in defeat,
While rivers of sorrow gush forth from his eyes.

The earth laughs in glee from the hills to the shore;
A carpet of green spreads the wide landscape o'er;
Each mountain and plain
Is a garden again,
And the reign of the Ice-king 's remembered no more.



THE SUNSET BRIDGE.

By Edward A. Jenks.

A breezy upland—where the winds of all the sweet Septembers
Had stayed their velvet-sandalled feet for rest,
To watch the sunset-fires grow brighter from the latent embers
Their wings had fanned and fashioned in the west
To molten towers and turrets;—surely every one remembers
The sunset city that he loved the best,
And hopes sometime to be its humble guest.

A lone old man—a sad and trembling pilgrim, bent and hoary—
A worn-out relic of the vanished years—
The last of a long line of sturdy yeomen, whose quaint story
Would weight the listening eyes with listening tears—
Toiled slowly up the beaten pathway, till the sunset glory
Broke full upon his vision;—and his fears
Gave place to music strange to mortal ears.

He looked beyond the valley and the river—heard the singing:
Loved voices silenced long ago were there.
He saw the silver bells of heaven swinging—heard them ringing:
Their music melted on the vibrant air.
He saw the blessed angels beck'ning to him—saw them bringing
The golden wire, and weaving it with care;—
At last the bridge was finished—staunch and fair.

And while the soft sweet wind was o'er the sleepy upland blowing,
The dear Lord sent angelic hands to guide
The timid, footsore pilgrim to the home where he was going,
Dry shod, across the cold, dark, silent tide.

* * * * * *

To-day I see the ghostly waters, bridgeless, ever flowing
Between us and the near-far other side—
Unlike the evening when the old man died.





CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By H. C. Pearson.



THROUGH the moist air snow-flakes reluctantly fell to the broad, black expanse of the avenue. To keep out their damp intrusion cab drivers pulled closer their coat collars, and their wearied beasts shivered in their blankets. Washington, with its balmy winter, beautiful spring, and boiling summer, is rarely whitened from heaven, much as it needs it. So when the chill baptism does come the whole city curls up its toes and blows on its fingers and sneezes and shivers and coughs.

Harry Arnold, fresh from Canadian zero air, did none of these things, but he did button his long ulster tightly about him and swear a little under his breath when a snow-flake melted on his nose. Not long since, on web-like snow-shoes, he had been skimming ten-foot drifts almost in sight of the Pacific. Lusty days those were, and "great stories" he wrote of his life with the government agents in pursuit of Coolie smugglers.



The Gotham *Gazette*, in fact, had never printed better, and all hands knew it from old Palmer down. But there came a crisis at Washington; the progress of legislation was blocked; a party bolt was threatened; and as quick as the wires could carry the message Arnold was ordered to recross the continent.

For the first few days after his arrival he had fairly revelled in the pleasure of the change. The leaders on both sides, knowing him and the honor of his word, had talked with him freely and fully, and in consequence his Washington specials had been quoted all over the country. Then the soft blue of the skies, the balmy air, and the gaily crowded streets had exhilarated him like wine by their vivid contrast. He liked to see the children and their nursemaids in the still, green parks; to sit through a stately dinner, with a beautiful and witty woman by his side; to renew college days, amid

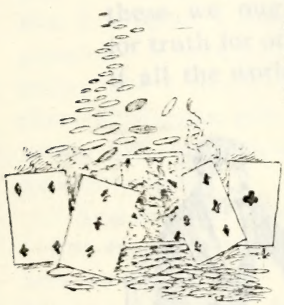


clouds of smoke, at the University club; and, above all, to look down from the press galleries upon the heedless confusion of the house or the studied solemnity of the senate.

It was too good to last, he felt,

and, sure enough, with Christmas eve came a decided change. To begin with, an insidious, foggy cold crept up from the Potomac, which crystallized, as the night waned, into disagreeable rain-snow. Politically the weather was as bad. Two men held an important committee secret locked in their breasts, neither of whom he knew personally, and both of whom had apparently disappeared from the land of the living.

Finally he had found one in his home over back of Capitol hill, and dragged him unwillingly from his bed to gruffly withstand the extortion of a modern interview conducted by a past-master of the art. Long and wearisome search revealed the other missing one in an upper chamber at Chamberlin's, investigating the mysteries of bob-tailed flushes and pat hands. Three minutes stolen from the game; two and two laboriously patched together to make four; and the *Gazette* next morning published a special, which, if not entirely correct, was at least more nearly so than those of its contemporaries.



But Harry, as he was free to admit, was tired and cross; and even a Turkish bath, a dozen hours of sleep, and a faultless lunch had failed to restore his serenity.

So he stood in front of Willard's—he could not endure the bricky newness of the great up-town hotels—and wondered what to do with himself. With a pair of substantial cocktails warming the cockles of his heart, he did not feel any great yearning towards the hotel bar and billiard-room. Up in the *Gazette's* "Washington bureau" Coolidge, he well knew, was skilfully adding fresh trimmings to a Christmas story that had done duty for at least a dozen years past. The men whom he liked at the club were probably all guests at one or another family fireside. The matinées were almost over.

A happy thought struck him.



Miss Thorne—that bright girl he had met at the postmaster general's, and again at Senator Wyck's—had asked him to call this very day. He remembered because he was grateful for her thoughtfulness, and pleased, down in his heart, at her flattering notice of him. An hour with her, he decided, would smooth the ruffles out of his temper and give him an excellent appetite for even a solitary dinner.

Five minutes' walk had brought back the color to his cheeks and the sparkle to his eyes when the solemn darkey closed behind him the door of the stately K street residence. All

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in white, Della Thorne met him, with the rich red of her hair, warm in its glints and glows, shining like an aureole about her head.

A few words of greeting and she said,—"I hoped you would come this afternoon, Mr. Arnold, for I am all alone. Aunt Helen has dragged father off to see Mansfield in 'Prince Karl.' I believe if she could get a courier like him she would start for Europe to-morrow."

"And are you not, too, an admirer of the erratic Richard?" asked Arnold.

"Oh, yes, I suppose I weep at Brummel and shudder at Chevrial like all women, but I don't like to spend Christmas day that way. With so much mock emotion in the world it seems to me on days like these we ought to honestly search for truth for once, and try to find out, if all the world is a stage, how well



we are playing our individual parts. I suppose you will think me most conceitedly priggish, Mr. Arnold, but I have spent the whole of two hours in thinking of myself and my Christmases in the past."

"Undoubtedly a most pleasant and profitable diversion, Miss Thorne. If I had as few and as happy years to look back over I should like to steal the idea myself."

"Ah! but you must," said the girl eagerly. "For I had quite decided that if you should possibly remember me this afternoon I would not let you go until you had told me something interesting about yourself—the most precious Christmas gift you ever received, for instance."

Arnold caught the dash and *verve* of her merry inspiration if he did not notice the tone of seriousness behind it all.

"Agreed," said he, "on condition that you follow suit."

The brown eyes were veiled for an instant, and the fair cheeks tinged with rose like the flash of a red-bird's wing.

"Very well," she answered quietly as she leaned back in her chair. Then, with her former gaiety, "Now go on, please, and imagine you are writing a first page leader for the *Gazette*."

"My Christmas gifts have not been numerous," Arnold began musingly, "and only a very few of them I should now call precious. All, in fact, I think are at this moment in a little locked drawer over in New York.

"There is a Testament there that my mother gave me years and years ago. I used to read a chapter in it every night. I wish I did now. Next to it, likely enough, is an old and battered brier-wood pipe. Dermott gave me that my freshman year in college. He was my room-mate all the course. Just after graduation he tried to save a girl from drowning at Long Branch. She caught him round the throat, and they died together.

"The steel tip of an alpenstock is

there, too. I hung over a thousand-foot *crevasse* once with only that and some stout rope between me and eternity. The next Christmas my guide sent it to me with a pair of buck chamois antlers. A note of Christmas greeting from General Sherman, a scarf-pin from the Empress Eugénie, a chorus-girl's slipper—those are all I think."



The girl had listened intently, but with drooping lines of disappointment about the corners of her mouth. "And which is the most precious," she asked coldly, "the slipper?"

Arnold pulled at the ends of his long moustache reflectively, and mused a minute before he replied,—"I haven't told you of that one yet. I never told any one of it. But I suppose I ought to keep my promise. It was just ten years ago to-day that I received my most precious Christmas gift—the kiss of a young girl, as pure and sweet as a mountain spring."

"And as cold?" asked the girl.

She leaned forward to stir the embers as she spoke. The heat must have been intense, for her face was crimson when she rose.

"Let's not discuss that, please," said Arnold with unwonted gravity. "I've always held that kiss rather sacred in my thoughts. I want to now. It's your turn to fulfil the agreement, isn't it?"

She was slow to begin, and when she did the screen by the fire stood between her and Arnold.

"Strangely enough," she said finally, "it was just ten years ago that I, too, received my most precious gift.

"We were very poor then—the coal had not been found on father's land—and lived in a long, low farm-house on the side of a Tennessee mountain.

"The war had robbed father of ambition as well as of wealth, and when mother died I believe he buried all hope with her. So I grew up like a weed, bare-headed, bare-footed, and ignorant.

"Down at the store in the valley the boys chaffed me pretty rudely sometimes, but I never minded it until the day before this Christmas, ten years ago. I had coaxed a few pennies from father to make some sort of a Christmas for little Ted, my brother.

"When I started to return from the store a loutish, bullying fellow, who had been ruder than the rest, followed me. Presently he caught up, put his arms around my waist, and tried to kiss me. I fought like a young tigress and screamed 'Help!'

"The word was scarcely out of my mouth when a horseman came by. He was only a boy, little older than I, but, oh! so handsome and brave and strong. He struck the ruffian just once behind the ear, and felled him like a log. I thought he was dead, but the stranger said no, that he would come around after a little, and took me up behind him to carry me home.



"He stayed at the house that night, and quite aroused father with his cheeriness. As for me, I kept my eyes on him all the evening. He was the knight I had dreamed of after spelling out the 'Idylls of the King.' He had saved me from danger. He was my Launcelot. I would be his Elaine.

"Next morning, when he bade me 'Merry Christmas' and 'Good bye' in the same breath, he took the pin from his scarf—'as a remembrance,' he said—and gave it to me. I have worn it somewhere," with an involuntary glance toward her heart, "ever since."

The girl paused as if her story was finished, but there was no sound from the other side of the screen.

"I had nothing to give him," she finally went on, faltering a little, "but I could not bear to let him go away with nothing by which to remember me. And so, when he bent down to fasten the pin in my dress, I—I kissed him."

The fair cheeks were dyed a deeper and darker crimson now, and the long lashes closed tightly over the brown eyes. When they opened again it was to gaze straight into the honest, loveful eyes of the man who knelt beside her.

"Della, darling," said he softly, "ten years is only a little time, after all. Can't you quite forget it?"

With a happy little sigh she laid her head upon his shoulder, her arms about his neck. Her Christmas gift of ten years before was returned to her with interest.



HOLY PURPOSE.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

He who would rob the rich man's house
Creeps noiseless as a wary mouse;
But he who goes with good intent
Steps as to music; while the one that's sent
On Christ-like deed, as he draws near,
An angel's wings you seem to hear.

FROM GREYTOWN TO BRITO BY WATER.

ENGINEERING PROBLEMS ON THE ROUTE NOW PROPOSED FOR THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

By Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N.

The costly blundering and dishonesty of the French management of the operations on the Panama canal so disgusted the world that some years ago Americans began to look for a way in which they could solve the problem of a trans-isthmian steamer route from the Caribbean sea to the Pacific ocean. Much discussion and considerable work have been the outcome of it all, and it is the object of this article to give some idea of the work, and of what is expected to be done. No effort will be made to deal with the history of the Nicaragua canal, its international character, nor with the organization of the companies nor their real or sought for relations with our national government. It is intended simply to describe the proposed route of the canal and the engineering difficulties to be overcome.

The Nicaragua canal is to be 169.5 miles in length, of which 28.6 miles will be excavated, and the rest free navigation through the lakes and rivers. In general terms it is to consist of three parts: first, the harbor of Greytown and its continuation in the form of a canal to the high land of the interior; second, a great inland lake, containing many deep bays, which lake is to be constructed by human hands, and through which ocean steamships will wend their way; and third, the harbor of Brito and its continuation in the form of a canal to the high land of the interior. The surface of the lake is to be 110 feet above the sea level, and the ascent to it on one side and the descent from it on the other will be made by means of enormous locks.

For descriptive purposes the subject may be more fully divided as follows:

1. The construction of the harbor at Greytown.

2. The canal from Greytown to the San Francisco basin.

3. The flooding of the San Francisco basin and the handling of its waste water.

4. The canalization of the San Juan river from the San Francisco basin to Lake Nicaragua, including the building of the Ochoa dam.

5. The passage across Lake Nicaragua.

6. The canal from Lake Nicaragua to Brito.

7. The construction of a harbor at Brito.

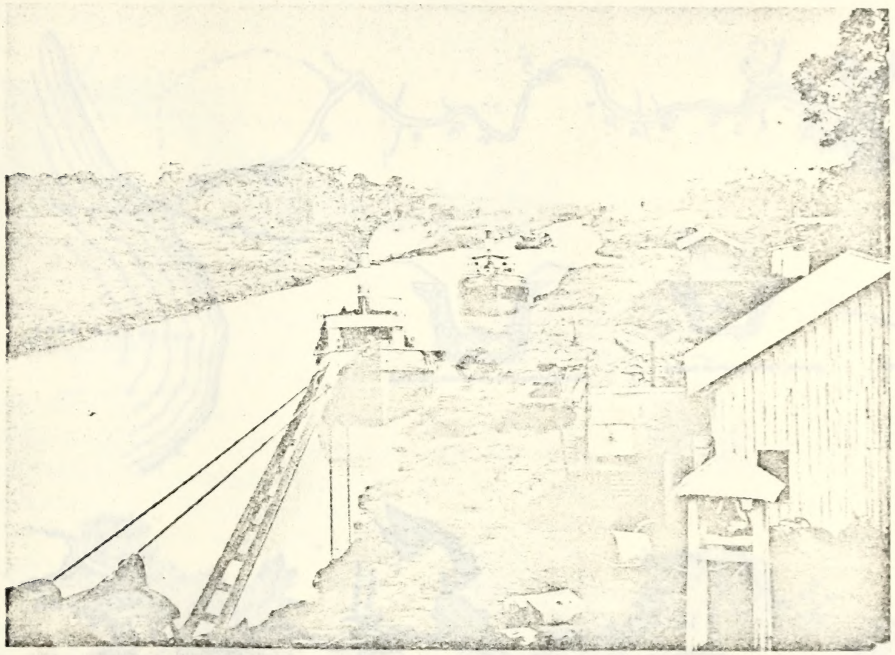
The various divisions will be considered in the order just given.

There was formerly a good harbor at Greytown for vessels drawing as much as 20 feet of water, this harbor being formed by the northern mouth of the San Juan river. Along this coast, however, there is always a strong current setting to the northward and westward, and its force is

increased by the waves caused by the constant easterly trade winds.

Large deposits of earth are brought down from the volcanic regions of Costa Rica by the San Juan, and the branch of the delta on which Greytown is situated has become almost entirely filled up, the southern or Colorado branch now being the principal mouth of the river. The action of the current and waves carries the earth and silt from the Colorado mouth to the northward, and the absence of a powerful current out of the river at Greytown has caused the harbor to be partly filled up. To stop further deposits, a breakwater is to be built out from the southern side of the bay to the six-fathom line. This will deflect the northerly currents out to sea and will throw the sand into deep water. The harbor can then be dredged out to the required depth with ease, as there is nothing to be removed but soft sand.

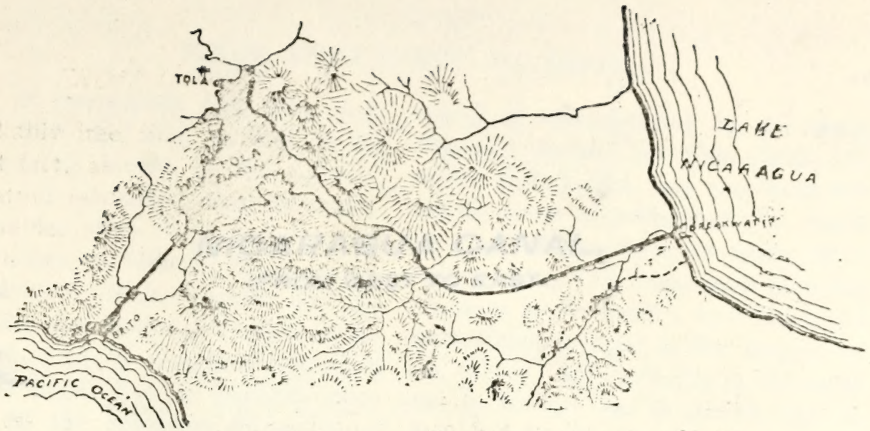
An examination of the maps will show the San Juan to be a river which has but one tributary of importance, the Rio San Francisco, flowing into it from the north, while on the south come two, each of them larger than the San Francisco. These are the Rio San Carlos and the Rio Serapiqui.

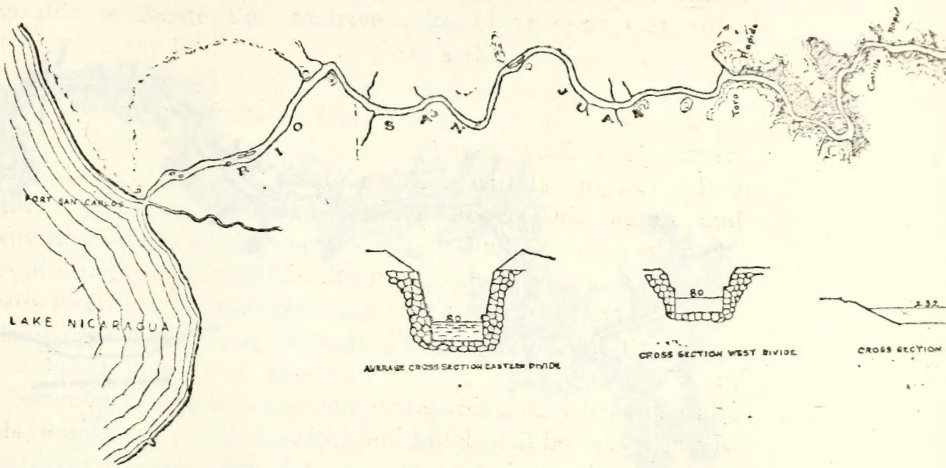


A Bit of Canal.

The first of these three tributaries is comparatively clear, but the two last have their headwaters among the volcanic mountains of Costa Rica, and are consequently filled with dirt and ashes. These streams would keep any canal channel down the San Juan pretty well filled up, and therefore render it imperative that the portion of the San Juan below the confluence of the San Carlos shall not be used for the canal. From that point up to Lake Nicaragua, however, the San

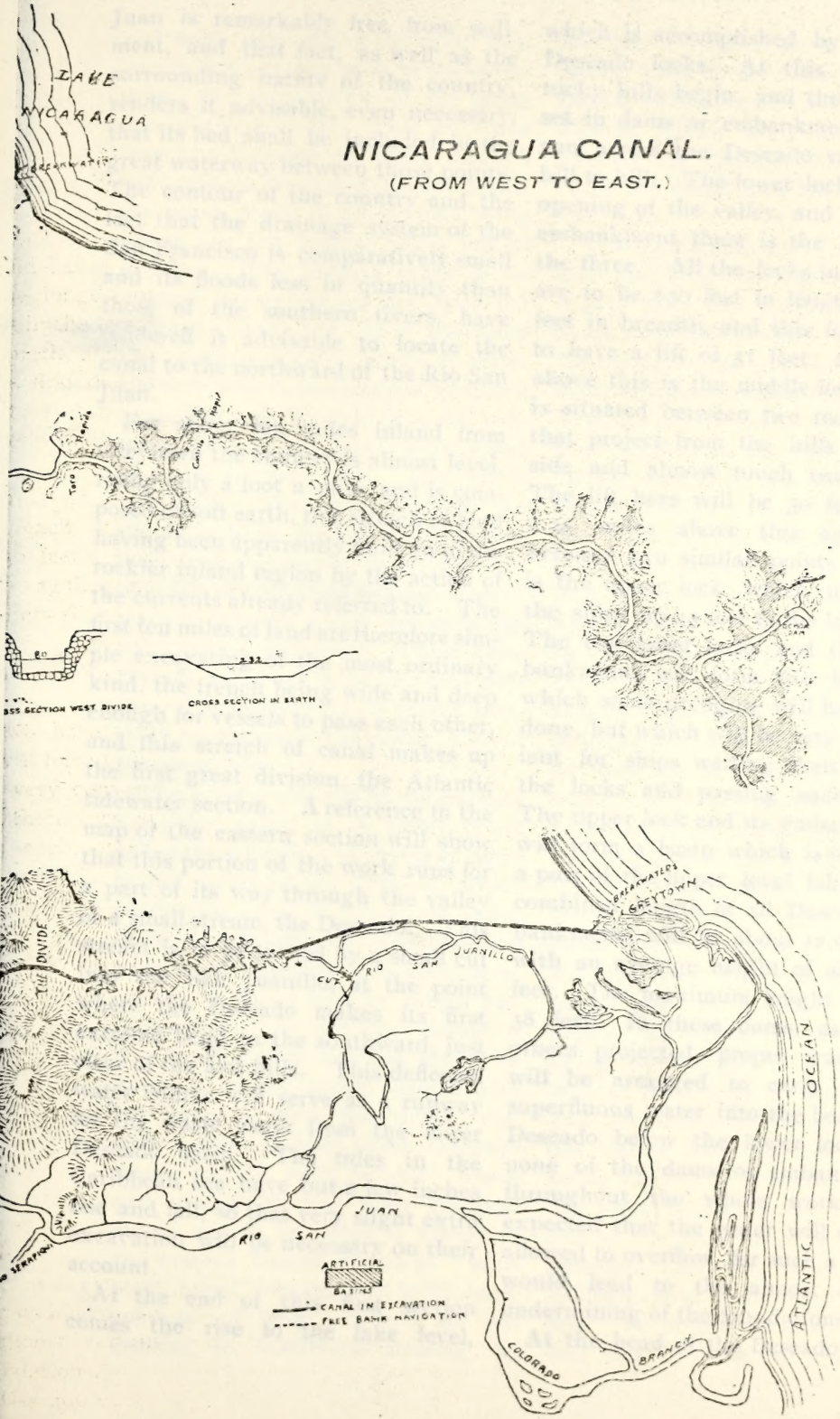



TOLA
LAKE
NICARAGUA
PACIFIC OCEAN


R I O S A N J U A N
PORT SAN CARLOS
LAKE NICARAGUA
80
AVERAGE CROSS SECTION EASTERN DIVIDE
80
CROSS SECTION WEST DIVIDE
CROSS SECTION


FLORIDA BASIN
SAN FRANCISCO
THE DIVIDE
RIO SAN JUAN
SPILLWAYS
RIO SERAPIQUI




LAKE
NICARAGUA
NICARAGUA CANAL.
(FROM WEST TO EAST.)
CROSS SECTION IN EARTH
THE DIVIDE
RIO SAN JUAN
BREAKWATERS
GREYTOWN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
ARTIFICIAL BASINS
CANAL IN EXCAVATION
FREE BANK NAVIGATION
COLORADO BRANCH



Juan is remarkably free from sediment, and that fact, as well as the surrounding nature of the country, renders it advisable, even necessary, that its bed shall be included in the great waterway between those points. The contour of the country and the fact that the drainage system of the San Francisco is comparatively small and its floods less in quantity than those of the southern rivers, have rendered it advisable to locate the canal to the northward of the Rio San Juan.

For about ten miles inland from Greytown the country is almost level, rising only a foot a mile, and is composed of soft earth, this stretch of land having been apparently built on to the rockier inland region by the action of the currents already referred to. The first ten miles of land are therefore simple excavating of the most ordinary kind, the trench being wide and deep enough for vessels to pass each other, and this stretch of canal makes up the first great division, the Atlantic tidewater section. A reference to the map of the eastern section will show that this portion of the work runs for a part of its way through the valley of a small stream, the Deseado. This stream is to be turned by a small cut into the San Juanillo, at the point where the Descado makes its first extreme bend to the southward, just clear of the foot hills. This deflected water course will serve as a runway for the waste water from the lower Deseado basin. The tides in the Caribbean sea have but a few inches rise and fall, so that very slight extra excavation will be necessary on their account.

At the end of this first section comes the rise to the lake level, which is accomplished by the three Deseado locks. At this point the rocky hills begin, and the locks are set in dams or embankments which run across the Deseado valley from hill to hill. The lower lock is at the opening of the valley, and hence the embankment there is the longest of the three. All the locks in the canal are to be 650 feet in length, and 70 feet in breadth, and this first one is to have a lift of 31 feet; 1.25 miles above this is the middle lock, which is situated between two rocky spurs that project from the hills on each side and almost touch each other. The lift here will be 30 feet. Just 2.25 miles above this again and between two similar points of rock, is the upper lock, which will carry the ships up 45 feet to the lake level. The two lower locks and their embankments will form two basins in which some dredging will have to be done, but which will be very convenient for ships waiting their turn at the locks and passing each other. The upper lock and its embankments will form a basin which is in reality a part of the upper level lake. The combined length of all Deseado embankments will be about 12,000 feet, with an average height of about 20 feet. The maximum height will be 38 feet. In these dams, as in all others projected, proper wasteweirs will be arranged to carry off the superfluous water into the bed of the Deseado below the lower lock. In none of the dams or embankments throughout the whole work is it expected that the water will ever be allowed to overflow, for such a course would lead to the almost certain undermining of the foundations.

At the head of the Deseado valley

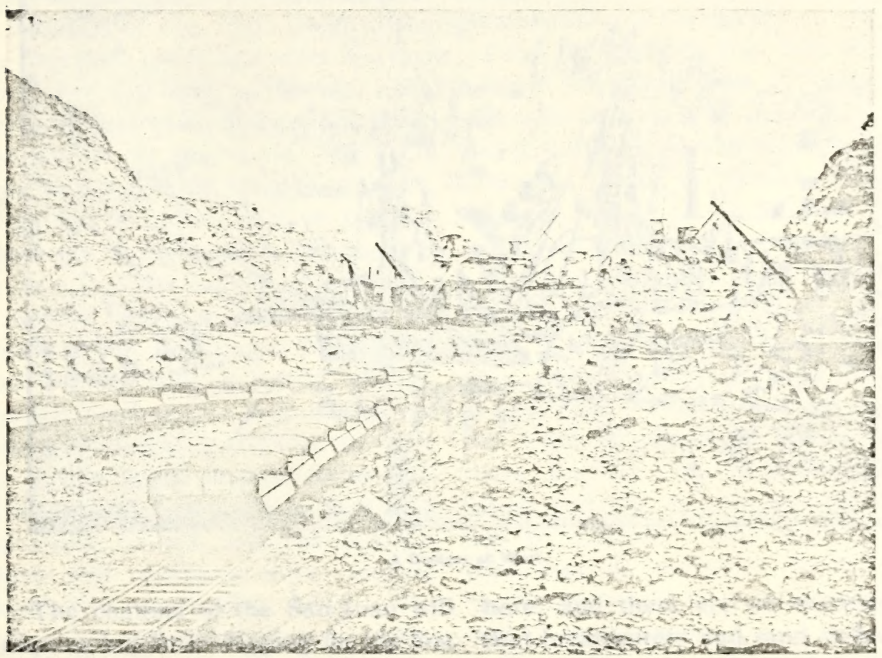
and three miles above the upper lock begins the heaviest work of the enterprise, the excavation of the great Atlantic divide cut. This cut runs from the Deseado 2.9 miles through solid rock to the San Francisco basin, the mean depth of excavation being about 140 feet with a heavy cut of 298 feet. The highest point to be worked through is 300 feet above the Atlantic level, and it is estimated that 9,000,000 cubic yards of material will have to be removed, of which 7,000,000 will be solid lava and consolidated beds of volcanic ashes about as hard as slate rock. The rest is soft earth. The canal through the divide is to be 80 feet wide, 30 feet deep, and rectangular in section. In its path it will cross numerous small ravines through which the earth can be removed with ease. These same ravines will have to be dammed after the cut is completed to a height sufficient to maintain the water level in the great lake.

The great divide cut finally emerges into the valley of a small brook called the Limpio, and this is followed to the valley of the Chancos, which carries the canal in turn to the valley of the San Francisco. The proposed manner of handling this river is to convert it into a lake by proper embankments. At the dry season it is a small stream and can easily be dammed to the proper height with the material from the divide cut, with which all the other embankments will be built as well. These and almost all the other embankments are to be what is known in the western United States as "loose rock dams," which will fulfil every purpose as long as they are not allowed to overflow. Passing up the San Francisco basin the course finally turns up the valley of the Rio Danta, which is commonly called the Florida basin, and, at its head, another cut through soft earth will carry the canal into the basin of the San Juan.

The configuration of the country and the need of a plentiful water supply force the canal into the San Juan river about three miles below the mouth of the San Carlos, in spite of the sediment deposited by that river. The key of the whole construction is now reached in the building of the Ochoa dam, for this structure will render possible the navigation of the San Juan and the maintenance of the great lake in which such a large portion of the canal is to lie. By this dam the level of the great lake will be maintained about five feet higher than the present surface of Lake Nicaragua, the San Francisco will be inundated, the two divide cuts will be filled, the San Carlos will be converted into still water for the lower 12 miles of its length, and the water for operating all the locks will be furnished. Such, then, is the importance of the Ochoa dam. The great basin thus described is surrounded by chains of hills, through which break gaps or saddles of varying depth, the valley of the San Juan being the deepest. It is proposed to stop all these gaps by embankments, and the valley of the San Juan by the Ochoa dam, all but the latter being capable of construction before the water reaches them. The problem of the great dam is to build a structure that will raise a rapidly running river considerably over 75 feet. To do this concrete abutments will first be built out 325 feet from

the hills on each side, which abutments will be nine feet higher than the dam between, which latter will be 1,250 feet long and 104 feet high as a maximum, its average height being 61 feet. The river is about 20 feet deep, and never carries even in the dryest time less than 12,000 feet of water a minute, while during the floods this may reach 50,000 feet. The dam is to be built by throwing large blocks of the stone from the great cut into the water and allowing them to seek their own resting places, the sediment in the water, aided if necessary by dumping earth as the work approaches completion, filling up the interstices. The soundness of a dam constructed in this way is assured by its very existence, for any structure that can be built in such a manner will surely stand after it is completed. The amount of material necessary for this purpose is estimated at 1,600,000 cubic yards.

Thousands of runways for waste water will be built in the saddles of the surrounding hills so that the dams and embankments may never overflow, but the main outlet for waste water is to be some distance up the San Carlos river and on its southeastern bank. Here channels and gates are to be built by means of which the height of water in the lake will be regulated, the waste being allowed to run into the old bed of the San Juan some distance below the dam. By this arrangement whatever current there is in the lake will set up the San Carlos and not down, so that all sediment will be deposited in the still water basin of that river, and not in the canal proper. Another advantage of this scheme is that the apparatus for regulating the height



Steam Shovels in Operation.

of the water level will be at the main source of supply, and so the level can be more readily kept steady. This is important, as a rise or fall of two feet at the dam would cause inconvenient currents in the outlying branches of the canal.

wise the level of the lake would be lowered to a disastrous extent.

The eastern gradient of Lake Nicaragua slopes very gradually, and a channel will have to be dredged through the lake mud for 14 miles. The wind always blows off shore



A Dredger at Work.

The channel of the San Juan will require but little digging for the first 36 miles above the Ochoa dam, but there the Castillo rapids are reached, and from that point to Lake Nicaragua, a distance of 30 miles, considerable rock will have to be excavated, but this work presents no great difficulties and is of no special interest. The heaviest of this work will be at the Toro rapids, about seven miles above Castillo. The ledge there is the natural dam which maintains the level of Lake Nicaragua, and work upon it cannot be begun until the Ochoa dam is completed, as otherhere, and there are no currents, so that breakwaters and sand deflecting piers such as must be built in Greytown are not necessary. Some dredging may be necessary in the lake beyond this channel, but not much. The Pacific bottom of the lake is of rock, and a short cutting only will be necessary, for the bottom rises quickly as the shore is approached. The trade wind always blows on shore here, so that breakwaters will have to be built to shelter the entrance to the canal. These need not be very heavy, for the sea never attains the power of the ocean breakers.

The Pacific divide cut connects Lake Nicaragua with the Tola basin, and leaves the lake through the valley of a small stream called the Rio Lajas, which is to be diverted from its present course and turned into the lake farther to the southward. This valley is followed for a short distance, and then the canal turns to the northward away from it, through the cut, and into the valley of another small stream, the Rio Grande, which is followed to the Tola basin. For the first mile and a half after leaving the lake, the cut is through soft ground which rises but two or three feet above the lake level. Beyond this the earth level rises to a height of 43 feet above the lake, or 153 feet above the Pacific level. The canal is to start through the soft ground with a bottom width of 120 feet, a top width of 210 feet, and a depth of 28 feet, which will gradually change until it reaches the rock of the cut where its dimensions will be the same as in the great eastern divide cut. The deepest excavations here will be about 80 feet, and the heaviest work will continue with varying depth for about five miles. The valley of the Rio Grande, after opening out to form the Tola basin, contracts sharply again, and in the neck of this contraction is situated the Tola or La Flor dam.

In point of size this will greatly exceed the Ochoa structure, but it will be built on dry land, for all the water for this system will be supplied by the back flow of the lake through the canal. The La Flor dam is to be 2,070 feet long, and is to have a maximum height of 70 feet. Here, as on the Atlantic slope, proper spillways for waste water are to be made.

At the western end of the Tola dam will be situated the two upper of the La Flor locks, each of which is to have a lift of 42.5 feet. They are placed end to end in the rock, and are 3.5 miles from the Pacific at Brito. Nearer the ocean by 1.25 miles is the lower or tidewater lock, which will have a lift of from 21 to 29 feet, according to the state of the tide in the Pacific, and this lock brings us to the end of the second great division of the canal.

From the lower La Flor lock to the ocean is but simple work. The canal will here be a part of the tidewater, and will have a top width of 184 feet, a bottom width of 80 feet, and a depth of 28 feet at low tide, the rise and fall of which is about 8 feet.

At Brito there is practically no harbor, and one will have to be built of breakwaters, but it is the only place available for the mouth of the canal. Storms are very rare; the wind is always off shore, and there are no drifting sands to be taken care of, so the work should not be difficult. Any excavations that may be necessary inside the breakwaters will be in sand, and so will be very simple.

The points about the building of this stupendous canal that attract the most attention are the tremendous embankments and locks. The Ochoa dam seems almost impossible to those who have not carefully studied the project. The engineers, however, consider that the character of the country, both topographically and geologically, renders the construction easily possible. Let us hope that such is the case, and that the canal will soon be in operation, for the world needs it sadly.



"Ulrike stepped into the room carrying a silver candlestick in her hand." See page 50.



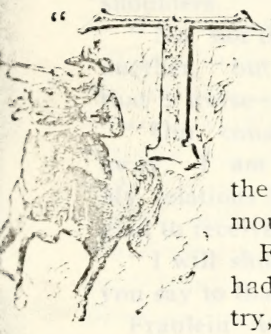
WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

CHAPTER I.



"THE king of Prussia comes! The Prussian trumpets are sounding the advance!" Thus ran the cry of terror from mouth to mouth.

For many years war had devastated the country, for August of Saxony scorned the idea of remaining at peace with his powerful neighbors, and seemed utterly heedless of the possibility of forcing all Europe into an alliance against him. What wonder, then, that the king of Prussia looked with covetous eyes upon this embattled land and chose its meadows for his feats of arms, quartering his battle-stained armies idly for the winter in its rich towns and cities to recruit his forces for the approaching campaign. So for seven long years the people were obliged to patiently bear the burden of the strife which the hot-headed August had brought upon them.

The war had hitherto touched the quiet village of Langenrode lightly, but now a strong body of Prussian troops was to be permanently quartered in the vicinity, and a wave of terror overwhelmed the village in consequence. The old Count of Langenrode, a staunch supporter of his prince and therefore a bitter enemy to the Prussians, left the castle with his family and servants and fled to Dresden, while the vicar of the town hid himself in terror, leaving his parish to its fate. Was it not natural, then, that the old abbess of Langenrode convent should take to her bed upon hearing the bad news?

The convent, with its clumps of trees growing here and there about it in artistic loneliness, lay at the distant end of the village, widely separated from the castle. It was an old, gray, ivy-clad building, from which the glistening panes of the deeply recessed windows shone like bright eyes from a wrinkled face. Mighty chestnut trees, now stripped of their golden brown foliage, overshadowed the court and garden where the turf was still green although covered with withered leaves which rustled in the wind and gave to the landscape the unmistakable appearance of coming fall.

Three old women wandered back and forth through the garden, talking loudly and earnestly together, stopping in their walk occasionally to understand one another better. The members of this worthy trio were inmates of the convent, and a

fourth, a countess of Langenrode, was allied to the count's family and had fled with him. The abbess, von Trebenow by name, was the fifth and last, and she now lay sick within.

"Will this king of Prussia take up his winter quarters here—here in this household of old women?" cried one of the three, her white hands trembling with anger as she drew her fur cape tighter around her shoulders.

"No; not the king himself," cried another, "but his wild war herd, and that is worse—far worse!"

"Our countess did well to get away. I am going to-day myself. My relations in Leipzig will be very glad to receive me."

"I will shut myself in. What do you say to that, my dear Pillnau?"

Fraulein von Pillnau was the youngest of the inmates—a fact that she loved to make known to the world. She now sighed and cast her eyes heavenward.

"Were I ten years older I should certainly stay here, for I can't bear to think of leaving our sick abbess alone and helpless. I am surprised that *you* even think of going away."

The other two stopped short, scarcely able to find words to show their disapprobation of such an opinion.

"Alone and helpless, my friend! That's a remarkable statement! She isn't alone! Isn't her niece here to care for her? And doesn't she infinitely prefer her society to ours?"

"Just my opinion! Can we help her? Can we weak trembling creatures protect her—we who can scarcely look out for ourselves in times of danger?"

"Shall we offer to take this niece's place should we be considered worthy? No, my friends! Let us first do what is necessary for our own safety, and then we will not have to ask any questions, nor will we answer any."

With that the eldest of the women closed the discussion over the sick abbess, and Fraulein von Pillnau's troublesome doubts were set at rest. They decided to depart the next morning.

Just at that moment the middle door of the convent opened, and through it came a young girl, an officer in uniform by her side.

"Well, well! What? What is this?" cried the three old women, their white powdered locks trembling as they raised their eye-glasses.

The couple drew near, unembarrassed by the looks cast at them.

"My cousin, Benno von Trautwitz," said the girl, introducing her companion, who bowed.

"From whence do you come, Herr von Trautwitz?" asked Fraulein von Pillnau. "Do you bring us news of the approach of the enemy? Is Langenrode really to lose her freedom?"

"God knows. Let us hope not," he responded softly. "I have come to inquire after my most worthy aunt, and I am deeply troubled over the sad state in which I find her."

"And you, Ulrike," interrupted the eldest of the women, "can you leave your relative's sick bed by the hour, when you should be constantly by her side?"

Ulrike von Trebenow, the niece of the abbess, cast a startled glance at the speaker. She felt that she had done nothing wrong and could not

understand the reproachful tone of the remark.

"My aunt is sleeping, and so I could get away to welcome my cousin."

"Then you should take advantage of these few moments for a short walk, my dear cousin," interrupted the young man quickly. "Do come with me."

The two walked away over the leaf-strewn turf together, untroubled by the glances that followed them. Ulrike daintily smoothed the folds of her lavender gown with her finger tips, and by a glance convinced herself that her shoes were not being injured by the dampness of the grass.

"My dear cousin," began Benno von Trautwitz, as soon as they were out of hearing, "deny me everything else if you will, but do not make me leave you here alone and unprotected. A part of the Prussian troops is sure to be quartered in Langenrode for the winter, and many others will pass through the town. You don't know, you can't know, what it is for a young girl to be left alone to the mercy of these Prussian officers."

"No, no. I don't know," cried Ulrike, wringing her hands, "but it must be more terrible than death. Stay with me, Cousin Benno, or I shall be without a protector."

"My dear, you make me very happy by your trust. Come with me and I will take you safe and sound to our uncle in Leitnitz, inside our friends' lines. Trust yourself entirely to me, and you will make me happy."

"Oh, Benno! How can I think only of my own safety and leave my aunt alone, perhaps to die? I can't do it. The one person here who was really nearest to my aunt, the Countess of Langenrode, has already flown, and I am sure the others will go, too."

"And you, Ulrike," he interrupted, "the only person whose safety necessitates flight. You wish to remain here like a heroine to await a fate, the horrors of which you cannot even imagine?"

By this time they had reached the end of the garden and there paused, the dark green turf stretching away before them, and beyond, the bare autumnal fields. Ulrike thoughtlessly plucked the red berries from a hedge of wild rose bushes.

"And you will not stay here to protect me?" she asked, looking at him with a half smile.

"It is impossible for me to stay, Ulrike, else upon my honor ——" he hesitated a moment and then continued, "You know that I am an officer and have but a short leave of absence. Nothing but my longing to see you has brought me here at all. Even to-night I must go back to my regiment."

It was true that only his longing to see Ulrike had brought him to Langenrode, but there was a cause for his speedy departure that he did not mention. Benno von Trautwitz was one of a number of officers who had fallen into the hands of the Prussians at the capture of Pirna early in the war, and who had been released on parole. In spite of his word of honor, given not to take up arms against the invaders, he was now with his regiment again, believing that the good of his country was of greater importance than either his own honor or the death that would undoubtedly be his lot should he fall into the hands of

the enemy again. His hatred of the conquerors of his fatherland had grown stronger and stronger as he convinced himself that he was acting the part of an officer and of a man. He now looked at the young girl whose blue eyes were raised questioningly to his own, and then turned away. Would she understand his motives, or would she look upon him with scorn as a man who had broken his word of honor? He feared her judgment, but much more, however, did he fear to meet the officers of Friedrich's host, whom he knew regarded their own honor as that of their king, the king for whom they lived, fought, suffered, and died. He knew them too well; he dared not await them here.

"Ulrike, you torture me!" he cried suddenly. "Follow me, I beseech you! Entrust yourself to me! I cannot leave you, I cannot live away from you without being sure——" He had taken her hand in his own, but she withdrew it gently from his grasp.

"Let us go back to the house, my cousin. I fear my aunt is awake and in need of me." She turned and walked slowly back.

"My good aunt still lives," she continued after a short pause. "I hope that God will spare her to me and will grant her a speedy recovery. Then she will protect me against the Prussian officers, and perhaps her protection would be even preferable to yours, my cousin."

The sick abbess was awake and desired Ulrike's presence. Benno von Trautwiz sat wearily and alone in one of the delicate gilded chairs in the old woman's parlor, deep in gloomy thought. He was pleasant to look upon, for his slender, well-formed figure was free from self-consciousness, and his finely modeled face was in repose, the flashing of his dark eyes alone betraying the strong feelings that were struggling within him. He felt that he had done right in taking up arms against the Prussians again, and he did not regret having broken his word of honor, but a fierce hatred of those who had taken his parole filled his heart, and now, to crown all, the troops of this detested Prussian king were pressing forward and endangering his dearest treasure. He had loved Ulrike for many years, and his love for her was as deep and strong as was his hatred for the enemy.

The deep twilight had gradually darkened the room in which he sat, and he started suddenly when a bright stream of light flashed through the door. Ulrike stepped into the room carrying a silver candlestick in her hand. The purity of her soul gleamed from her exquisite white face, her bright golden hair, and her beautiful girlish figure. So light was her hair that it appeared white and covered with powder, its bright threads of gold alone proving to the contrary. Benno sprang up and took the light from her hand to place it on the table, and in doing it held her hand fast within his own and pressed it to his lips.

"Ulrike, promise me to keep yourself hidden from the Prussian brigands! You can't imagine how I dread to leave you here!"

She looked at him artlessly.

"Do you think I would find pleasure in their company?———But come now, you must be hungry. I have ordered supper for you."

He followed her with a sigh. When would he succeed in arousing her from that childlike indifference with which she concealed from him her deepest feelings?

An hour later Benno von Trautwitz mounted his horse and rode away into the cold autumn night. The sky was overcast, and it soon began to snow. Ulrike stood in the window alone and gazed at the rider's retreating form.

The three old women had announced that they would leave in the morning, and already imagined themselves on their way.

Ulrike had made known her decision and so she remained entirely alone, deserted by them all and weeping bitter tears in her feeling of utter helplessness. She clung firmly to her resolution, however, although the future seemed full of horror and threw its spirit over her, as a shadow comes dark and threatening before that which casts it.

CHAPTER II.

"'Friedrich the Great! our lord and king.'
From rank to rank the shout doth ring,
As onward rolls our battle wave,
The freedom of our land to save."

Thus the song of the troopers echoed and reëchoed gaily through the camp. The Baireuth dragoons had bivouacked in a wretched little village, consisting of a couple of miserable mud huts, which furnished but meagre shelter for the night while the cooking and the cleaning of arms and horses had to be done under the open sky. Men and horses alike had a long day's march behind them, and, tired and hungry, were now happy over a good supper and the prospect of a good night's rest. The officers had quartered themselves in one of the huts, and now, their supper ended, the youngest of them sat around their rough camp table, over which a torch cast its dazzling and uncertain light. Their voices were fresh, gay, and loud as they exchanged stories of their early love affairs and laughed and joked thereat in happy soldierly bravado.

"But our captain has nothing to say for himself! I wager his stories would be spicier than any of ours! He must give us one!" cried a handsome young lieutenant to his friends.

The officer towards whom this remark was directed sat at the end of the table with his chin resting in his hand, his bright eyes wandering from one speaker to another. He was a handsome, well-built fellow, not over thirty years old at the most, his face tanned by exposure to wind and weather, and with the spirit of a true soldier gleaming from his flashing eyes.

"I can only say, gentlemen, that you are all incorrigible boasters. For my part I have no stories of that kind to tell you; you all know that I have never troubled myself over women."

He was answered by a shout of derisive laughter, with here and there some jeering comment.

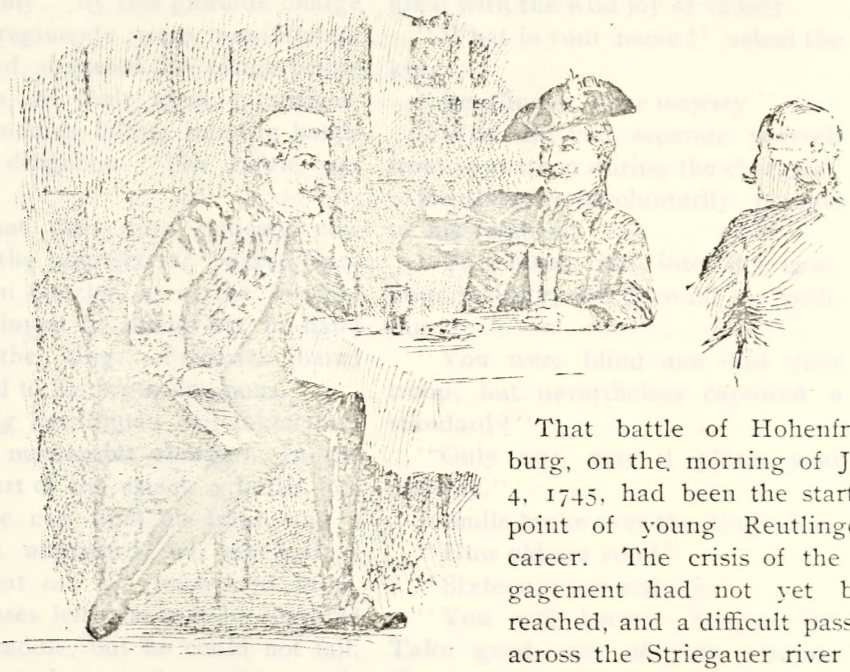
"You can't make us believe that, Reutlingen!" cried the young lieutenant, Wolf von Eickstadt. "For what were those daring blue eyes given you if not for the conquest of the fair sex?"

"I have my eyes, children, to see

how miserably you do your duty," was the captain's reply, which was again drowned by the noisy answers.

Their wild stories were quickly forgotten, as they eagerly claimed the right to punish him for his untruthfulness in saying that he had no tales of conquest to tell them. He ran his fingers carelessly through his hair, and finally pushed his glass forward to be refilled, saying suddenly,—

"Let me have peace, gentlemen! I have never raved over women, as you know, but I can tell you that whatever the wild Reutlingen wants he will take!"



This confident assertion was received with shouts of laughter.

"Hear the fellow brag! Hurrah! The wild Reutlingen has outstripped us all!"

The object of this outburst threw himself back on his rude bench and laughed a deep, hearty laugh, his white teeth shining beneath his dark mustache. His comrades drank his health, and as he rose the light fell more plainly upon the red sabre scar across his forehead. That scar was the badge of honor that he had gained at Hohenfriedburg fourteen years before, when serving as a sub-lieutenant, scarcely sixteen years old, with the Baireuth dragoons in that famous battle, the glory of which will make the regiment's name famous to the end of time.

That battle of Hohenfriedburg, on the morning of June 4, 1745, had been the starting point of young Reutlingen's career. The crisis of the engagement had not yet been reached, and a difficult passage across the Striegauer river had kept the Baireuth dragoons from reaching their designated position at the appointed time. It happened in consequence that there was a dangerous gap in the Prussian lines, between the infantry brigades of Bredow and Munchow, into which the Austrian infantry rushed, almost winning the day. The commander of the belated dragoons, Lieutenant-General von Geszler, sent word to the king that he intended to charge and regain his lost ground. Fried-

rich shrugged his shoulders incredulously, remarking, "What will these youngsters do?"

The regiment broke into two columns, one headed by General von Geszler himself and the other by Colonel von Schwerin, and together they charged the Austrians with unequalled fury. Death and terror spread before them, and victory followed in their path as they bore their triumphant banners into the heart of the enemy. By this glorious charge seven regiments were annihilated, dispersed, scattered like clouds before a storm, all their arms, munitions, and standards falling into the hands of the dragoons. The battle was won.

"What does your majesty now say to the youngsters?" asked General von Geszler, as at the head of his regiment he stood hat in hand before the king. Friedrich bared his head to his brave dragoons.

Young Reutlingen had taken part in this memorable charge. In the early part of the attack a bullet had torn the cap from his head, and a moment afterward he received a sabre cut on his uncovered brow. His senses left him and he wavered in his saddle, but he could not fall, could not give up—he could not die before the victory was won. So he forced himself to remain on his horse, the blood streaming down over his eyes and blinding him so that, in the midst of a storm of bullets, he became separated from his troop and found himself alone among the enemy. After a long time he fought his way back to his friends, bleeding from many wounds but bearing with him a standard that he had captured from his foes.

The king's sharp eye had noted this gallant rider's solitary charge, and when, at the close of the battle, the regiment was paraded before him to receive its well earned reward, his royal thanks, he asked the name of the daring sub-lieutenant.

Reutlingen was immediately called before him, his uniform soaked with blood, his forehead bound in a handkerchief, and the blue eyes that shone forth below the bandage filled with the wild joy of victory.

"What is your name?" asked the king.

"Reutlingen, your majesty."

"Why did you separate yourself from your troop during the charge?"

Reutlingen involuntarily pointed to his forehead.

"The blood ran into my eyes, your majesty, and I could see nothing."

"You were blind and lost your troop, but nevertheless captured a standard?"

"Only one, may it please your majesty."

A smile broke over the king's face.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen, your majesty."

"You will become famous yet. Take good care of your wounds. If you wish to ask me any favor, it will be granted."

The young officer's eyes shone with pride and pleasure.

"I thank you heartily, most gracious majesty. To have pleased my king is reward enough for me. I have nothing further to ask."

The king's kindly glance wandered once more over the wounded boyish face.

"Perhaps you will think of something later. If so, you may come to

me and ask it." He turned to General von Geszler and said, "For the present we will promote this wild Reutlingen to a lieutenancy."

Could he have had his way, Lieutenant-General von Geszler would have thanked the young man for his heroic deed by making him a count. Colonel Otto von Schweren would have made him a major-general out of his turn. Having been complimented by his king, however, no man was ever prouder of a new title than was young Lieutenant Jobst von Reutlingen. He was prouder still, though, of the name of "wild" that the king had bestowed upon him, and from that day he was known to the whole army as the "wild Reutlingen."

The Battle of Hohenfriedburg was followed by ten years of peace and faithful service for the young lieutenant, who was stationed during that time at the small post at Pasewalk.

Friedrich, "the good father of his army," who knew many of his young officers personally, kept his eye upon Reutlingen, and it was well known that the young man's highest aim was always to win his majesty's approval; in fact, his love for the king and his desire to serve him faithfully transformed the rash youth into an able, steady, and reliable officer.

Then came the great war which devastated northern Germany for seven long years, and the Baireuth dragoons were again called into the field.

Friedrich had never before known defeat, so that his heart was nearly broken by the fatal day at Collin. Battle after battle was lost, and his ill success cut him to the quick; grief and despair overshadowed his soul and it seemed as if the eagle's wings were clipped forever. Such was not the case, however, for Friedrich's generalship and power were too great. He rose out of the lowest depths of danger and despair when everything seemed lost as the eagle mounts on mighty pinions to the sun, his victory at Roszbach replacing the crown of glory upon his brow.

After Roszbach Friedrich turned his face towards the long suffering province of Schlesien, then in the hands of the Austrians, and in a field near Potsdam faced Prince Karl von Lothringen, who, with three times the Prussian force, laughed at Friedrich's advance. The Prussians went into battle, however, filled with the same desperate courage that animated their king, the whole army sharing its leader's enthusiasm. The Battle of Leuthen was fought on December 5, 1757, and upon its result depended the fate of Prussia. With that conviction burning within them the troops of Friedrich fought desperately and the day was soon theirs beyond dispute. The right wing of the Austrian army still held its ground, however, and the Prussian left had all it could do. General von Driesen opposed the Baireuth dragoons with his cavalry but was routed and put to flight. Further in the rear, however, near the windmills of Leuthen, the Austrian regiments of Wallis and Durlach made a last brave stand and General von Meyer and his Baireuth dragoons charged them. That charge routed the last of the Austrians; Friedrich was master of the field, and the enemy was in flight.

Night came all too soon for the

victorious host. Zieten and his gallant troops pursued the flying fragments of what had so lately been the proud Austrian army, while the rest of the Prussian troops remained upon the battlefield exhausted and battle-stained. Friedrich started in advance with a small escort to spend the night at Lissa, and the whole army soon followed him. As they rode forward through the dark solemn night the voice of a grenadier was lifted up in song and the whole battalion joined him, the sound rolling like a mighty billow from mouth to mouth and from regiment to regiment until thousands of voices rang forth from the bloody field of battle, rising to God's throne in the song of praise:

"Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things has done,
In whom the world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day."

Great things indeed had the Almighty done for Prussia's king, for Prussia's army, and for her people. "God has done it," was the victor's answer to the congratulations of his generals.

Generous and hearty were the thanks with which the king rewarded the brave troops who had won for him such a signal victory. He personally ordered the promotions and the rewards of them all from the field marshals down to the youngest man in the ranks, and Jobst von Reutlingen again came to his majesty's attention. This time he did not separate himself from his troop during the charge, but, seeing his captain fall from his horse severely wounded, he took command of the troop himself and rushed upon the enemy with such terrible force that the lion's share of the prisoners, booty, and standards fell to his command. Once more he stood upright and manly before the king, who regarded him graciously.

"'Reutlingen, you have once more ridden as though possessed by a devil. You shall keep the troop. See that you win my approval in the future, sir captain. And," continued Friedrich, "have you not yet thought of something to ask of me in commemoration of your charge at Hohenfriedburg? Has nothing occurred to you yet?"

"'No, your majesty; the praise of my noble leader and king is still the greatest reward to me."

"'You will think of something in time and your king has a good memory, remember that."

So the wild Reutlingen became the captain of the troop which he looked upon as his dearest treasure. He had not yet had an opportunity to lead it to victory in a charge, but he had guided it through danger, hardship, and bloody wars. In this way two years had passed.

CHAPTER III.

The tramp of the Baireuth dragoons resounded through the streets of Langenrode, and high above the sound of hoofs rose the strains of their regimental march, dedicated to them by the king in commemoration of the glorious day when his "Cæsars of Hohenfriedburg" won their name

—a sound that will ever stir to the depths the hearts of all belonging to that brave regiment. The sounds penetrated with fearful distinctness the quiet chamber in Langenrode abbey in which the sick abbess lay, and a feeling of terror pierced the heart of Ulrike von Trebenow; they were actually there at last—the Prussian soldiers, to whose arrival she had looked forward with a deathlike fear.

The abbess started from the light slumber of an invalid, and lifted a lustreless glance to her young nurse.

"Ulrike, what is it? What is the sound of troops that I hear?"

"It is the Prussian troops, dear aunt; I think they are marching through," answered Ulrike in a low strained voice.

She pulled the window curtains together, and sat down softly with folded hands upon the edge of the bed, while her heart poured forth a silent prayer of agony. No one realized the terror with which she awaited the approach of these strange troops, knowing that she must remain by her aunt's side at the mercy of these barbarians. Why was not Benno von Trautwitz by her side to protect her in her hour of need—he who was so filled with anxiety for her, and for whom she realized she was beginning to have almost more than cousinly affection?

The music ceased, and loud manly voices and the stamping of hoofs could be heard in the peaceful courtyard of the abbey. A troop of the Baireuth dragoons had halted there, for although the greater part of the regiment had been assigned quarters in the castle, Reutlingen's troop had gone on, and now stopped beneath the abbess's window. The young captain's orders were short, clear, and decisive.

"And now I 'll see where we can live, gentlemen," he said, turning to his officers. "I 'll take a look at this old convent. Come with me, Eickstadt."

The young man whom he called stepped quickly to his side, and they walked together through the dried chestnut leaves with which the yard was strewn.

"How quiet and deserted it is here," said Wolf von Eickstadt. "We must try to get this old coffin to live in."

"I hope we shall succeed," answered Reutlingen, knocking with his sabre upon the low, wide door. There being no response, he soon opened it himself, and beheld before him a bare, dusky hall with an arched ceiling. In the bow window, not far from the door, stood a young girl, with reddish golden hair, wearing a dainty little apron, and entirely absorbed in looking out at the troopers. She turned with a startled cry and endeavored to flee from the room.

"Hello, my pretty child. Don't run away; we will not hurt you," exclaimed the captain.

The little maid seemed to believe this assurance in spite of herself, for she stopped and stood blushing and bowing.

"Tell me, little one, who lives in this house; to whom must I pay my respects?"

"The good nuns live here, your grace," she answered in a friendly voice, "but they have all flown before the arrival of the troops. Oh, they were so afraid, the poor women. Only the good Abbess

von Trebenow is still here; she didn't run away."

"The abbess appears to be a courageous and sensible woman," remarked Reutlingen. "Say to her that I would like to speak with her."

"Ah, no sir," the girl answered. "The abbess is ill, dangerously ill. She can't see any one; no one is allowed in her chamber except Fraulein von Trebenow, her niece."

"A young lady? Her niece? Little one, why didn't you tell us that at once?" cried Wolf von Eickstadt much pleased. "That is so much the better. Tell the young lady we would like to see her. We await her answer."

The two men seated themselves comfortably upon the old-fashioned carved chairs and stretched out their heavily booted feet upon the stone floor and waited thus for some time until the little maid returned somewhat dejectedly.

"My young mistress is obliged to stay by her aunt's beside and is unable to see any one."

The captain stamped his heel upon the floor until the hall rang with the echo.

"Nonsense! I certainly don't ask to see her for my own pleasure. Go, little one, and say to the young lady that I wish to speak with her on business and will not trouble her long. Tell her that if she doesn't come within five minutes I shall use less gentle means to obtain an interview."

"Wild one! Is that the way you treat women?" remonstrated the young lieutenant.

"Yes; it is," was the blunt reply.

A few moments passed, and then the dark carved door that led to the abbess's apartment opened slowly and Ulrike von Trebenow stepped into the hall and remained standing by the door, her feet refusing to carry her farther. Her beautiful face was as pale as death, and her hand clutched nervously at her dress. She stood thus like a statue of marble while both men bowed low.

"Captain von Reutlingen, Lieutenent von Eickstadt. Have we the honor of addressing Fraulein von Trebenow? If so, we beg your pardon for our rude entrance, but we are quartered here by order of his majesty the king and so have no choice in the matter. Will you be kind enough, my dear young lady, to accept us as guests in this house? You shall be constantly under our protection, and will be treated with absolute respect."

Ulrike struggled for breath.

"I am myself a guest in the house," she stammered softly, "and have no authority here. Do as you like; but I pray you, in Heaven's name, spare the room in which my aunt lies!"

"I can't see why you should ask such a thing," responded the captain a little sharply, "when I have already promised you the control of all our movements. You are at this moment mistress of this house, and are in full authority; be kind enough to end this discussion and not keep us waiting any longer."

"Let me speak a moment," said Eickstadt, stepping forward. "Pray, my dear young lady, do not misunderstand us. We don't wish to come here as intruders, but simply as your guests, and we will therefore conform to every point of your household arrangements. You will soon learn that we speak in good faith, and

that you have nothing to fear from us."

The mild and pleasant tone in which he spoke, and the sunny look in his handsome brown eyes, made the frightened girl's heart leap with joy and relief. She raised her deep blue eyes and gazed into his face as though asking for protection.

"You must n't be afraid of us, my dear young lady," he continued laughingly, "for our neighbors have always looked upon us as pretty good fellows. We are at this moment tired and hungry though, and therefore a little impatient. We have camped in fearfully bad quarters for the last week, and so we are now doubly glad of the shelter of this noble old abbey. Will you kindly give me your arm and show me the rooms that will be placed at our disposal? Stay here, Reutlingen: I will tell you what I find later."

The two departed, and the captain again took his seat.

"Foolish girl, to be so frightened!" he murmured to himself.

Two hours later six officers and two sub-lieutenants sat around the great dining-table in the abbey refectory together, and emptied their glasses to the health of the charming young hostess whose word had conjured up such a repast as had not passed their lips for many a day.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF SOMERSWORTH.

By Richard W. Shapleigh, of the Somersworth School Board.

The history of public schools in Somersworth begins with this vote of a parish meeting, December 11, 1733:

"Voted that the selectmen have power to raise one hundred ninety-four pounds money, to pay Mr. Pike (the minister) his salary, his firewood, the School, the selectmen, and Clerk and Collector."

July 2, 1734, it was,—

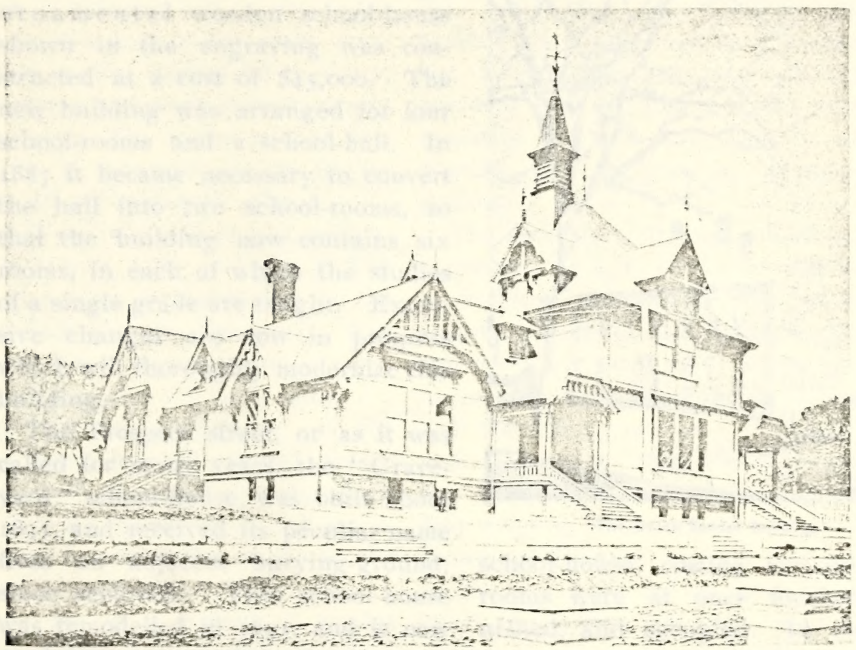
"Voted that Herculus Mooney be the schoolmaster here for one month (Viz) from July 4 to Augt. 4 1734 next ensuing at Three pounds fifteen shillings per month, voted that Capt. Wallingford and Mr. Philip Stackpole be the men that Joyn with the selectmen at the months end above to agree with the said Mooney or any other suitable person to keep school for the Residue of this Sumer and autum."

In 1735 thirty pounds were raised for a schoolmaster, and Mr. Jonathan Scrugham held that office.

In 1737 the parish voted to raise sixty pounds for a schoolmaster, and Mr. John Sullivan was elected to be master for the ensuing year. At the same time he was voted thirty shillings for sweeping and taking care of the meeting-house. Mr. Sullivan was the founder in this country of the Sullivan family, long and promi-

nently known in New Hampshire history.

The parish of Somersworth was set off from Dover by an act "past to be enacted" by the General Assembly, December 19, 1729. The first settlement appears to have been made at Rollinsford Junction about 1700, and during the early history of the parish and town, public institutions, including the church and school-house, were located there.



The Orange Street School-house.

It would be interesting to record the sums appropriated in those early days for school purposes, but the limits of this sketch forbid. It is worthy of mention, however, that they were liberal for that time, and showed the same high regard for the value of education that still obtains in this community.

Until 1794 the selectmen engaged the schoolmasters for the town. At that time a vote was passed placing such responsibility upon the four districts into which the town had been divided the preceding year. Of these, the North or No. 1 district comprised the most of what is now Somersworth, or, to be more exact, the territory lying north of a line from the north end of Hussey's pond, by the Davis place to the Indigo Hill road, by that highway to the Downs brook, and by that brook to the Salmon Falls river.

The development of the water power at Great Falls was begun in 1822, and the changes in that vicinity led, in 1824, to another arrangement for schools, which doubled the number of districts and included the village in historic District No. 3.

Numerous school-houses have accommodated the youth of this district, each one, in point of convenience, an improvement upon its predecessor. The erection of substantial



buildings began with the brick structure on Orange street, which was built about 1831 and stood more than forty years. This was a plain structure, tall and narrow, of the old-fashioned, corporation style, containing four rooms, and is well remembered by even the younger people of Somersworth. It was torn down, the original lot extended by acquiring land and removing a number of houses, and in 1873–'75 the large, ornamental wooden school-house shown in the engraving was constructed at a cost of $45,000. The new building was arranged for four school-rooms and a school-hall. In 1887 it became necessary to convert the hall into two school-rooms, so that the building now contains six rooms, in each of which the studies of a single grade are taught. Extensive changes are now in progress which will thoroughly modernize this building.

The Prospect street, or as it was called for many years, the "Graveyard" school-house, was built about 1841, and received its peculiar name from an adjacent burying-ground, since removed. This school-house was remodelled in 1891, and is now used for an ungraded school, covering the work of the first three primary years.

The southerly part of Great Falls village has, since 1844, been accommodated by school-houses on Union (then Broad) and Green streets. In that year a one-story brick school-house containing two rooms was erected upon land on Broad street bought of the Great Falls Manufacturing Company for $225. In a very short time there was need of more school-rooms, and in March, 1846, the district elected a committee to report on the location and cost of another school-house. This action resulted in building the old Green street school-house, on plans similar to those of the house on Broad street. These two buildings stood, substantially in their original form, until 1890, when they were torn down and replaced by a fine, modern brick



The Union School Building.

school-house, costing $20,000. Six rooms were at once finished, furnished, and occupied. In 1893–'94 two more rooms were finished and occupied, completing the building. This school-house is ventilated, lighted, and thoroughly equipped according to late methods of sanitation and construction.

At a special meeting of the district held September 28, 1848, it was voted to adopt the "Somersworth Act," so called, which had been passed by the general court in June preceding, for the benefit of "School District No. 3 in Somersworth." Such action enabled that district to estab-

lish a high school, and by deed dated November 14, 1848, for the consideration of $1,000, a lot containing two acres and four square rods, where the high school now stands, was conveyed by the Horn heirs to the district. The school-house, which is still in excellent condition, was immediately erected at an expense of $10,536.89. A high school has been maintained in this building ever since its completion. Its site, on the summit of Prospect hill, is one of the finest in this part of the state, commanding a view northward to Mount Washington and south-easterly nearly to the sea. The lower part of this building is occupied by the higher grades of the grammar school.

The Woodvale school was authorized in March, 1865, and was at first held in a room furnished free by the Great Falls Woolen Company. The building which the school now occupies was provided six years later.

The remaining districts of the town, being sparsely settled, maintained small, ungraded schools, which have recently been closed and transportation furnished the pupils to the better equipped schools of the city.

The plan of a system of grades embracing all the schools was urged in district No. 3 as early as 1846, and this district was among the first in the state to adopt free textbooks. Somersworth has always been strongly in favor of good schools and has made liberal appropriations for maintaining such. The general interest felt here in the success of education may be noted by reference to the lists of committees appointed to execute resolutions of the various school meetings. There will be found recorded the names of leading citizens from every walk of life, whose well directed efforts have kept the schools in touch with advanced educational standards. One of these, the late Capt. Isaac Chandler, who was for more than thirty years chairman of the prudential committee of district No. 3, by bequest established a memorial fund to be used for the purchase of reference books and apparatus for the schools.

The Somersworth Act was not only the foundation upon which was builded the high school in this town, but it embodied the principle that enabled and stimulated small communities all over the state to undertake the support of advanced studies.

The Somersworth high school was organized April 8, 1850, and marked a decided advance in the public school system of the county. The schools of the town were re-arranged to meet new and improved conditions and the result was better instruction and more of it. The county shared the benefit by the stimulus of the first meeting of the Strafford County Teachers' Institute, which was held in the new high school room at the close of the first fall term, with an attendance of one hundred fifty eight teachers and students. The success of this institute was remarkable because it furnished the inspiration that led the teachers of the vicinity to break away from the antiquated usages of the country schools and to adopt instead, improved methods of instruction.

The high school has had seventeen masters. It was begun under Paul Chadbourne, afterwards president of Williams college, a man of rare qualities of mind and a fine teacher. He

was followed by Nathaniel Hills; Henry E. Sawyer; William H. Farrar, a respected citizen and always an enthusiastic mathematician and educator; A. M. Wheeler; J. Y. Stanton; George E. Harriman; Edwin Emery; Joseph F. Fielden; David A. Anderson; James P. Dixon, who was master ten years, the longest term, and left Somersworth to make the same record as principal of Colby academy; Frank W. Rollins; I. Chase Libby; J. W. V. Rich; Henry S. Roberts; Elmer Case; and J. M. Russell, under whose able management the school is at present conducted.

In 1893 the city of Somersworth was incorporated. Its charter vests the control of its schools in a board of nine members. William F. Russell, chairman of the board since its organization, is a leading lawyer of the city, who has always been interested in the welfare of its schools, and has labored for their improvement. He was chairman of the town superintending committee for three years, 1883–'86, and is well qualified for his position. The other members of the board are,—William E. Pierce, John C. Lothrop, Henry H. Wentworth, James A. Conley, Rev. J. Duddy, Mark A. Kearns, George F. Hill, and Richard W. Shapleigh.

As in other departments of her municipal government, the enlarged powers granted by a city charter have resulted in some needed changes in that of public instruction. The plan of one grade in each room has been adopted with excellent results. The requirements from both teachers and pupils have been, and must continue to be, increased in order to maintain the graduates of these schools upon an equality with pupils from neighboring schools and academies.

Within a short distance of Somersworth are a number of flourishing fitting schools of high rank, several of them having large endowments, yet the public schools of this city have retained nearly all the pupils pursuing studies preparatory to a course at college or a scientific school. The grammar school, of which Mr. J. D. Montgomery has been for more than ten years master, gives a diploma to pupils completing its full course. A large percentage of such pupils enter the high school, where they may pursue either of the courses of a thorough preparatory public school. Certificates of graduation from the high school admit without examination to Dartmouth, Wellesley, and other colleges, and the collegiate rank of the graduates of this school warrants us in saying that the instruction here given lays a solid foundation for higher education.

The enrolment in the public schools of this city last year was 1,361. The parochial school of St. Martin's Roman Catholic parish has an attendance of between two and three hundred, making a total enrolment in public and private schools of about 1,600. The net cost of maintaining public schools during the past year was $17,427.50. The estimates for the current year are for about an equal amount.

Education is an underlying cause of the striking social changes now in progress all over the world. Nothing less than a public sentiment permeated by the mighty leaven of popular education can complete the great and important work already begun. We are most deeply concerned in the

welfare of our own country, the land of free schools and free institutions. The education of the masses of our people has done and is doing more than any one force to induce and perfect the splendid moral reforms that are making these closing years of the century an epoch in our national history. The schools of every community, however small, have a part in this important work. Somersworth's educational record has truly been an enviable one, but her citizens will not be content unless the new city surpasses the achievements of the old town.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

ELIJAH BOYDEN.

Elijah Boyden was born in Marlborough, August 15, 1814, and died there November 29. He was appointed postmaster at the age of eighteen years, and was engaged in general trade until 1852. From 1854 to 1860 he was mail agent between Boston and Burlington. He was president of the day at the Marlborough centennial, a director of the Citizens' National bank, Keene, and a vice-president of the Keene Five Cent Savings bank.

HON. WILLIAM T. PARKER.

William T. Parker was born in Clethorps, England, November 10, 1822, and died in Merrimack, November 30. He came to America in boyhood, and from 1842 to 1867 was engaged in business in Nashua. He represented Merrimack in the house of representatives in 1859–'60, and in 1866–'67, was a member of the state senate, and its president in the latter year. For years he was president of the state convention of the Universalists, and was for seven years chairman of the general convention of the denomination. He had been an Odd Fellow for fifty years, and a Mason since 1855, having taken the thirty-second degree.

DR. JOHN MILLS BROWNE, U. S. N.

John Mills Browne was born in Hinsdale, May 10, 1831, and died in Washington, D. C., December 5. Dr. Browne attained the grade of surgeon-general of the navy, but he is best known as the surgeon of the *Kearsarge* in her victorious battle with the Confederate ram *Alabama*. He wrote the account of the battle for the *Century Magazine's* war series. He was graduated in medicine from Harvard in 1852, entered the navy as an assistant surgeon the next year, and performed his first duty on board the storeship *Warren* at Sancelito, opposite San Francisco. For several years he was attached to the United States Coast Survey steamer *Active* in the Pacific. In 1857 he was occupied in work connected with determining the North-west boundary, and the next year, while on board the *Dolphin*, he participated in the capture by that vessel of the brig *Echo*, with three hundred slaves, en route to the Cuban mar-



ket. In 1859 he was on board the *Constellation*, which was engaged in suppressing the African slave trade off the Congo, and from 1861 to 1864 he served as surgeon of the *Kearsarge*. In 1869 Dr. Browne superintended the erection of the Naval Hospital at Mare Island, Cal., and was in charge of that institution until 1871, when he served as fleet surgeon of the Pacific squadron. He attained the rank of medical inspector in 1878, and served as president of the Medical Examining Board in Washington and as a member of the Board of Visitors to the Naval academy. In the International Medical Congress, held in London in 1881, Dr. Browne was the naval representative of the United States. From 1882 to 1885 he was in charge of the Museum of Hygiene, and during part of that period served as a member of the National Board of Health, and also in 1884 again represented the United States abroad as the naval representative at the Copenhagen International Medical Congress. He attained the position of chief of the Naval Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, with the title of surgeon-general, and the relative rank of commodore in 1888, was reappointed in 1892, and was retired in 1893, having reached the age of sixty-two years.

SYLVESTER BBOWN.

Sylvester Brown was born in Bow in 1848, and was instantly killed by a train at Wollaston, Mass., November 30. He graduated from Colby academy, New London in 1871, and became principal of the Dunbarton High school. In 1872 he was appointed master in Manchester; 1876, principal of the Quincy school, Atlantic, Mass.; 1878, of Willard school, West Quincy, Mass.; 1879, of a school in Brookline, Mass.; 1880, superintendent of schools of Quincy, Mass.; 1883, master of Martin school, Boston, and continued until his death. He resided in Wollaston, and is survived by a widow and three childen. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity.

GEORGE HALL.

George Hall was born in Mason, January 1, 1831, and died in Leominster, Mass., December 15. He learned the cabinet-maker's trade in Nashua, and in 1864 engaged in business in Leominster as a member of the firm of Merriam, Hall & Co., in which he was highly successful. He had represented Leominster in the legislature, and was a director in banks in that town and in Fitchburg. He leaves a family.

GEORGE JEWETT, M. D.

George Jewett was born in Rindge, April 28, 1825, and died in Fitchburg, Mass., December 16. He was educated at Appleton Academy in New Ipswich and in Hancock, and at the Vermont Medical College in Woodstock, at the Berkshire Medical College from which he graduated in 1847, and at Harvard Medical College. He practised his profession at Baldwinville, Mass., 1847–'53; at Gardner, Mass., 1853–'58; and at Fitchburg from the latter year until his death. He enlisted as assistant surgeon, Tenth Massachusetts volunteer infantry, in January, 1862, and was later commissioned as surgeon of the Fifty-first Massachusetts volunteers, serving until July 29, 1863. After the war he served for many years as surgeon of the Tenth Massachusetts infantry, resigning in 1872. Dr. Jewett was

president of the Worcester North Medical Society, 1877–'78, and vice-president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, 1888–'89. He was a member of the United States examining board of surgeons, 1866–'85 and 1889–'93; a member of the school board 1869–'76, and was for a number of years president of the Fitchburg board of trade. He was twice married and is survived by one son, Walter K. Jewett, M. D., of Fitchburg.

JOSEPH L. SHIPLEY.



Joseph L. Shipley was born in Londonderry, March 31, 1836, and died in Springfield, Mass., December 17. He learned the carpenter's trade when a young man, until he saw an opportunity to attend college; fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, entered Yale, and was graduated from that institution in 1861. After two years spent in teaching school he became a member of the *Springfield Republican* staff, being on the telegraph desk during the exciting days of the Civil War, when news by wire was full of thrilling interest. Subsequently he was editorial writer on the *Boston Journal;* managing editor of the Scranton (Pa.) *Republican;* editor of the Allentown (Pa.) *Register and Chronicle;* editor of the Taunton (Mass.) *Gazette;* and for twenty years (ending in 1892), editor of the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Union*, the latter journal's present enviable position being due in a great measure to his efforts. In 1893 he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature and unanimously renominated and reëlected in 1894. He leaves a widow.

HON. HORATIO KIMBALL.

Horatio Kimball was born in Hopkinton, September 19, 1821, and died in Keene, December 20. He received an academic education and learned the printer's trade in the office of the Nashua *Gazette*, pursuing the business of printer and publisher in Nashua until 1851. In 1851 he purchased the *Cheshire Republican* at Keene, and conducted it successfully until 1865, when he retired from business on account of impaired health. He was a member of the first board of aldermen of Keene in 1874, and was reëlected in 1879, and was elected mayor in 1880, 1883, 1884, and 1891. He is survived by two sons.

NAPOLEON B. GALE.

Napoleon B. Gale was born in Gilmanton, March 3, 1815, and died in Laconia, December 21. He was educated at Sanbornton and Gilmanton academies, and was engaged in mercantile pursuits and farming until 1852, when he entered the Belknap County bank, becoming cashier in the following year, and president of the Belknap Savings bank, which succeeded it upon the expiration of its charter in 1866, holding the office until his death. Mr. Gale represented Belmont in the legislature in 1867–'68 and Laconia in 1885–'86.

COL. JOHN B. BATCHELDER.

John B. Batchelder was born in Gilmanton, September, 1825, and died in Hyde Park, Mass., December 22. He is well known as the government historian of the

Battle of Gettysburg. Shortly after the battle he went on to the field by order of the United States authorities, and began what proved his life work, for he had ever since been collating the facts and writing out the history of this conflict. It fills thousands of pages and is unfinished. He had traversed the field day after day, and from personal interviews with the men engaged on both sides in that battle he could tell any combatant just where his place was in that great struggle. He could point out the actual place that every regiment, Union or Confederate, occupied in the great struggle. Beside the writing he has done for the government, he is the author of several publications, including "The Illustrated Tourist's Guide," "Gettysburg: What to See and How to See It," "Geometrical Drawing of the Gettysburg Battlefield," "Descriptive Key to the Painting of Longstreet's Assault of Gettysburg," "Historical Paintings of the Battle of Gettysburg," "Last Hours of Lincoln," and "Popular Resorts and How to Reach Them." Colonel Batchelder has resided in Hyde Park about twenty years. Colonel Batchelder married in early life Miss Elizabeth B. Stevens, of Nottingham, who survives him.

HON. MOULTON H. MARSTON.

Moulton H. Marston, of Sandwich, was born in Moultonborough, January 8, 1806, and died in Concord, December 25. He received a limited education, and at an early age embarked on a business career in which he was highly successful. He was town clerk of Sandwich ten years, postmaster many years, member of the legislature, county treasurer 1848–'50, and councillor 1875–'76. He was president of the Carroll County National Bank and of the Sandwich Savings Bank for long terms. He is survived by three daughters and a son.

EZRA P. HOWARD.

Ezra P. Howard was born in Wilton, July 2, 1818, and died in Nashua, December 10. He was a carpenter by trade, but was for many years engaged in the manufacture of cardboard at Washington, and represented that town in the legislature in 1867 and 1868. He had resided in Nashua since 1869, and had been a member of the firm of McQuesten & Co. He leaves one son, Mayor-elect J. W. Howard of Nashua, and a daughter.

EDWIN T. HUBBARD, M. D.

Edwin T. Hubbard was born in Hiram, Me., and died in Rochester, December 14, aged 41 years. He graduated from Dartmouth Medical College in 1876, began practice at Madison, and had been located at Rochester for the past ten years, serving as city physician and member of the state board of health.

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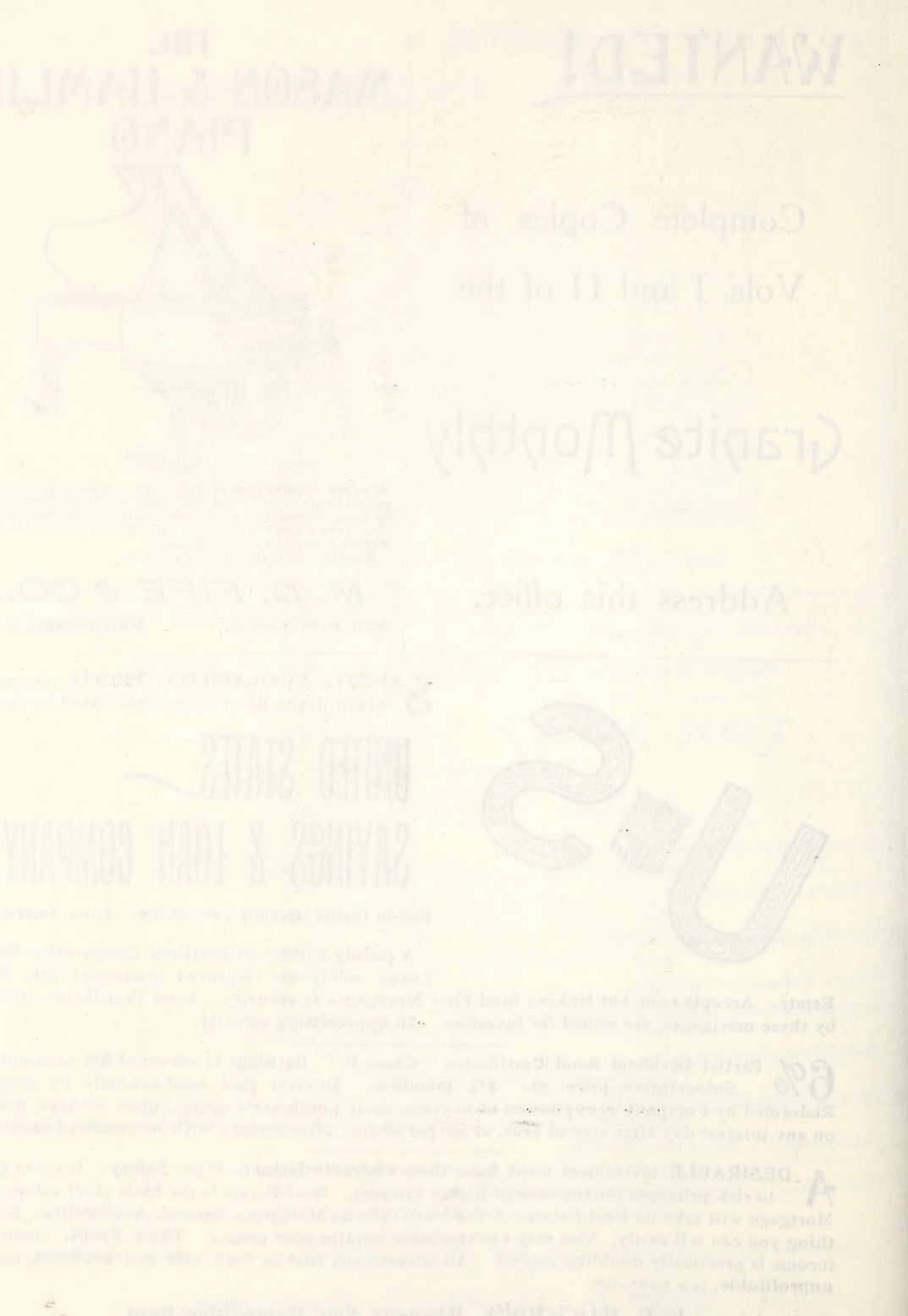
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F. G. HARTSHORN, Manager New Hampshire Dept.,

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ume XVIII FEBRUARY Number 2

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



ON THE ASHUELOT.

CONCORD · N·H·

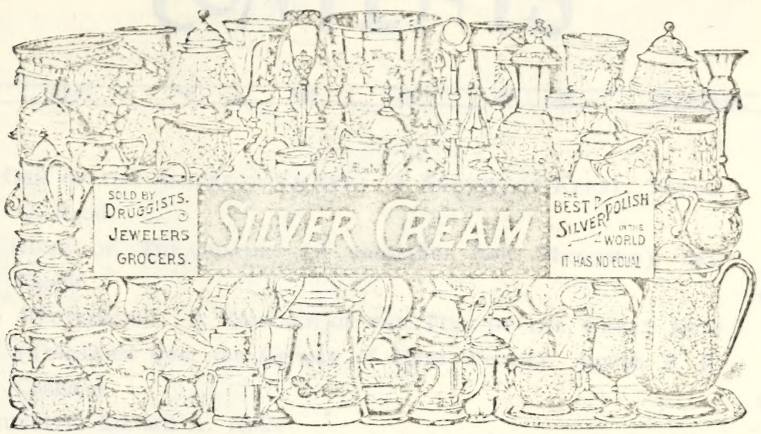
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1895



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FEBRUARY, 1895.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY for March, 1895,

WILL CONTAIN

A SKETCH OF THE CITY OF FRANKLIN

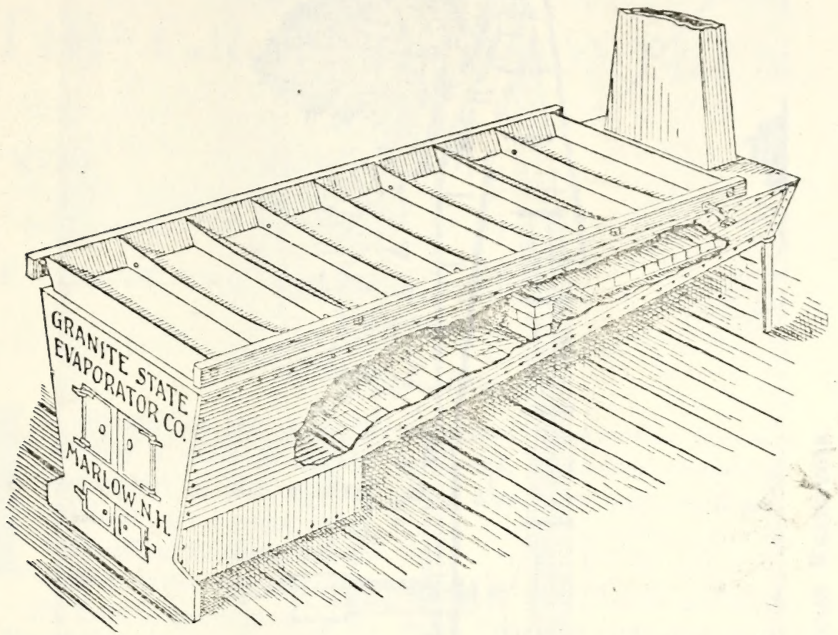
AND

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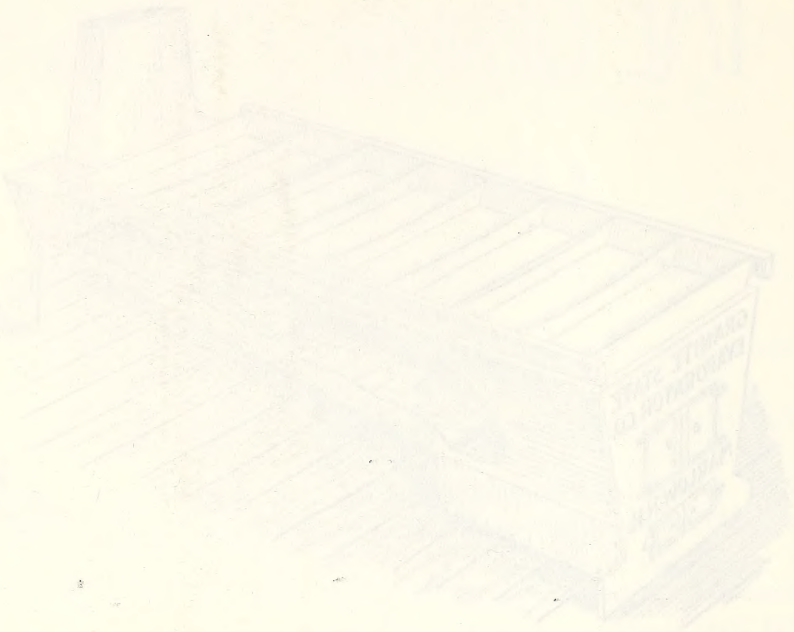
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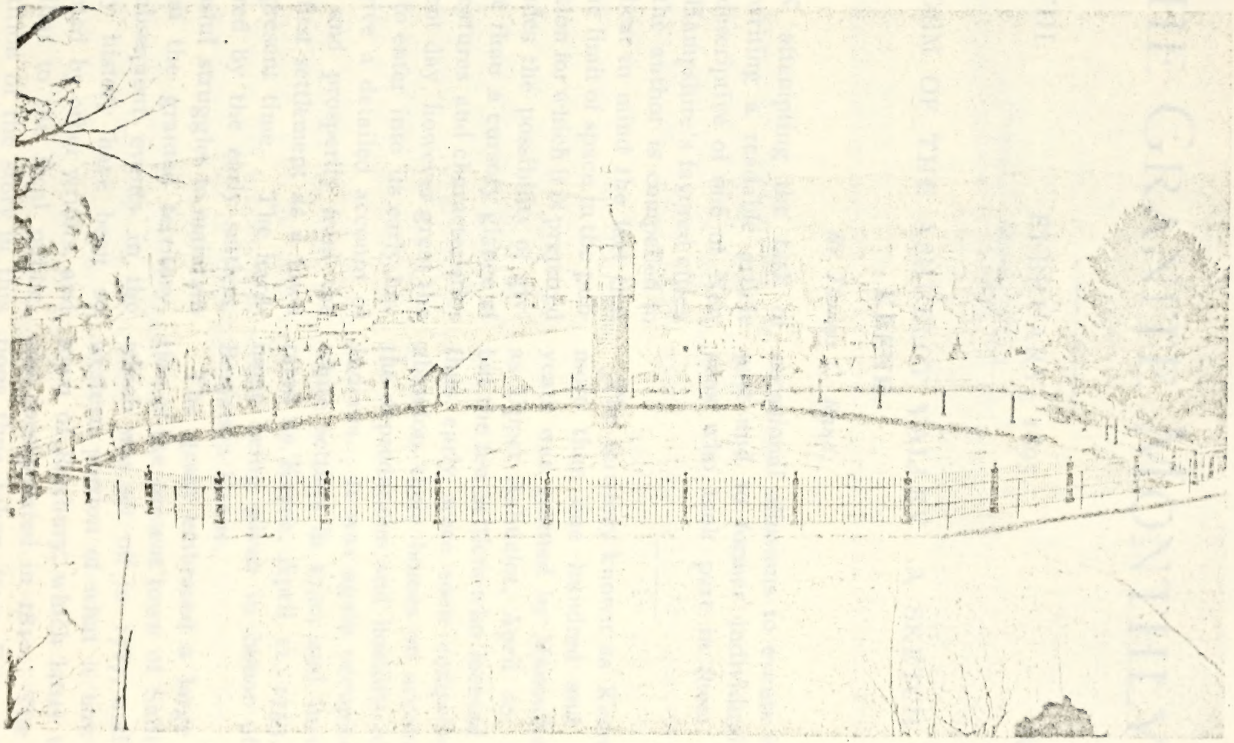
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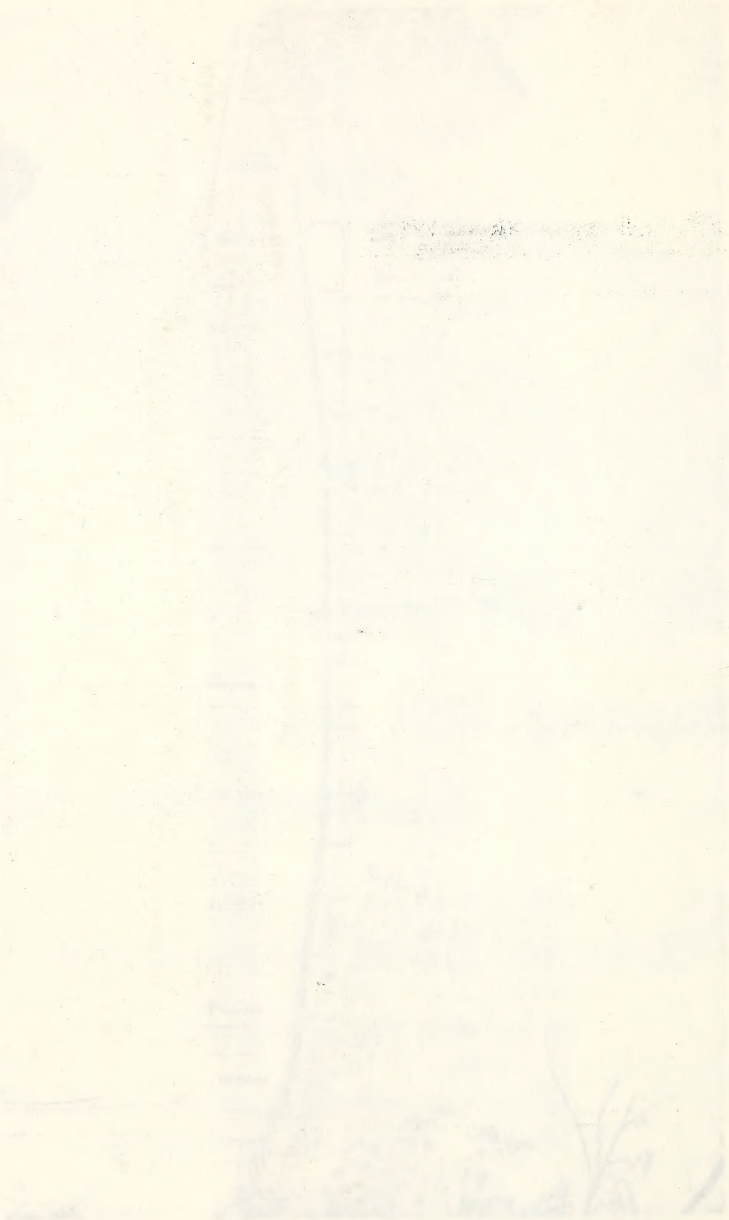
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. FEBRUARY, 1895. No. 2.

THE GEM OF THE ASHUELOT VALLEY: A SKETCH OF KEENE.

By Thomas C. Rand.

IN attempting the task of writing a readable article descriptive of one of New Hampshire's favored cities, the author is compelled to bear in mind the fact that the limit of space in the publication for which it is prepared precludes the possibility of giving more than a cursory glance at its chief features and characteristics at the present day, however great the temptation to enter into its early history and give a detailed account of its growth and prosperity from the date of its first settlement as a town up to the present time. The hardships endured by the early settlers, their successful struggles to maintain possession of the granted territory, and the subsequent events in the town's early history have been so often recounted by other writers, and are so familiar to the local public, that a repetition of the story in this connection seems entirely unnecessary and superfluous; therefore the Keene of to-day must be the principal theme of this article, with occasional allusions to events in the past and to former individual citizens who took part in them.

The territory known as Keene for more than one hundred and forty years was granted by Massachusetts as Upper Ashuelot, April 20, 1733, but the few settlers who located here thus early were soon compelled to abandon their homes on account of the depredations and hostility of the Indians. It was again occupied by white settlers in 1750, and incorporated as Keene, April 11, 1753, the name being given in honor of Sir Benjamin Keene.

The grant embraced a large section of the present town of Sullivan, which was set off in 1787, and the western portion of what is now the town of Roxbury, which latter town was incorporated in 1812. The sections thus taken from Keene comprised no small fraction of her area, yet they were spared ungrudgingly and without detriment to the material interests of the town beyond a slight



Park in Central Square.

but temporary diminution in the number of inhabitants, and a corresponding reduction in the amount of property on which taxes were assessed.

From year to year thereafter the town grew in population and wealth, although no single year was ever marked by any phenomenal growth in either of these directions. Wise and judicious management of public affairs characterized her career up to the time of the transition from a town to a municipal form of government, since when there has been a gradual improvement, even in this regard, until Keene has become one of the best governed cities in New Hampshire.

The city charter was adopted in March, 1873, after having been once rejected by the voters, many of whom doubted the expediency of the proposed change. From that time date many of the improvements and public conveniences now seen on every hand. Previously the town had provided a partial supply of water for the use of residents of the village, but aside from this there were only the ordinary furnishings of a well governed country town.

One of the first important measures adopted by the city government, and one most successfully carried out, was the establishment of a sewerage system on the Waring plan, which has proved of incalculable benefit to the people living in the central part of the city. The line of sewerage traverses all the principal streets and the greater portion of the highways located within a radius of a mile from city hall. The undertaking seemed a gigantic one, as it involved a great expenditure of money and placed a heavy debt upon the city. The wisdom of the officials having charge of the enterprise has, however, been clearly demonstrated in the improved condition and enhanced value of all real estate along the lines of the sewer and in the bettered condition of the health of the general public throughout the city.

An additional supply of water was the next important matter taken in hand by the city government. Rights



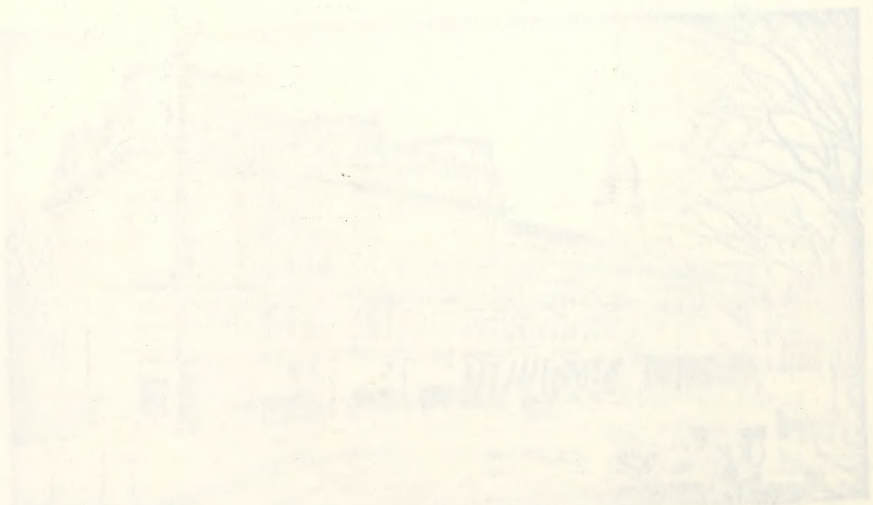
and privileges in a fine body of pure water were secured in the town of Roxbury, four miles distant, and an ample supply of water for domestic and fire purposes was provided. A commodious stone reservoir was built on Beech hill, whence water is distributed through nearly all the streets in sufficient volume to meet all ordinary requirements and provide adequate protection against fire. The cost of this system of water supply was quite large, increasing the city debt many thousand dollars, yet it has proved an excellent investment, yielding as it does a large interest on the money expended, besides affording a water supply to the inhabitants of the city proper at a moderate cost and amply protecting against conflagrations.

The fire department has also been completely remodelled to conform to the changed condition of the water supply, and the city can boast of as fine apparatus and as efficient firemen as can be found in any place of its size in New England. Commodious buildings have been erected for the housing of steamers and other fire apparatus as well as for the accommodation of members of the department and the stabling of the city teams. Indeed, it is conceded on all hands that, with an abundant supply of water and a well equipped fire department, a disastrous conflagration is now almost an impossibility in Keene.

The improvement of the condition of the public roads and streets next claimed the attention of the city officials, who diligently sought to perfect and beautify them. At first much of the work in this department was of an experimental nature and therefore somewhat disappointing. Now, however, a successful system is in operation which bids fair to give us the best roads in the country, while our concreted sidewalks and street crossings are luxuries which no one can fail to appreciate. Several of the principal thoroughfares have been macadamized, and a few short sections of streets are covered

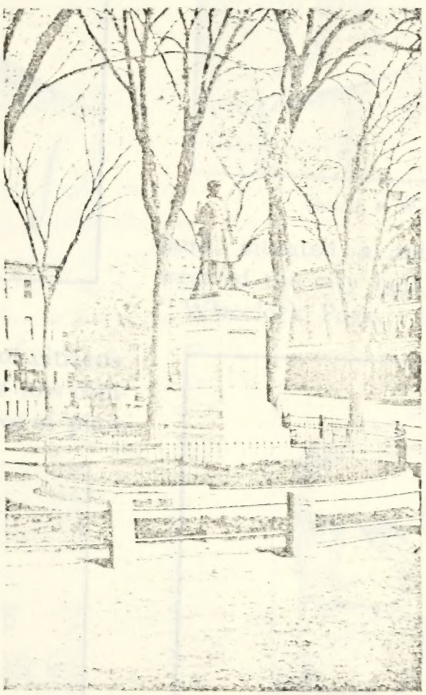


The East Side of Central Square.



with granite pavement. The city owns an inexhaustible granite quarry, where a steam stone-crusher is employed in preparing material for macadamizing purposes. It also owns a steam road-roller, which does effective work in the construction and repair of highways. The principal streets are illuminated at night by electric lights, while many of those which are travelled less are lighted with gas.

Notwithstanding all these costly improvements, the indebtedness of the city is not burdensome, nor is it larger than that of most other municipalities of its class, while the rate of taxation is below that of any other city in the state. The total valuation of taxable property for the year 1894 was $6,483,668. The rate of taxation is $1.33 per $100. These facts are significant, and go to prove that our municipal affairs are conducted by men of integrity and good judgment. The present population is estimated to be in excess of 8,000.



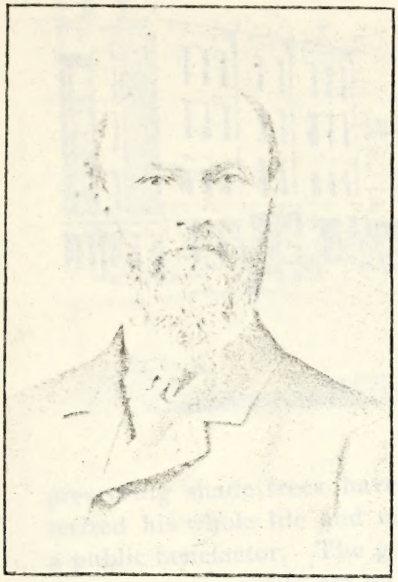
Soldiers' Monument and City Hall.

The public buildings belonging to the city consist principally of a fine large block, on the east side of Central square, in which are located the city offices, and a hospital building near the south end of Main street, the latter being a gift to the city from Hon. J. H. Elliot, whose liberality and public spirit have ever been in keeping with his masterly judgment in financial affairs and his able management of a large estate. His noble gift to the city is appreciated by all, and his name will be perpetuated as that of a generous benefactor and a sympathizer with unfortunate humanity.

The city is also in possession of a fine site for a library building, situated north of and adjoining the city hall property. This, too, was a gift to the city from Henry O. Coolidge, Esq., who, with certain restrictions which make it available for a library site only, donated the property in the expectation that a prior gift from the estate of the late John Symonds, Esq., for the purpose of erecting a library building, would soon enable the authorities to proceed with the work contemplated by Mr. Symonds. The fact that unavoidable complications have delayed the carrying out of the designs of these generous donors should not detract from the debt of gratitude which the citizens owe them. The day is not very far distant, as now appears, when the beautiful library site will be occupied by a building of which the citizens will feel proud.

Other valuable real estate owned

by the city consists of several tracts of woodland donated by individuals for the purpose of converting them

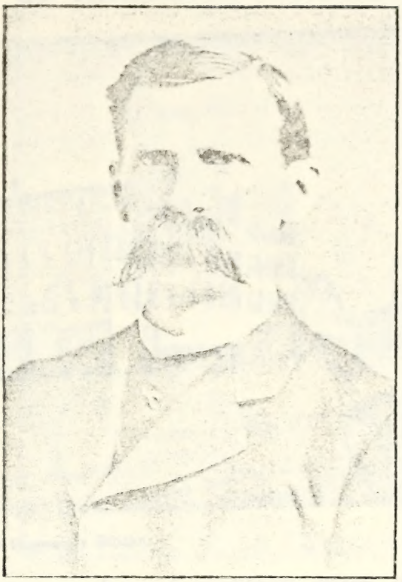


Gen. S. G. Griffin.

into parks for the free use of citizens. The principal one of these lots comprises some twenty-two acres of plain

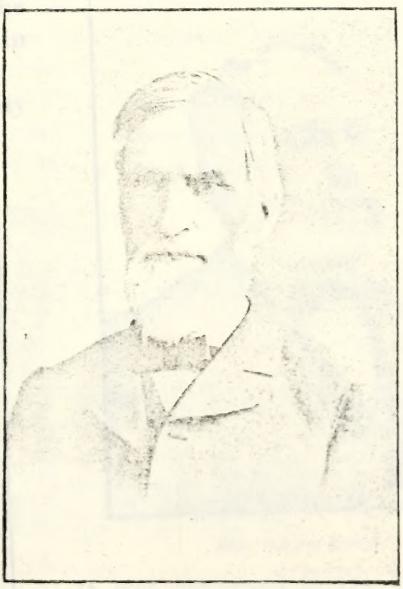


Gen. James Wilson.



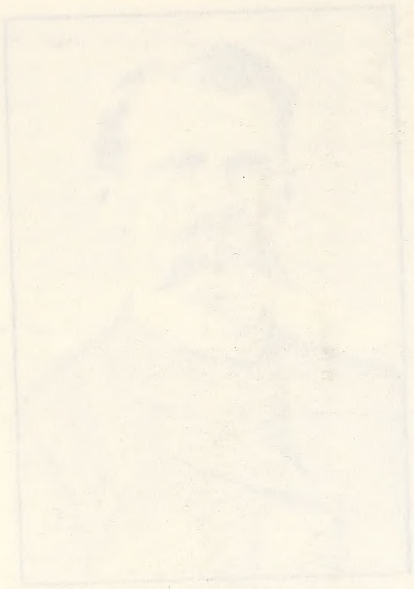
Gen. J. P. Wellman.

land, situated a mile and a half west of the city hall, and known as "Wheelock Park," taking its name



George A. Wheelock, Esq.

from the generous giver, George A. Wheelock, Esq., whose efforts to beautify the town by planting and



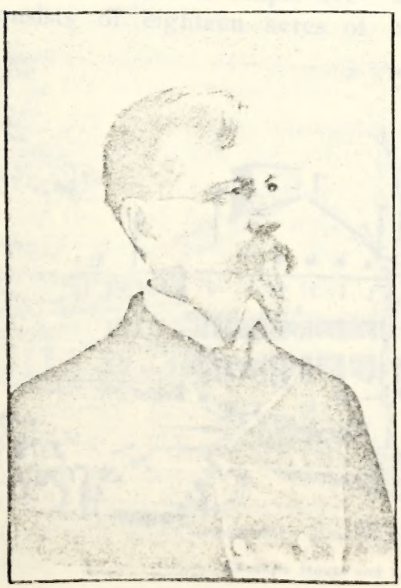




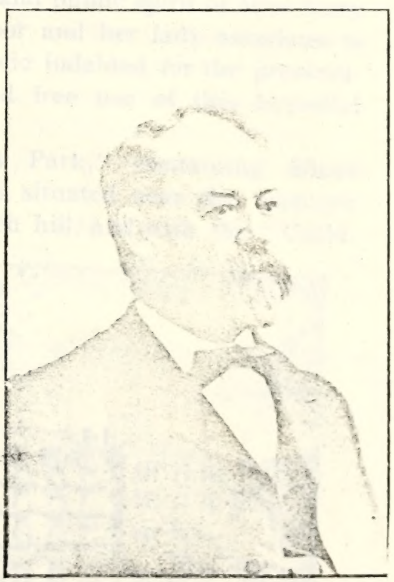
Lane's and Gurnsey's Blocks.

preserving shade trees have characterized his whole life and made him a public benefactor. The gift of this property was a noble act on the part of Mr. Wheelock, who is never more happy than when mingling with the pleasure parties so often gathered in this park on a summer's day.

Another valuable gift to the city consists of eighteen acres of woodland situated near Wheelock park, on the opposite side of the highway.



Hon. John T. Abbott.

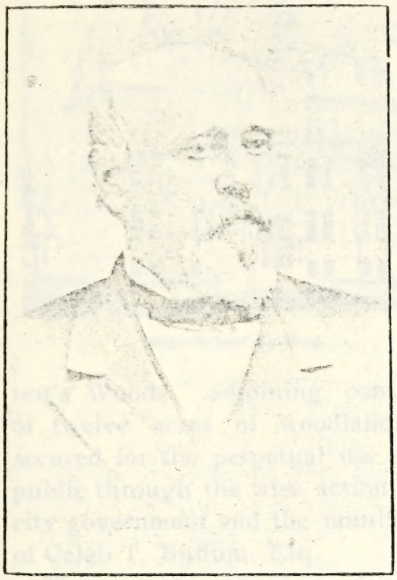


Hon. Horatio Colony.

It was conveyed to the city by the late Miss Caroline Ingersoll, whose many public and private benefactions are well remembered by our citizens. The grounds are known as "Ladies' Park." They are well adapted to

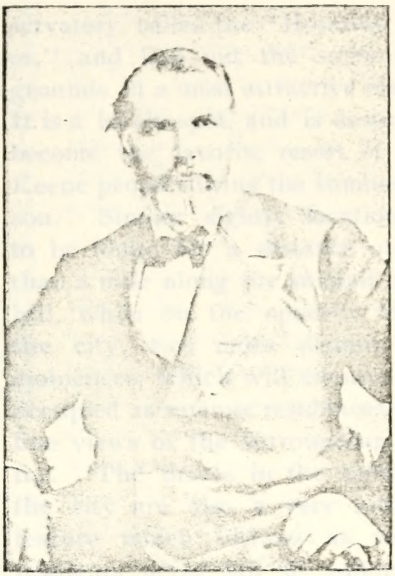
the purpose designed by Miss Ingersoll, and are almost daily visited in the summer season by picnic parties and individuals who enjoy outdoor recreation.

"Dinsmoor Woods," lying half a



Hon. Edward Gustine.

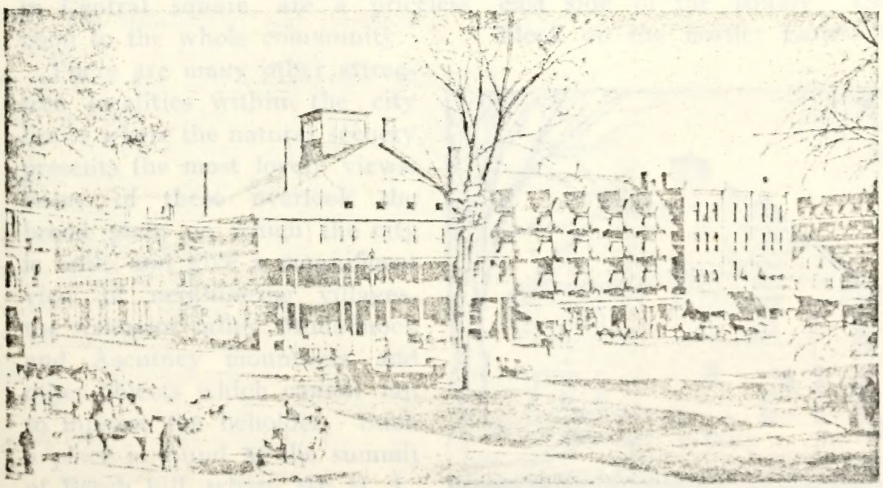
mile north of the parks above mentioned, on both sides of Maple avenue, consists of eighteen acres of



Hon. R. H. Porter.

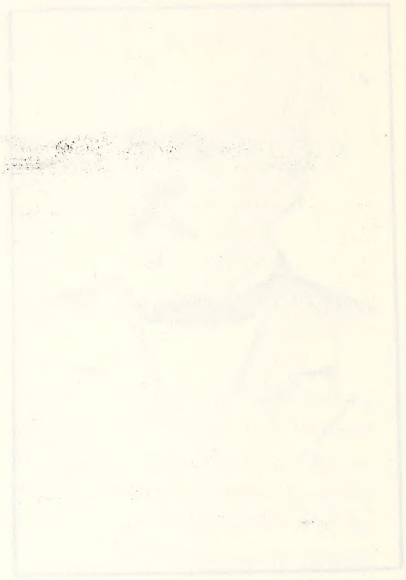
heavily wooded land, and to the liberality and public spirit of Miss Mary Dinsmoor and her lady associates is the public indebted for the preservation and free use of this beautiful grove.

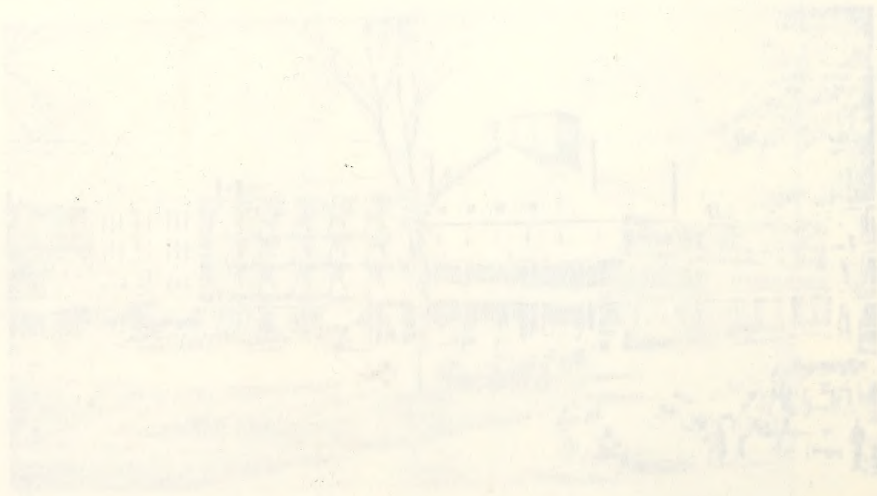
"City Park," containing fifteen acres, is situated near the reservoir on Beech hill, and with the "Child-



Cheshire House and Lane's Block.









High School Building.

ren's Woods" adjoining, consisting of twelve acres of woodland, was secured for the perpetual use of the public through the wise action of the city government and the munificence of Caleb T. Buffum, Esq.

These parks afford a delightful retreat for many a citizen who is unable to take extended trips to the mountains or seashore, and together with the beautiful and well kept park in Central square, are a priceless boon to the whole community.

There are many other attractive localities within the city limits where the natural scenery presents the most lovely views. Some of these overlook the broad plain on which the city is built, and give a magnificent view of neighboring villages, the Ashuelot valley, Monadnock and Ascutney mountains, and other objects which cannot fail to interest the beholder. Such a place is found at the summit of Beech hill, where Mr. H. L. Goodnow has erected an observatory, called the "Horatian Tower," and laid out the surrounding grounds in a most attractive manner. It is a lovely spot, and is destined to become the favorite resort of many Keene people during the summer season. Similar sightly locations are to be found for a distance of more than a mile along the summit of this hill, while on the opposite side of the city, two miles distant, lofty eminences, which will eventually be occupied as summer residences, afford fine views of the surrounding country. The drives in the suburbs of the city are also a very attractive feature which visitors as well as residents never fail to admire.

The business centre of Keene always presents a neat and tidy appearance. The various blocks in which stores are located are nearly all of modern architecture, some of them being magnificent in style and of imposing dimensions. Among those of recent construction or remodelled on modern plans are Bank block, Colony's block, Bridgman's block, and Stone's block, on the east side of the square; Clarke's block on the north; Lane's block,



School Street School.



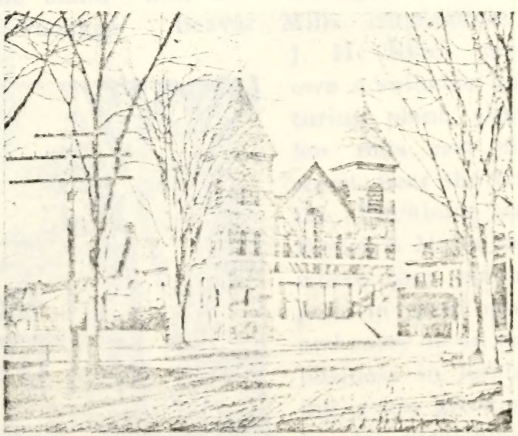
The New Unitarian Church.

Gerould's building, and the Ashuelot Bank block on the west; while below the square we find on the east side Cheshire House block, Lane's two blocks, and Gurnsey's building, the latter to have an addition next year equal in size to the present structure; on the west side below the square we have Elliot's building, Buffum's block, Cheshire Bank building, Wright's block, Lamson's block, and the Sentinel building. All these are first-class buildings, while others in their immediate vicinity, although not so modern in style, are substantial and handsome structures. Just off the square, on Court street, is a fine building, recently erected by the First Church society, and occupied mainly as a dry goods and jewelry store. In these blocks and buildings are located most of the retail merchants, all of whom take pride in maintaining neat and attractive establishments. Not a dingy or ill kept store can be found here, while some of the most elegant stores in the state are conspicuous on every hand.

The county building occupies a fine location near the head of the square, presenting an imposing appearance. A few rods west of it, on Winter street, stands the elegant high school building; and on Washington street, in plain view from the square, is found the new jail. All these are of modern construction, and each makes a fine picture.

Six church spires are conspicuous in the heart of the city, while another, as yet incomplete, rises above the fine family residences of Washington street. The Young Men's Christian Association has also just dedicated a splendid new building, the first of the kind erected in New Hampshire by a similar organization.

Manufacturing establishments are quite numerous here. The oldest concern of this kind is the Faulkner & Colony manufacturing establishment, Hon. Horatio Colony, president. This firm has been in existence for nearly or quite three quarters of a century. It is one of the most reliable manufacturing concerns in



St. Bernard's Catholic Church.





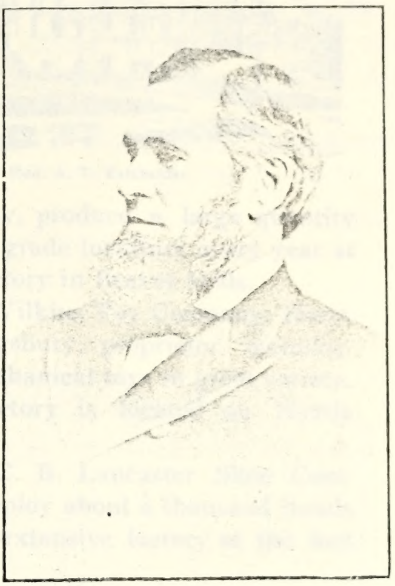
Hon. E. C. Thayer.

the country, and the products of its mills (flannels and dress goods) have always stood high in the market.

Nims, Whitney & Co. have extensive manufacturing works on Mechanic street, where they turn out doors, sash, and blinds in large quantities. This, too, is an old establishment, having been in operation more than forty years.

On the same street, is the manufactory of the Impervious Package Company, whose goods find a ready market. Hon. A. T. Batchelder is president of the company.

The Keene Glue Company, Osgood W. Upham, president, manufacture glue in large quantities and of superior quality at their works on Court street, one mile from the square.



Hon. Samuel W. Hale.

N. G. Woodbury manufactures pails in immense quantities at his mill on Washington street.

Beaver Mills corporation, Hon. J. H. Elliot, president, own a valuable manufacturing plant, situated a few rods east of Main street, near the tracks of the Fitchburg and the Boston & Maine railroads, where they manufacture pails in great quantities, and carry on an extensive business in lumber sawing, grain grinding, etc., besides furnishing steam power for numerous small



Residence of Hon. E. C. Thayer.



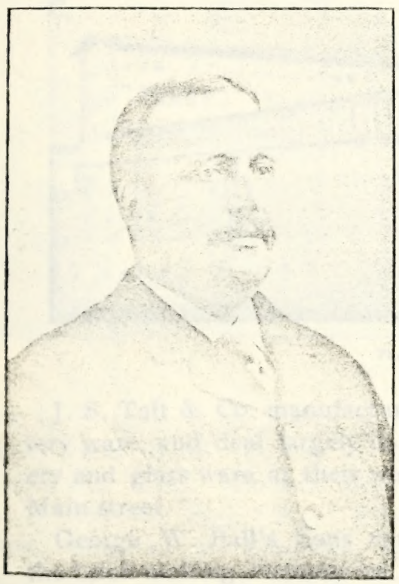


manufacturing establishments located in their buildings, among which may be mentioned the box factories of J. M. Reed and C. M. Norwood, both of which turn out fine goods in large quantities.

Fitchburg Railroad repair shops are located here, and a large addition to their works is soon to be made. The present equipment of the shops enables the company to turn out first-class railway machinery, even to the production of a complete locomotive.



Residence of Hon. A. T. Batchelder.



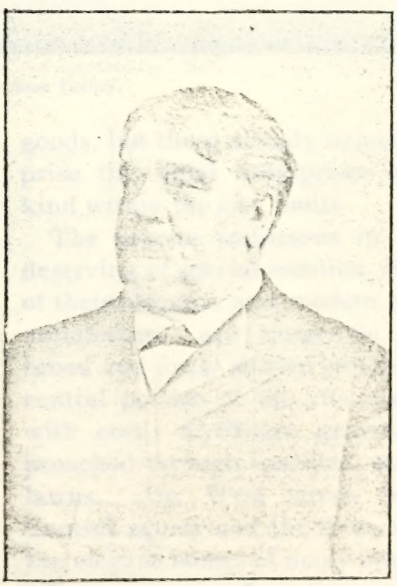
Hon. F. C. Faulkner.

J. & F. French's carriage and sleigh factory on Church street is an old time establishment which has an excellent reputation all through New England. Its products are the very best of the kind in the country.

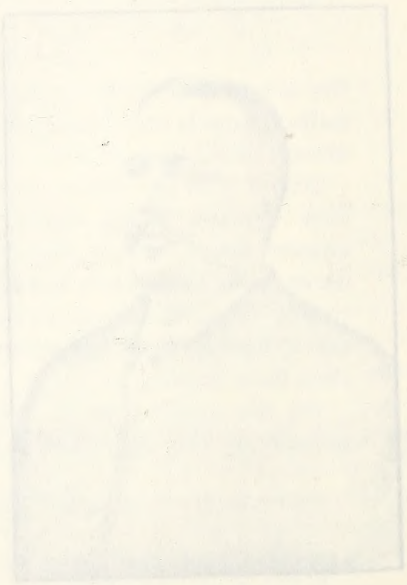
T. A. Peart and I. K. Champion, under the name of Keene Furniture Company, produce a large quantity of high grade furniture every year at their factory in Beaver Mills.

The Wilkins Toy Company, Harry T. Kingsbury, proprietor, manufacture mechanical toys in great variety. The factory is located on Myrtle street.

The C. B. Lancaster Shoe Company employ about a thousand hands at their extensive factory at the foot



Hon. A. T. Batchelder.



of Dunbar street. The goods made at this establishment are first-class, and have a wide reputation for excellence.

The Humphrey Machine Company manufacture a great variety of machinery, including the celebrated IXL water-wheel, which is known throughout the world. John Humphrey is the moving spirit in the business, and is an inventor of ability.

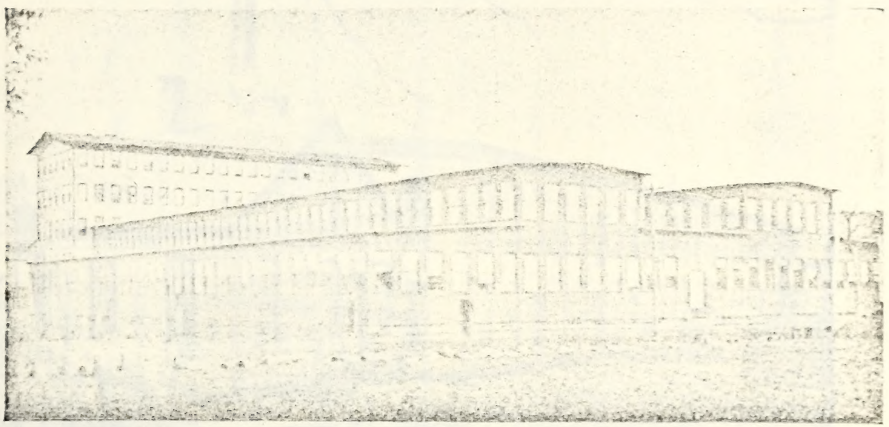
Dunn & Salisbury manufacture chairs in great variety at their factory on Emerald street.

prietors, manufacture chairs of all kinds at their factory connected with Beaver Mills.

Elisha F. Lane manufactures brick in great quantities on his farm at the lower end of Main street.

The Read Furniture Manufacturing Company, at South Keene, Charles H. Read, president, employs some thirty or forty hands in the manufacture of various kinds of furniture.

Several other smaller manufacturing concerns turn out a variety of



The Lancaster Shoe Factory.

J. S. Taft & Co. manufacture pottery ware, and deal largely in crockery and glass ware at their works on Main street.

George W. Ball's Sons carry on the brick-making business on Appleton street, where they manufacture this building commodity on a large scale.

Wilkinson & McGregor manufacture harnesses, saddles, trunks, etc., at their factory in rear of their retail store on Main street, employing about thirty hands.

Cheshire Chair Company, E. & C. E. Joslin and G. W. McDuffee, pro-

goods, but those already named comprise the chief enterprises of this kind within the city limits.

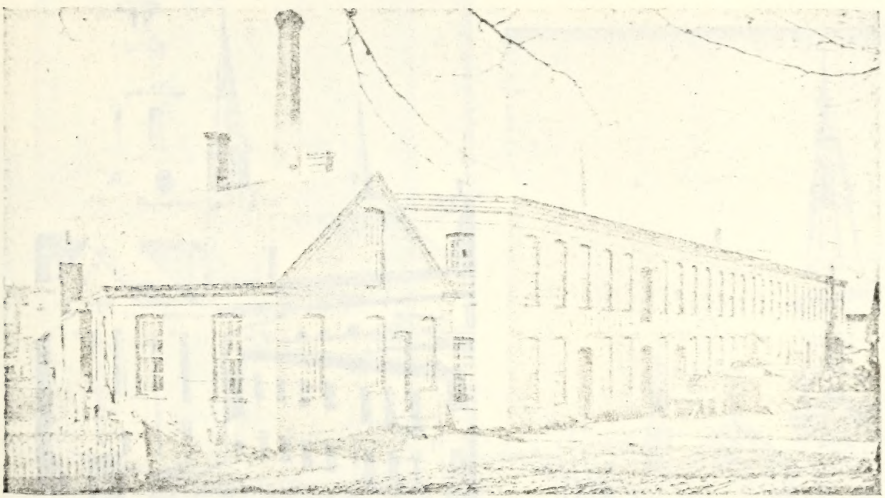
The private residences in Keene deserving of special mention, because of their elegance and modern style of architecture, are numerous. The broad and finely shaded streets of the central portion of the city are lined with costly dwellings, generally approached through spacious, well kept lawns. On West street, between Central square and the river, we find the elegant homes of many prominent citizens, among them those of Gen. S. G. Griffin, S. A. Gerould, Esq.,

Mrs. C. L. Kingsbury, Edward Joslin, Esq., Mrs. C. S. Faulkner, the Misses Tilden, Hon. Horatio Colony, W. S. Briggs, Esq., L. J. Brooks, Esq., Hon. C. J. Woodward, S. K. Stone, Esq., the Misses Colony, G. H. Richards, Esq., F. H. Whitcomb, Esq., J. C. Faulkner, the Alfred Colony heirs, and others.

Court street abounds in fine, modern style houses, conspicuous among which are the residences of Hon. A. T. Batchelder, O. G. Dort, Esq., Mrs. E. P. Dole, C. E. Joslin, S. W. Stone, Hon. R. H. Porter, D. H. Woodward, Esq., Leonard Boyce, G. D. Harris, Esq., Mrs. Susan Allen, Mrs. R. M. Caldwell, and many others deserving special mention did space permit.

Washington street has many desirable houses, yet the modern style of architecture does not so generally prevail there as in the streets previously mentioned. Some of those of recent construction, or remodelled within a few years, are owned and occupied by the following named persons: Dr. G. R. Dinsmoor, Mrs. K. C. Scott, Mrs. C. Bridgman, F. Petts, Hon. Asa Smith, F. L. Sprague, Mrs. G. B. Buffum, T. C. Rand, W. G. Hall, D. M. Pollard, B. F. Sawyer, H. S. Martin, C. W. Morse, L. M. Richards, G. O. Wardwell, Charles Wright, 2d.

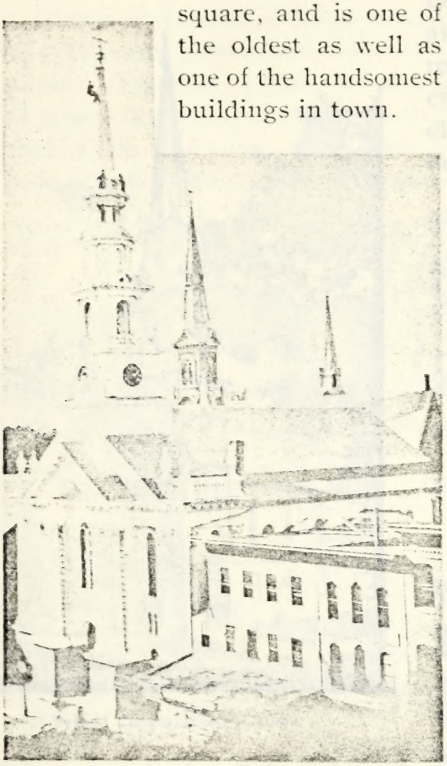
Main street, like the avenue last mentioned, shows considerable ancient architecture, although many handsome residences, modern in style, are found on either side of this broad and magnificent thoroughfare. Notable among these are the residences of W. S. Hale, Hon. J. H. Elliot, Gen. S. S. Wilkinson, Mrs. ex-Governor Hale, Hon. E. C. Thayer, Hon. Edward Gustine, S. O. Gates, Esq., Mrs. J. W. Prentiss, Mrs. C. W. Taintor, E. F. Lane, Esq., I. J. Dunn, Esq., and numerous others. Many fine residences are also found on other streets, but it is impossible to specify them here.



Mechanic Street Mills.

The religious societies in Keene are numerous, and each is in a flourishing condition. The oldest church

organization is the First Congregational, over which the talented and venerated Z. S. Barstow, D. D., presided as pastor fifty years. The present pastor is Rev. William G. Poor. The house in which this society worships stands at the head of Central square, and is one of the oldest as well as one of the handsomest buildings in town.



The First Congregational Church.

The Baptist church has as its pastor Rev. A. W. Hand. Their house of worship is a substantial and elegant structure, situated on Court street.

The Methodist Episcopal church edifice is located nearly opposite the Baptist house of worship, and is similar to it in outward appearance. The pastor of the church at the present time is Rev. James Cairns, who was assigned to Keene for a second term at the last annual conference.

The Second Congregational church has as its pastor Rev. G. H. DeBevoise. It has a fine house of worship, located on Court street in close proximity to the last two mentioned above.

The Unitarian church and society are at this time worshipping temporarily in the Armory building, pending the erection of a handsome church edifice on Washington street. The building will be completed the present winter. Rev. C. B. Elder is the pastor of this church.

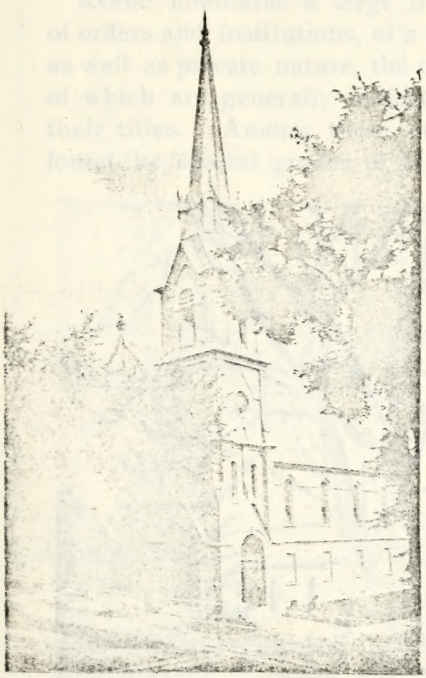


The Baptist Church.

St. James's Episcopal church has a fine house of worship on West street. It is built of stone, in the English style of architecture, and presents a fine appearance. Rev. J. C. Ayer, Ph. D., is the present rector.

The Roman Catholic church build-

ing on Main street is one of the finest structures of the kind in the city. The society is in charge of Rev. J. R. Power, rector, with Rev. D. J. Dunn as assistant. A parochial school building has been erected in rear of the church, where a large number of



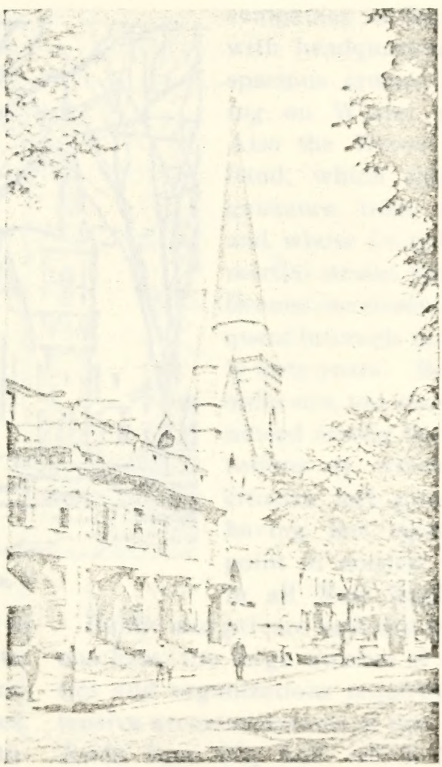
Second Congregational Church.

pupils are taught in all branches of education usually pursued in like institutions.

Bethany Mission is a religious organization with a house of worship on Vernon street, where services are held regularly, although the society has no stated pastor. The church was organized mainly through the personal efforts of Mr. F. L. Sprague, whose contribution of the church building, as well as his liberality in aiding the maintenance of religious services therein, is appreciated by many citizens.

All of these religious societies maintain auxiliary organizations, devoted to religious and philanthropic work such as is usually performed by similar organizations in other places.

The schools in Keene and the system of education practised by direction of the superintendent of schools and the board of education merit and receive the approbation of every good citizen. The high school, under the charge of Robert A. Ray, A. M., as head master, aided by an able corps



The Methodist Episcopal Church.

of assistants, is of a high grade, and is doing a noble work in the interest of the youth of our city. The grammar and other graded schools are also excellent, and all are under the instruction of competent teachers. Thaddeus W. Harris, A. M., Ph. D.,

is the present superintendent of schools, while the board of education consists of Francis C. Faulkner, Wilton H. Spalter, Jesse B. Hyland, Bertram Ellis, Simon G. Griffin, Charles C. Buffum, Gardner C. Hill, Fred W. Chase, and Silas M. Dinsmoor.

Keene maintains a large number of orders and institutions, of a public as well as private nature, the objects of which are generally indicated by their titles. Among these may be found the several grades of Masonic bodies, from the blue lodge to that of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite. Odd Fellowship also has strong organizations in its various branches. The social features of these institutions are very attractive, compelling the admiration of all who join them.



St. James's Episcopal Church.

Among the numerous other organized bodies which flourish here may be mentioned the Ancient Order of Hibernians, United Order of the Golden Cross, Order of the Pilgrim Fathers, Knights of Pythias, Ancient Order of United Workmen, Improved Order of Red Men, Monadnock Cycle club, Grand Army of the Republic, Cheshire Pomona Grange, Invalids' Home Corporation, Keene Humane society, Village Improvement society, Keene Natural History society; and probably there are other organizations of a social or benevolent character which the writer does not now call to mind.

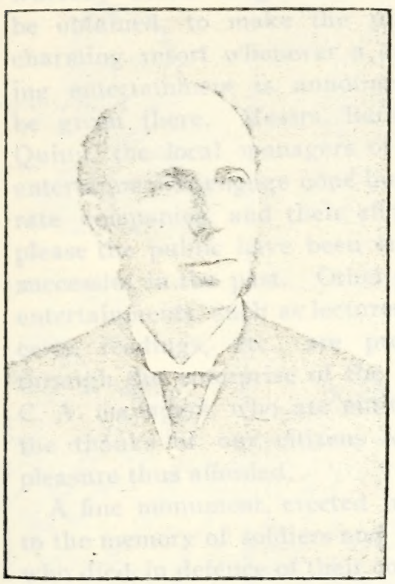
In connection with these it may be proper to name our military organizations, consisting of two of the best companies in the state, with headquarters in a spacious armory building on Winter street. Also the Keene Brass band, which dates its existence from 1855, and whose inspiring martial strains have enlivened our streets at frequent intervals for nearly forty years. Beedle's orchestra, too, should be named among the institutions of which the citizens feel proud, it having few equals in point of musical talent in all New England.

Public and private halls are numerous here, the large number of societies and organizations requiring extensive accommodations of this kind. Aside from City hall, which has a seating capacity of one thousand and more, we have Armory hall on Winter street, Golden Cross hall in Diphthong alley, Grand Army hall in Ball's block, Masonic hall in Elliot's block, Odd Fellows' hall in Cheshire House block, the Y. M. C. A. hall on West street, Warren's hall on Washington street, and a hall in



Lane's new building which is to be occupied by the Odd Fellows when completed.

Hotels are not numerous in Keene, yet we can boast of at least one which is commodious and first-class in every particular — the Cheshire

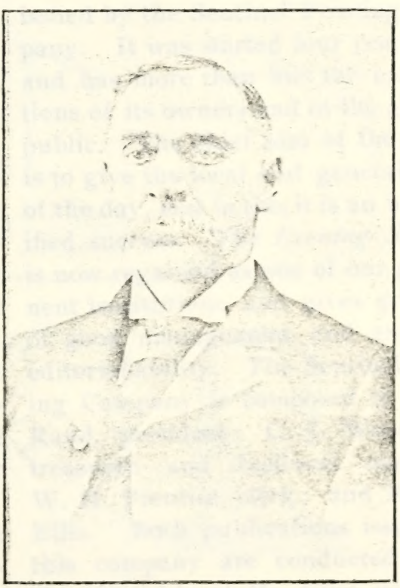


Hon. Herbert B. Viall.

House, Charles Hartwell, proprietor. It is finely situated on the corner of Roxbury and Main streets, within a few rods of the railway station. The other hotels are respectively the City and the Eagle, both under the proprietorship of Henry Ward, and situated on Main street, just below the railway station. Good restaurants and excellent boarding-houses are plentiful, affording ample accommodations for those who prefer them to hotels.

Keene Driving Park association owns a large tract of land adjoining Swanzey Factory village on which is maintained an excellent half-mile trotting course, which is the scene of many interesting racing contests and other sports every season. The grounds are well fitted up for the accommodation of the public, and here are held the annual fairs of Cheshire Grange.

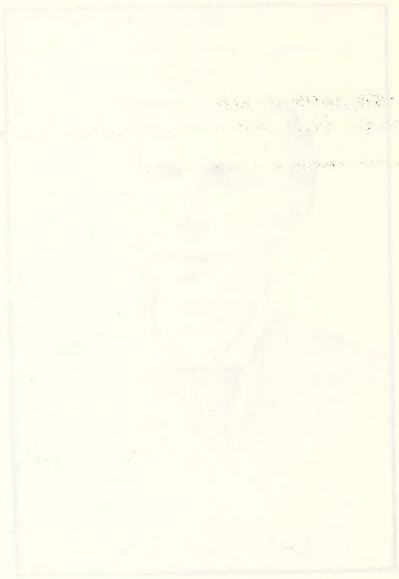
Travelling facilities are afforded the people of Keene through the medium of the Fitchburg and the Boston & Maine railroads and by means of stages connecting with surrounding towns not provided with steam transportation. The railroad accommodations are sufficient for the needs of the people, and when a new union passenger station is built, as is likely to be the case in the near future, nothing but a street electric railway



Hon. George W. McDuffee.

will be needed to fully satisfy the demands of the travelling public. This latter enterprise may take form at an early day, the last legislature having granted a charter for a road of this kind in Keene.

In the line of amusements, Keene



is not behind her sister cities in providing clean and elevating entertainments during the theatrical season. City hall, converted into a neat opera house, only needs a small addition on the north end of the building, whereby better stage facilities can be obtained, to make the place a charming resort whenever a deserving entertainment is announced to be given there. Messrs. Barker & Quinn, the local managers of these entertainments, engage none but first-rate companies, and their efforts to please the public have been entirely successful in the past. Other public entertainments, such as lectures, concerts, readings, etc., are provided through the enterprise of the Y. M. C. A. managers, who are entitled to the thanks of our citizens for the pleasure thus afforded.

A fine monument, erected in 1871 to the memory of soldiers and sailors who died in defence of their country, stands in the park in Central square. It was designed by Martin Millmore, the noted Boston sculptor. The cost of the monument—about seven thousand dollars—was defrayed by the town, whose citizens are entitled to the credit of having been among the first in the state to thus honor their patriot dead.

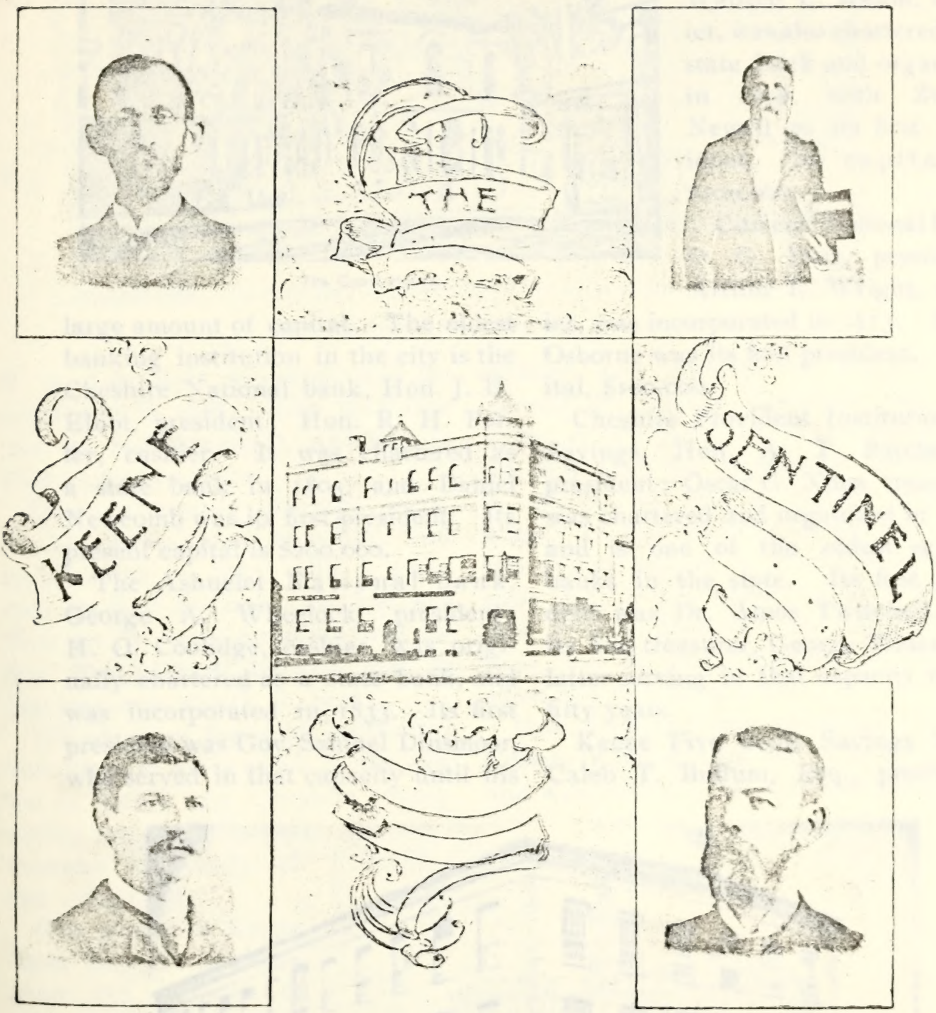
The newspapers of Keene at the present time consist of two weeklies—the *New Hampshire Sentinel* and the *Cheshire Republican*—organs, respectively, of the Republican and Democratic parties, and one daily paper, the *Keene Evening Sentinel*. The weekly *Sentinel* is one of the oldest newspapers in the country, having been established in 1799 by Hon. John Prentiss, who was its editor forty-eight years and whose energy, public spirit, and devotion to the interests of this community are matters of local history with which most of our citizens are familiar. The paper is published by the Sentinel Printing Company in their elegant new building on Main street, and is in a flourishing condition.

The *Cheshire Republican*, O. L. Colony, editor and proprietor, dates its existence from the early years of the present century. It has always been a strong advocate of Democratic principles, and for many years its influence has been potent in the councils of Cheshire County Democracy.

The *Evening Sentinel* is owned and issued by the Sentinel Printing Company. It was started four years ago, and has more than met the expectations of its owners and of the general public. The chief aim of the paper is to give the local and general news of the day, and in this it is an unqualified success. The *Evening Sentinel* is now regarded as one of our permanent institutions, and gives evidence of good management and excellent editorial ability. The Sentinel Printing Company is composed of T. C. Rand, president; C. J. Woodward, treasurer and business manager; W. H. Prentiss, clerk; and Bertram Ellis. Both publications issued by this company are conducted under the editorship of Mr. Ellis, with Mr. Prentiss as city editor.

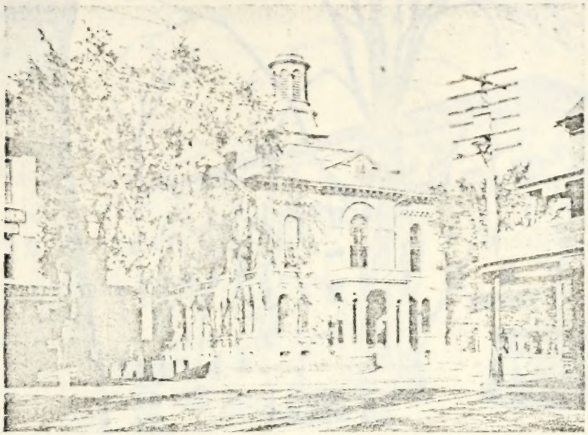
A religious paper called the *Christian Herald* has recently been started here under the auspices of the evangelical churches, whose pastors act as its managers and editors.

Financial affairs, especially banking enterprises, engross the attention of many Keene people, employing a



Hon. C. J. Woodward.
Col. Bertram Ellis.

T. C. Rand.
Wm. H. Prentiss.



The Court House.

large amount of capital. The oldest banking institution in the city is the Cheshire National bank, Hon. J. H. Elliot, president; Hon. R. H. Porter, cashier. It was chartered as a state bank in 1803, and Daniel Newcomb was its first president. Its present capital is $200,000.

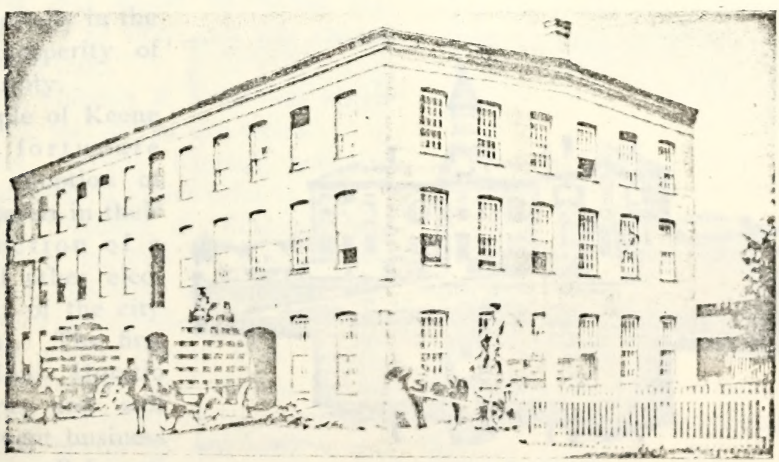
The Ashuelot National bank, George A. Wheelock, president; H. O. Coolidge, cashier, was originally chartered as a state bank, and was incorporated in 1833. Its first president was Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor, who served in that capacity until his death in 1835. Present capital of this institution, $150,000.

Keene National bank, Edward Joslin, president; Wallace L. Mason, cashier, was also chartered as a state bank and organized in 1858, with Zebina Newell as its first president. Its capital is $100,000.

Citizens' National bank, O. G. Dort, president; Arthur L. Wright, cashier, was incorporated in 1875. S. D. Osborne was its first president. Capital, $100,000.

Cheshire Provident Institution for Savings, Hon. A. T. Batchelder, president; Oscar G. Nims, treasurer, was chartered and organized in 1833, and is one of the oldest savings banks in the state. Its first president was Dr. Amos Twitchell, and its first treasurer, George Tilden, the latter serving in that capacity nearly fifty years.

Keene Five Cents Savings bank, Caleb T. Buffum, Esq., president;



The Impervious Package Company's Factory.



The Young Men's Christian Association Building.

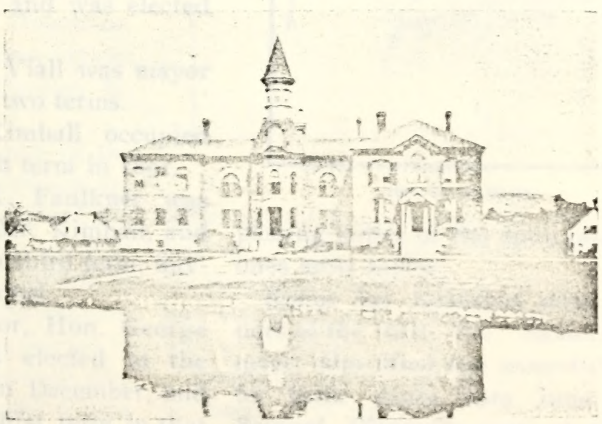
G. A. Litchfield, treasurer, was incorporated in 1868. John H. Fuller was its first president, and O. G. Dort its first treasurer.

Keene Guaranty Savings bank, F. H. Kingsbury, treasurer, was incorporated in 1883, with a guaranty fund of $50,000. Its first and thus far its only president was the late Hon. James Burnap, and its first treasurer was O. G. Dort.

All of these financial institutions have been of great value to the people of Keene and Cheshire county, aiding materially in the business prosperity of the community.

The people of Keene have been fortunate since the adoption of the city charter in their annual election of a mayor and other elective officers of the city government. The first mayor, Hon. Horatio Colony, was and still is a prominent business man whose well known abilities and honesty of purpose secured for him a handsome majority at the polls, notwithstanding the fact that the Democratic party in which he was a leader was largely in the minority in the city. His administration of affairs at this early date in the history of the city was warmly approved by the citizens, and he was reëlected to the office the following year.

Hon. Edward Farrar succeeded Mr. Colony in the office of mayor in 1876, and was reëlected for a second term.



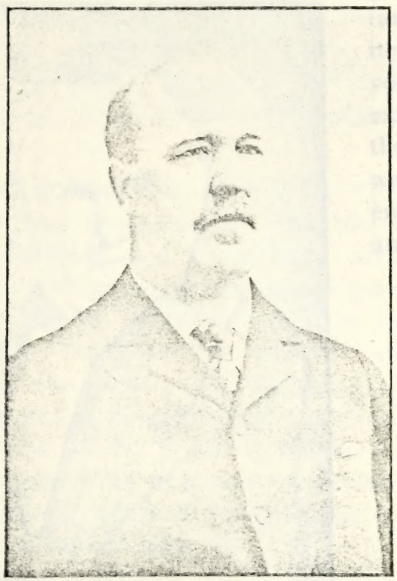
The Cheshire County Jail.

Hon. Reuben Stewart was the incumbent in 1878 and again in 1879.

Hon. Horatio Kimball was Mr. Stewart's successor in 1880.

Hon. Ira W. Russell served in 1881, and was reëlected for 1882.

Hon. Horatio Kimball again filled the office in 1883 and 1884.



Hon. F. A. Faulkner.

Hon. A. T. Batchelder followed in 1885 and 1886.

Hon. Asa Smith succeeded Mr. Batchelder in 1887, and was elected a second time.

Hon. Herbert B. Viall was mayor in 1889, and served two terms.

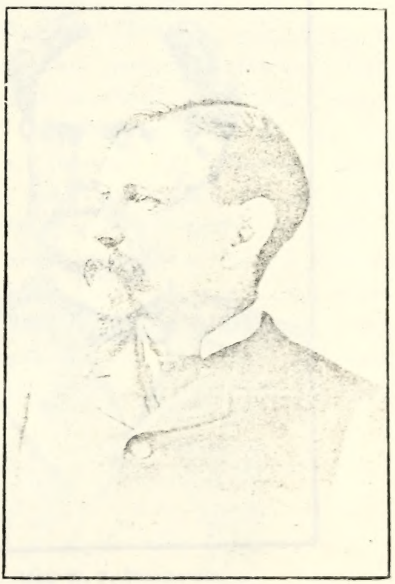
Hon. Horatio Kimball occupied the office for a fourth term in 1891.

Hon. Frederic A. Faulkner was elected to succeed Mr. Kimball, and has just completed a third term, having been twice reëlected.

The present mayor, Hon. George W. McDuffee, was elected at the municipal election in December, and has just begun his first term in that office.

Each of the incumbents of the mayor's office has made an honorable record, evincing an earnest desire to promote the interests of the city, and to maintain the reputation which Keene has so long enjoyed of being one of the best governed municipalities in the state.

It would be ungenerous to close this brief sketch without at least making mention of some noted former citizens who contributed to the prosperity of Keene, and conferred honors upon the town and state as well. A full list of such personages would gladly be given here, yet a



Hon. C. H. Hersey.

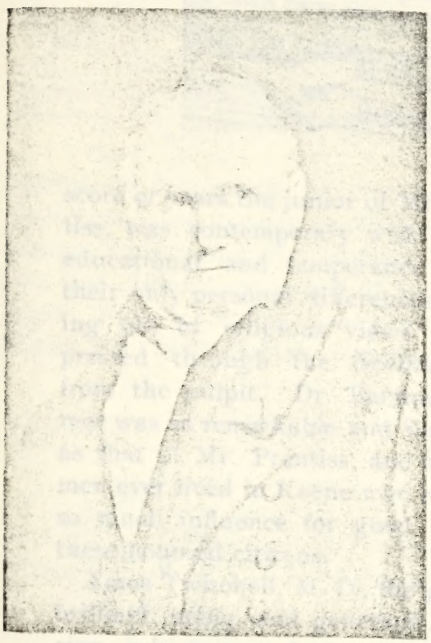
passing notice of the more prominent ones must suffice.

Keene has furnished three governors of the state, viz.: Samuel Dinsmoor, who filled the executive chair for three years, from June, 1831; Samuel Dinsmoor (son of the former), from June, 1849, to June, 1852;



Samuel W. Hale, for two years, from June, 1883. Another former governor, William Haile, resided here several years subsequent to the expiration of his official term, and until his death.

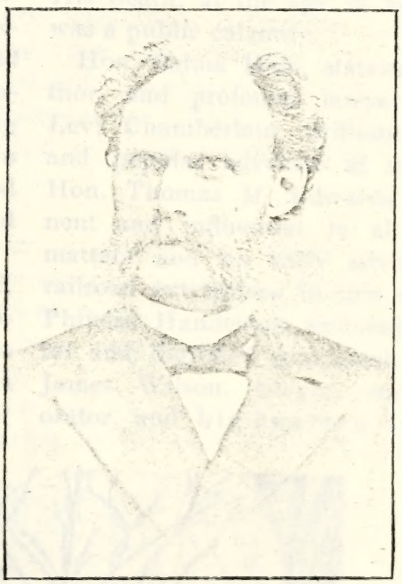
The congressional district to which Keene belongs has been represented



Samuel Dinsmoor, Governor, 1831-1834.

in the United States congress for six terms by residents of this place, viz.: Peleg Sprague, Samuel Dinsmoor, Sr., Joseph Buffum, Salma Hale, James Wilson, Jr., and Thomas M. Edwards.

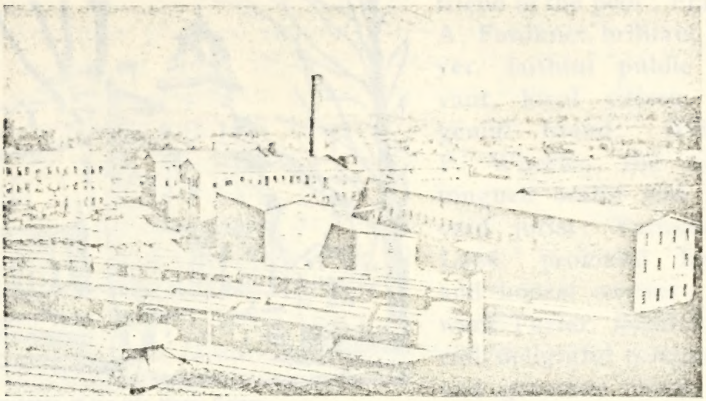
Many other prominent men of the past, whose names and memory are cherished by our citizens, earned the eternal gratitude of posterity by their untiring zeal and successful efforts in behalf of the religious, educational, and business enterprises projected in the early years of the nineteenth century. Among these the name of John Prentiss is entitled to first place, having been so early identified with the town's history. Aside from his able management of one of the most influential political newspapers in the state for a period of forty-eight years, Mr. Prentiss was an indefatigable worker in the various causes which claim and receive the support of good citizens everywhere. Education and temperance were his favorite themes when in conversation with young men, to whom his advice and example were often of great benefit, though not always appreciated. He was not a "public" man in the general sense of that term, never seeking and but seldom consenting to hold



Hon. W. P. Chamberlain.

office, yet his interest in public affairs was never abated until death closed his long and useful career just as he was rounding out nearly a full century of existence.

Zedekiah Smith Barstow, D. D., the beloved pastor of the First church from 1818 until 1868, although a



Beaver Mills.

score of years the junior of Mr. Prentiss, was contemporary with him in educational and temperance work, their only personal differences growing out of religious views as expressed through the *Sentinel* and from the pulpit. Dr. Barstow's career was as remarkable and inspiring as that of Mr. Prentiss, and no two men ever lived in Keene who wielded so much influence for good as did these honored citizens.

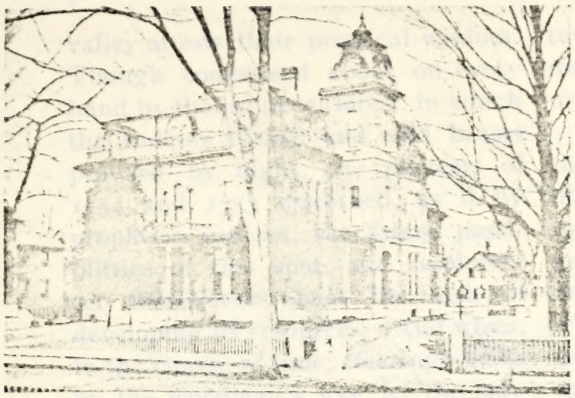
Amos Twitchell, M. D., the genial, brilliant, noble, and generous physician, whom everybody loved, was also interested in all public matters pertaining to the welfare and education of the young, and his warning voice against the use of intoxicating liquor saved many from destruction. His death, at the age of 69 years, was a public calamity.

Hon. Salma Hale, statesman, author, and profound lawyer; Hon. Levi Chamberlain, brilliant lawyer and popular advocate at the bar; Hon. Thomas M. Edwards, prominent and influential in all public matters and an early advocate of railroad enterprises in this section; Phineas Handerson, eminent barrister and dignified gentleman; Gen. James Wilson, lawyer, statesman, orator, and big-hearted friend;



Residence of O. G. Dort.





Residence of the late Henry Colony.

Charles G. Adams, M. D., eminent practitioner and courtly gentleman; George Tilden, educator, philanthropist, and faithful custodian of trust funds; John H. Fuller, honest merchant and kind though impulsive friend of the poor; Francis A. Faulkner, brilliant lawyer, faithful public servant, loyal citizen, and genial friend; William P. Wheeler, the silver-tongued orator and honored jurist; Farnum F. Lane, profound lawyer and honest adviser; Edward Farrar, faithful official, delightful companion, and generous friend;—all these and many others, whose memory is embalmed in the hearts of living citizens, and whose public services are recorded in the archives of the town and city, deserve more than a passing notice here, but space forbids. Of each it can truly be said, in the language of Shakespeare, "Such a man might be a copy to these younger times."

The writer in closing this sketch cannot resist the temptation to again refer to the early history of Keene and the beautiful city which has been developed in this valley of the Ashuelot.

The choice of "Upper Ashuelot" as a local habitation by the early settlers in this



Hon. John H. Elliot.



The Elliot City Hospital.





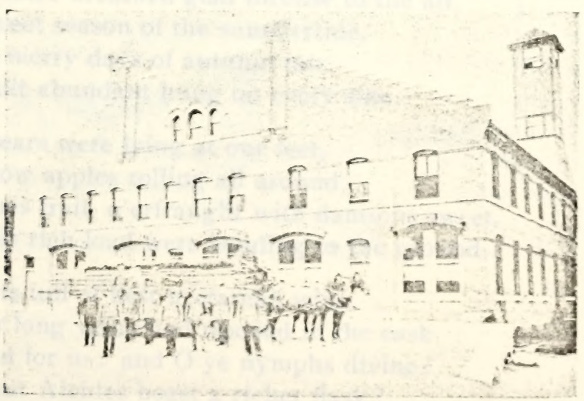
valley attests their practical wisdom. Though compassed about on every hand by the primeval forest, in which the Indians lurked and wild beasts prowled by night, the pioneers of 1734 and 1753 discerned, as if by prophetic instinct, the latent possibilities of this spot, and resolutely set themselves about the task of developing its resources. And when, in the course of time, clearings made by the woodman's axe let the sunlight into the deepest recesses of the wilderness, the hidden beauties of the landscape began to reveal themselves, like a symmetrical statue under the sculptor's hand.

Gradually there emerged from the chaotic woodland the lines of grace which terminate the view,—the long, undulating crests of Beech hill, forming the eastern horizon; the bold summit of West mountain; and, in the distant perspective, the sky-piercing peak of grand Monadnock, marking out for our ancestors, as for their descendants, the visible boundaries of earth and heaven.

Winding through the valley to which it gave its name, then, as now, flowed the gentle rivulet that turns the wheels of many a mill, and makes the air vocal with the murmurous hum of various industries.

The fort, to which the families of the Blakes, the Fishers, and others of the earliest time had fled for refuge from the fury of the savages, gave place at length to the church and the tavern — twin institutions which our manly forefathers deemed indispensable adjuncts of their civilization; the blazed path through the woods broadened into Main street, as we know it now, with its colonnade of stately elms; outlying swamps were reclaimed and craggy hills subdued to the uses of husbandry; newspapers and schools, manufactories and savings-banks, railroads and public libraries came later in the evolution of our modern corporate and municipal life, until, to-day, Keene is fully abreast of the enlightened spirit and progressive social development of the age.

Our citizens justly cherish a local pride in the city to whose beauties every passing stranger pays the tribute of admiration, and whose growth and prosperity command the respect of the financial and business world.



The Fire Station.

THE HOME OF THRASIDAMUS.

[A translation from Theocritus.]

By Bela Chapin.

Good Lycidas pursued the left-hand road,
And straight to Pyxa held his quiet way,
But we sped on and reached the neat abode
Of Thrasidamus, there awhile to stay.

Our friend we found, and he kind greeting gave,
And on a couch of mastic leaves and vine,
Where leafy trees just overhead did wave,
He bade his guests rejoicingly recline.

Elm boughs and poplars, stirring to and fro,
Refreshing coolness to his dwelling gave;
And sacred rills hard by did ceaseless flow
Adown and onward from the naiads' cave.

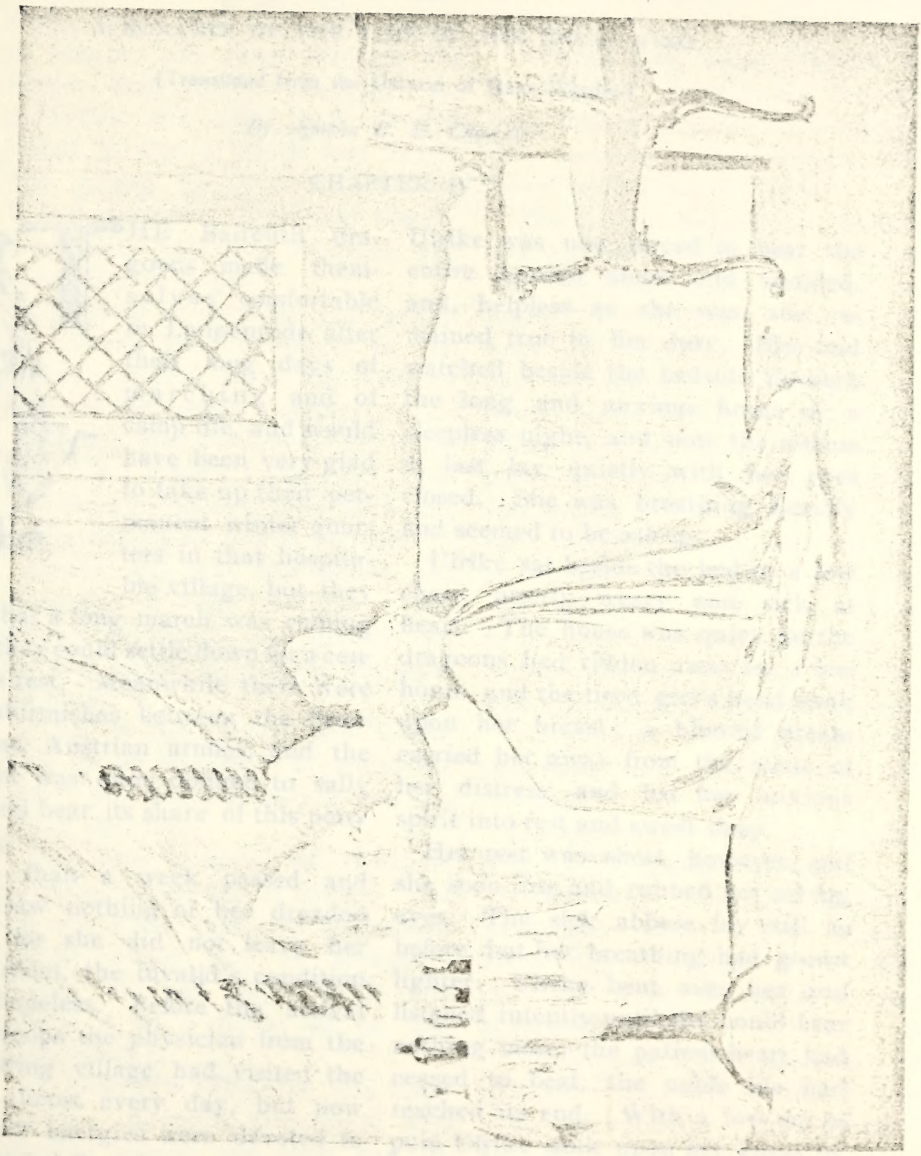
The bright cicadas, mid the leafy green,
Were briskly chirping their well-pleasing song;
While farther off, in the thick, bowery treen,
The thrush and finch did their rich notes prolong.

And tufted larks all time were singing there,
And turtledoves their love notes ever sung,
While tawny bees were humming everywhere
Along the streams, the fragrant flowers among.

All things there breathed glad incense to the air,
In the sweet season of the summertide,
And in the merry days of autumn fair,
When fruit abundant hung on every side.

Delicious pears were lying at our feet,
And mellow apples rolling all around,
And branches frail, o'erfraught with damsons sweet,
With their rich load were bending to the ground.

Then goblets full of best nectarean wine,
That four long years had ripened in the cask,
He broached for us: and O ye nymphs divine!
Could great Alcides boast a richer flask?





WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

CHAPTER IV.



THE Baireuth dragoons made themselves comfortable in Langenrode after their long days of marching and of camp life, and would have been very glad to take up their permanent winter quarters in that hospitable village, but they knew that a long march was coming before they could settle down for a continuous rest. Meanwhile there were daily skirmishes between the Prussian and Austrian armies, and the regiment was often obliged to sally forth and bear its share of this petty fighting.

More than a week passed and Ulrike saw nothing of her dreaded guests, for she did not leave her aunt's room, the invalid's condition being hopeless. Before the arrival of the troops the physician from the neighboring village had visited the abbess almost every day, but now his entire energies were devoted to the wounded Prussians and he dared not leave the hospital. It had long been certain that he could do nothing for the patient, but he had been able to give comfort and aid to her nurse. Ulrike was now forced to bear the entire burden alone and unaided, and, helpless as she was, she remained true to her duty. She had watched beside the bedside through the long and anxious hours of a sleepless night, and now the abbess at last lay quietly with her eyes closed. She was breathing heavily and seemed to be asleep.

Ulrike sat beside the bed in a low chair, utterly weary and sick at heart. The house was quiet, for the dragoons had ridden away for a few hours, and the tired girl's head sank upon her breast; a blissful dream carried her away from the scene of her distress, and led her anxious spirit into rest and sweet sleep.

Her rest was short, however, and she soon rose and rubbed her aching eyes. The sick abbess lay still as before, but her breathing had grown lighter. Ulrike bent over her and listened intently until she could hear nothing more; the patient heart had ceased to beat; the noble life had reached its end. With a low cry of pain Ulrike sank upon her knees by the bed and pressed her forehead upon her folded hands. Thus she remained for hours, while around her lay the holy stillness of death, beneath the overpowering weight of



which her own fate seemed as naught.

Suddenly she heard the notes of a trumpet, and the sound cut her heart like a knife. Doors were flung open and shut, the tramp of booted feet rang through the house, and finally footsteps approached her door and stopped before it, and a knock was heard. She sprang up from the bedside. Was it possible? Could they already know that her sole protector had been taken from her?

She went to the door and opened it. Before her, doubtless by his master's orders, stood the soldierly figure of the captain's orderly.

"I beg your pardon for my intrusion, but I could n't find your maid. The captain wishes to speak with you, and is waiting for you in the hall."

Ulrike was still bewildered, and incapable of calm thought. The request frightened her greatly, for she was unable to imagine any good reason for it.

"Say to the captain that I shall have to be excused; I cannot see him;" and with a fleeting nod she closed the door.

This done, however, she remained standing, astonished at herself. Did she not know that this groundless refusal would not be accepted? Would he not laugh at it and answer it by a threat as he had done before?

In Heaven's name—he was there already! A quick, determined step sounded outside the door, and its approach was followed by a knock. Ulrike sprang up and opened hastily. Reutlingen stood before her, his body erect, his hand upon his sabre, and a frown upon his brow.

"You place me in the disagreeable position of being obliged to force myself upon you, my dear young lady. Why this senseless refusal to see me? You force me to violate the respect——"

"Please step inside, Captain von Reutlingen," interrupted Ulrike, with fleeting breath. "Perhaps the holy presence of death will be a sufficient reason for my refusal."

The captain stepped into the room and approached the white and silent bed, standing bowed in horror and astonishment before it. He bent his head low, covered his eyes with his cap, and offered up a silent prayer. Then he let his hands fall again, folded them one upon the other, and gazed at the still white face. What was passing within his soul? A tender expression swept over his face, as though the memory of a great pain had arisen within him. At last he turned to Ulrike, who had remained standing near the door, and who was following him with her eyes.

"Poor child!" he whispered, "and you have been entirely alone with the dead?"

He approached her, and together they left the chamber of death.

"Why was I not told of this?" Reutlingen asked. "How could I know what detained you? Why have you made me guilty of want of consideration?"

"It happened this morning," responded Ulrike with downcast eyes. "No one knows it. Why should I have told you? It would not interest you."

"My interest in this sad occurrence must be nearly as great as yours, my dear Fraulein von Trebenow," was his hasty rejoinder.

"There are many things to be attended to and many arrangements to be made that would fall very heavily upon you, and you must therefore allow me to offer my services. But—pardon me—to come to the object of my visit: the Schmettau cuirassiers will be here to-day for a short rest in a long march, and I shall be obliged to bring several officers to the convent for shelter. Will you kindly give the necessry orders?"

Ulrike still kept her eyes turned away from him.

"I do n't know. Give the order yourself, or——"

"Or what?"

"Or send Herr von Eickstadt here."

"Very well; although I do n't see the necessity for it. I do n't see why you should look upon Eickstadt as less of a man-eater than myself, but of course it shall be as you desire."

He bade her a curt adieu and left, and in a few moments Wolf von Eickstadt came to the little sitting-room and overwhelmed her with assurances of his regard and protection. His warm-heartedness drove away the numbness of her sorrow, and brought the relief of tears to her overburdened heart. The arrangements for the reception of the cuirassiers were quickly made, and their quarters were ready for them at any time.

The cuirassiers came, and their arrival was followed by days of noise and bustle, during which Ulrike remained locked in her room, receiving only an occasional message from the captain, who had taken upon himself all the arrangements for the abbess's funeral.

The hour of burial came at last: a clear winter day, the snow glistening in the sunshine, and the trees draped with icicles and sparkling with snow diamonds. The bells in the spire of the little church tolled heavily and sorrowfully as eight dragoons bore the body of the old abbess to its last resting place, the Prussian chaplain following slowly in their footsteps.

The chaplain was a kindly old man who well knew what sorrow was, and who could give a warm word of sympathy when the occaaion demanded it. With misty eyes he watched the beautiful slender girl with the white troubled face, who, in her black dress, prepared to follow the coffin—a solitary mourner.

"Come with me, my dear young lady," he said softly; "you seem to be very lonely."

His only answer was a grateful glance from the sad child-like eyes. She would have liked to ask him to stay at Langenrode with her, or to take her away with him, but she well knew that that could not be and so remained silent.

The chaplain said only a few short and touching words—such a service as his ten long years of duty on the field of battle had taught him to conduct—and Ulrike listened as one in a dream, gazing with tear-dimmed eyes into the grave at the earth which was now fast covering the coffin.

At last it was over. She made an effort and threw off the terrible depression that had fallen upon her, and turned to make her way back to the abbey. As she looked around, she found herself in front of a long row of officers, both dragoons and cuirassiers, all of whom were quar-

tered at the abbey. They had followed to show the last honors to the old abbess, and now stood there gazing curiously at the frightened girl. It was an uncomfortable moment on both sides, and for Ulrike one of terrible anxiety. Then the captain stepped from the uniformed line and approached her with a firm step.

"May I have the honor, my dear young lady?" and with that he offered her his arm. The others politely cleared a path and then followed the couple, exchanging sly looks and whispered remarks as they walked.

Reutlingen escorted his young charge into the house, through the hall, and up the stairway into the room of the dead abbess. Here he at last released her arm, and Ulrike sank into the nearest chair and covered her face with her hands. The black veil encircled the blonde locks like a rain cloud around the sun.

Reutlingen remained standing, his hand upon his sword and his steady gaze resting upon her, a smile mingled with the sympathy of his glance. He knew that she wished him to go and yet he felt a strong desire to remain.

"Fraulein von Trebenow," he exclaimed impetuously.

Ulrike looked up startled and threw back her veil and gazed at him. It was the first time their eyes had ever met.

"Don't give yourself up to dispair, my dear young lady; you had much better face the situation bravely. Your behavior in time of trouble is not that of a good soldier."

Ulrike felt that she must at least speak to him for he certainly deserved her thanks, but what could she say? Would he understand her feelings and take her thanks at their true value? Yes, he surely must understand. Perhaps he was not as bad as she thought, but a thoroughly sensible well-meaning fellow, perhaps a married man and the father of a family, who really sought only her own well-being, and with this thought her fear and sorrow left her. Involuntarily she clung to the idea as a drowning man clutches a straw.

"Herr von Reutlingen, you are married, are you not?" she asked shyly.

He gave a hearty laugh.

"No, my dear young lady, certainly not, more's the pity. Why did you think so?"

"But," she continued, "you have a sweetheart whom you love or a sister who is very dear to you?"

He drew up a chair, seated himself upon it, and looked at her.

"No, not even that; I have neither; but I have had a mother and I have a heart in my breast. Will you not ask my protection if you need it, you shy child?"

"You could n't help me," she answered softly.

"You think not. At any rate I am at your service. As long as I am here in the convent with my troop you can live quietly, without anxiety or fear of danger; I will be your safeguard; I will protect you with my sword, my honor, and my life. Perhaps in time you may see that this promise is worth something." He rose from his chair. "But I will trouble you no longer; perhaps I had done better to let Eickstadt speak for me."

"I thank you," murmured Ulrike softly.

He bowed low and left her, murmuring to himself, "Foolish little woman."

His comrades sat in the refectory smoking and drinking and Reutlingen was greeted with a burst of laughter.

"Well, Sir Captain, have you made splendid progress in the young mourner's esteem?"

As was his custom, he did not answer immediately.

"Gentlemen, I beg you to listen for a moment. The young woman of whom you speak is deserted and entirely dependent upon our assistance. As the highest in rank among us I assume as my own, the right and duty of protecting her, and any rudeness or wrong to Fraulein von Trebenow is,"—and he struck the floor emphatically with his sword—"an attack upon my honor. I count upon your help in this matter, gentlemen."

Not a man offered an objection.

CHAPTER V.

The Schmettau cuirassiers soon went on their way, escorted by the dragoons for a short distance, and quiet again reigned in the abbey for the few hours that they were away. Ulrike took advantage of their absence to take a walk, for heretofore she had not dared to leave the garden. It had snowed during the night, and trees and bushes were bending low beneath their heavy burdens, and the bright sunlight and the clearness and freshness of the air soothed and comforted Ulrike in her despondency. She gave way completely to the influences around her and cared only for the pleasure and relief from care of the moment, as for the future,—well, she dared not think of that.

At that moment a muttered exclamation startled her from her reverie. In the snow covered path ahead of her she saw the old sexton and gardener of the abbey, who had gathered into his cart the twigs and branches that had been felled by the storm and was now carrying them home to keep a blaze upon his hearth. He had stopped his donkey that he might add two more large branches to his already plentiful store.

Ulrike wandered on, and presently she heard across the white fields the snorting of horses and the clash of arms. Firmly seated upon his fiery chestnut Captain von Reutlingen lead his troop under the bare limbed beeches. The snow flew about the party in clouds and the earth trembled beneath the horses' hoofs.

"Captain," called one of the lieutenants, "what would our charming young hostess say if she could see us trampling down her garden in this way?"

Reutlingen laughed.

"I'll tell you what she'll do, Hertzberg; she'll take you to task for it. You may be thankful for a chance to speak to her, though; I know she had rather see any of you than me, but even you will have to be very humble."

And then, to the utter amazement of the old sexton, he gave his horse a touch with the spur and the noble beast, with nostrils

dilated, leaped like a whirlwind over the wood laden wagon, donkey, and all. Ulrike stood half hidden beneath the drooping trees and only Wolf von Eickstadt saw and greeted her. The wild leader rode on and disappeared within the abbey courtyard, the old gardener gazing blackly after him. Ulrike remained hidden in her nook until she heard the halls ringing with the heavy steps of the returning troops.

The captain and Wolf von Eickstadt together occupied Fraulien von Pillnau's comfortable room. "If the dear lady could only see them," was the little chambermaid's troubled cry when she first saw this profanation of that sacred chamber. The two men were very careful of the room, though, and did not injure it.

The captain, assisted by his faithful Ferdinand, had just changed his uniform and brushed his hair, and had dismissed his servant with the words: "Go down and see if we are soon to have something to eat, for I am very hungry," when Wolf von Eickstadt came in from an adjoining room and threw himself at full length upon Fraulein von Pillnau's dainty bed.

"Reutlingen, do you know that Fraulein von Trebenow heard your joking remarks to Hertzberg about her? She stood between two of those snow covered trees while you passed through the garden."

Reutlingen, who was lounging comfortably in an easy chair, sat up and looked at the speaker.

"Why should n't she hear them, my dear young man? Don't talk about her. My unavoidable position with regard to her,"—he hesitated, as though to weigh his words. Wolf laughed heartily.

"Why are you brooding over your position, Jobst? Your conversations with her must be mighty one sided ones, for as far as I can see she does nothing but tremble while you are near her. It does n't make her like you any better to hear that you are wild, either."

"Never mind that," answered Reutlingen coolly. "I don't want her to cease to fear me. I have always wanted a little sister or a sweetheart to cling to me and to obey me, and that is what this maiden shall be."

"Jobst. What is the matter with you; are you raving?" laughed Wolf. He saw from the captain's absent air that his remark had not been heard.

"Do you think her beautiful?" he asked again. Reutlingen shook his head.

"I don't know; I have n't looked at her to find out. Hold on, though," he continued, "she has eyes."

"To be sure she has eyes," assented Wolf, "but so have I."

"Yes, but what eyes hers are. They make a fellow feel that he must kiss them. I 've only seen them once, though."

"And that appears to have been more than enough," remarked Wolf in an undertone.

"What's all this, Wolf, my boy; what are you asking so carefully about her for? Do n't plan any mischief now, for I will not allow it; I must make you understand that."

"Would n't you allow me to try to win her then?" asked Wolf.

"Yes, most certainly. I would give you my sister willingly. Why

not my little sweetheart, then? So you are deserting your last love, are you? That's right; I've been expecting it for some time."

"Monster," replied Wolf calmly. "You need n't be afraid of me this time. I shall tell Fraulein Susanna all about this, your good advice into the bargain."

"You may if you want to, and if she is a sensible girl she will agree with me. A man of but twenty-five years of age dares not bind himself—he'll probably change his mind. But come, I think we must be late, and my throat is dry enough."

They went down stairs together, each wrapped in his own thoughts.

CHAPTER VI.

The king's army was quartered for the winter in and around Freiberg, the Saxons being encamped in the surrounding country, and neither force would allow the other to rest. The weather was severe, and the hardships and suffering of this winter campaign were beyond description, so that the troops who had been stationed along the outer line in the face of the Saxons longed for the rest and quiet which they had not known for so long a time. The Baireuth regiment was accordingly ordered to take up the march again, so that the men who had hitherto been at the front could have a place to rest, and the comfortable quarters at Langenrode were to be given up.

Captain von Reutlingen returned to the abbey from the headquarters at the castle one day with the disagreeable news that he had just received, for which the officers were none the happier as they gathered in the smoking-room to give vent to their feelings and to drown their sorrow in drink!

The captain appeared worried; he was usually hail fellow well met with the other officers of that corps, which his majesty had honored by the title of "The Invincibles," but on this occasion Reutlingen soon left the noisy drinking party. He sent Ferdinand to Fraulein von Trebenow with the request that she grant him an interview, and this time he was not refused, Ulrike meeting him in the sitting-room of the dead abbess where she and Benno von Trautwitz had passed the last evening of the latter's stay at the abbey.

In a few words Reutlingen told Ulrike that the troops were obliged to leave the abbey, and he saw the look of relief that passed over her face.

"Don't give way to any false hopes, my dear young lady," he said hurriedly. "We are only leaving the place to make room for others. Two or three regiments will arrive the very day of our departure. Langenrode will be occupied by Prussian troops throughout the entire winter."

"Heaven help me!" stammered Ulrike, now almost beside herself. "Where shall I go? What will become of me?"

"That is exactly what I came to talk to you about," answered Reutlingen. "You can't stay in Langenrode; the officers who are coming are entirely unknown to me, and under no consideration would I leave you here alone. Have you no relatives near to whom I could take you?"

"Yes, indeed," Ulrike answered quickly, "my uncle, Burgomaster von Trebenow, in Leitnitz. Please take me to him."

"Yes, I know the burgomaster and I know his house—I have been quartered there; but the Saxon army is now spread out between us and Leitnitz, so that it would be impossible for me to take you there."

"Well, then, to Dresden!" implored Ulrike. "There I know intimately the family of the Count of Langenrode."

"The Saxon army is around Dresden also, my dear young lady, so I can't take you there either."

"But I have a cousin among the Saxon troops, Lieutenant von Trautwitz, one of the Desoffy hussars——"

"A Saxon officer who was taken prisoner at Pirna," interrupted Reutlingen, "and who was only liberated on condition that he would not take up arms against Prussia again! Nevertheless he is still in the ranks of our enemy—I know the pretty saint! So you are an acquaintance of his?"

"He is my cousin," cried Ulrike, "and I know he is a man of honor. Why do you talk against him when he is too far away to defend himself?"

"His defence would be a very weak one," continued Reutlingen, with a shrug of his shoulders. "He will take care not to meet any Prussian officers. Why do you want to see him?"

"Could n't he come and take me to Leitnitz or Dresden?" she asked.

"No; he cannot. You must give up that plan. And besides——I would n't trust you to the scoundrel!"

The warm blood surged into Ulrike's face in spite of herself.

"But if I wish to entrust myself to him——?"

He again interrupted. "Then I have nothing to do with the matter. Young girls have no judgment in cases of this kind."

Ulrike bit her lip. She longed to rebuke him for his presumption and to defend her friend, yet she did neither. She was a little afraid of Reutlingen; she stood in awe of his imperious manner, his determined voice,—in fact of the wild rider's whole personality. She could not misunderstand his motives, for she felt sure that his whole anxiety was for her welfare.

He looked up at last, and said, "Have you no other friends, neither far nor near?"

She shook her head. "No one. I lived with my father in Dresden, until his death, after which I went to my uncle in Leitnitz, and this summer for the first time I came here to my aunt."

"And your mother?"

"I have no recollection of my mother; she died when I was very young."

"Poor child!" he murmured softly in a sympathetic voice. "That is why you are so shy and suspicious—because you have been obliged to grow up without a mother." He gazed thoughtfully into the distance. "I know something of that myself; I lost my own mother." He was silent then, and it seemed to Ulrike that she had never heard a more pathetic speech than those few words:

"When did it happen?" she asked, ready to share his sorrow.

"Before the breaking out of the war; I have n't been at home since. Yes; if she were only alive I would

take you to her at once, and all would be well. I tell you what we 'll do, my dear young lady," he continued after a short pause; "come with us, I know no other way. We 'll take the little chambermaid, too, and you can go as far as Groszenhayn with us. Then it is only ten miles to Steinhovel, and I will take you there where you will be safe."

"What is Steinhovel?" asked Ulrike.

"It is my father's estate, a comfortable and beautiful place; it was my mother's home."

"And to whom does it now belong?"

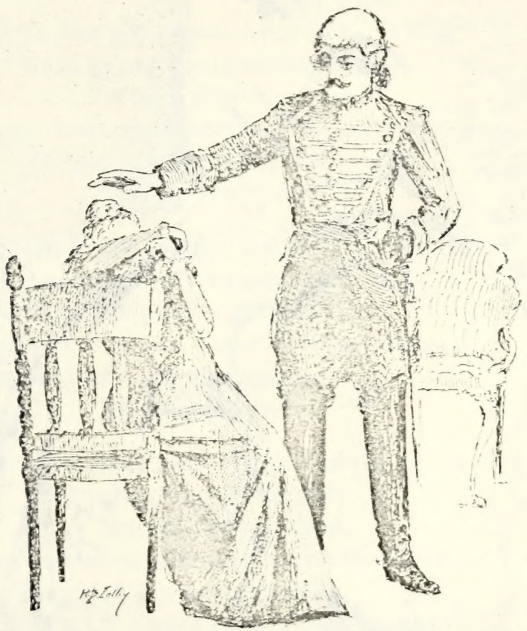
"To me. It has been empty until recently, but my brother is there now. He belongs to the Puttkamer hussars and is now at home recovering from a wound."

"And he is young and unmarried like you?"

"Younger than I, and just as unmarried; yes."

"You are very kind," responded Ulrike, "but I am a young and unprotected girl and I could n't think of going across the country with a regiment of soldiers without the protection of an older woman, nor could I seek protection under a young man's roof."

"No; I must see to that," he answered, rising from his chair after a moment's thought. "We will think over our scheme again; may I come and see you to-morrow so that we may decide upon something?"



Her head inclined forward, lower and lower, and he saw a great tear fall into her lap and noticed that her lip was quivering like a child's. Involuntarily he stroked her soft silvery hair.

"Do n't worry. I have promised to protect you, and you shall see that a Reutlingen never forgets a promise. I will come again to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MARGUERITE.

By Edward A. Jenks.

Belle Marguerite;—the thousand nameless graces
Of all the queens of beauty
Since time begun—
The witcheries of all the wondrous faces,
And voices low and fluty—
Moulded in one!



Just see her waiting there, the peerless creature!
The perfect, matchless woman!
And watch her face;—
Instinct with youth and love is every feature,
And passionately human
Is every grace.

No queen of hearts was ever half so gracious:
The apple-blossoms tremble
With sheer delight
As they stoop down and kiss, with lips audacious,
That exquisite *ensemble*
In pink and white.

Could we but peer behind the filmy laces
That guard the sweet enclosure
Where dear Love lies,
A happy bird would smile up in our faces—
No fear of cold exposure
Within his eyes.

The sun's warm fingers, dallying with her tresses,
Are hopelessly entangled
In golden strands:
Nor can he ever set, howe'er time presses,
Till they are disentangled
By loving hands:

Then when the waves of glory round her falling
Within her vestal chamber
Are shut from sight,
If you but listen you may hear him calling
From off his bed of amber,
"Sweet Love! Good-night!"

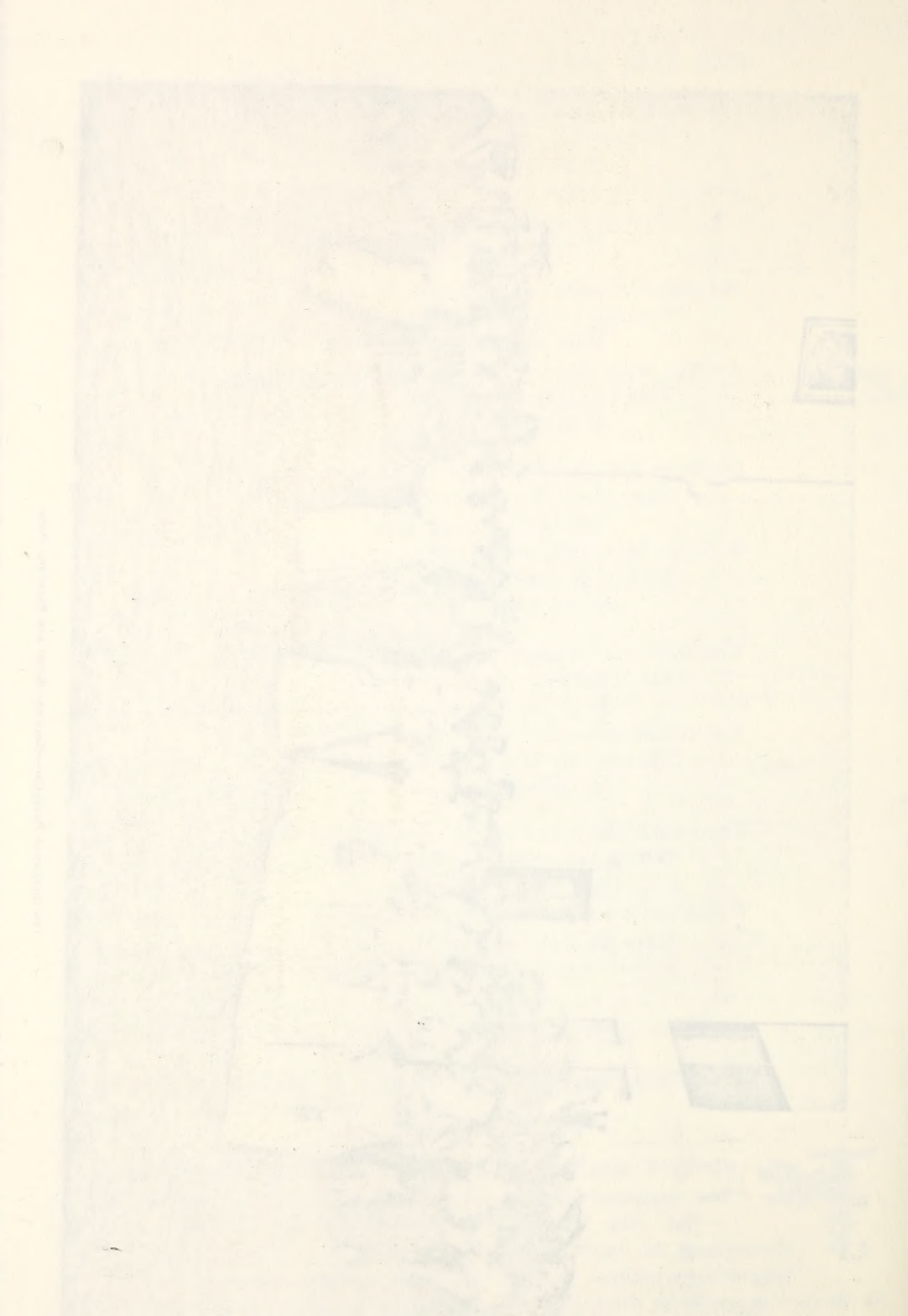
THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE LIBRARY.

By Harry B. Metcalf.

THE FINEST structure at the national capital—the city known throughout the world for its magnificent edifices as well as for its "magnificent distances"—is the new congressional library building, constructed of granite from the state of New Hampshire and the city of Concord. So, also, the finest building in Concord and New Hampshire is another granite edifice, erected for a similar purpose, the new state library building, recently dedicated.



The Dedication Reception—Governor Busiel and Receiving Party.



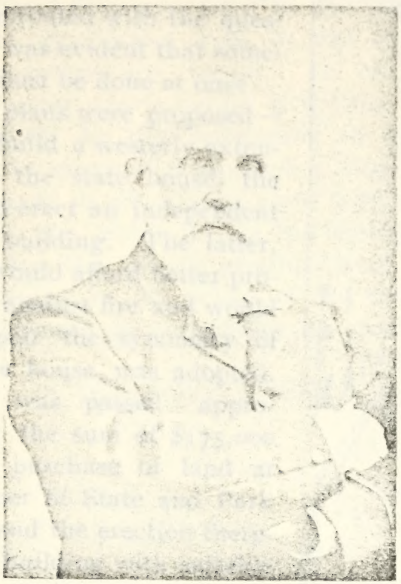
The completion of this magnificent structure furnishes the people of New Hampshire with abundant cause for rejoicing, for it affords a safe and sufficient permanent domicile to a state department whose accommodations in the capitol building have been long outgrown, and whose valuable possessions have been for many years in jeopardy. When the state house was erected, three quarters of a century ago, the library consisted merely of the folios of colonial laws, the early official journals of the state, and the public documents of the United States. With the annual appropriations for the purchase of books, steadily increased from $100 in 1823 to $3,000 at the present time, the library has grown to be one of the most extensive of its kind in the country. It now contains between 35,000 and 40,000 volumes, many of them of rare value, especially in the law department, which is one of the best in existence. For the accommodation of this constantly growing library every available inch of room in the state house has been utilized, but for many years the provision has been inadequate.



The State Library.

In the year 1881 the necessity for providing new quarters for the library was first urged upon the legislature. A committee of twenty-five was appointed to investigate the condition of affairs, and reported unanimously that there was an immediate necessity of enlarging the library accommodations. In accordance with a resolution then passed, Governor Bell and council submitted to the



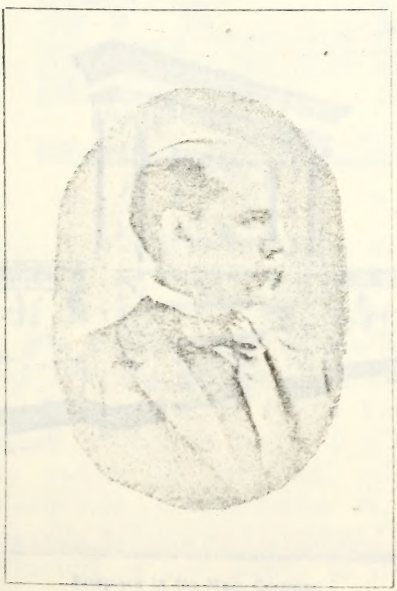


Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball.



Hon. Charles H. Burns.

legislature of 1883 plans and estimates for a new library building and for an addition to the state house, urging immediate action on the subject. Other interests, however, crowded it into the last days of the session and nothing was done. The agitation was continued before the three following legislatures, but without favorable result. In the meantime the library had been growing more rapidly than ever, and

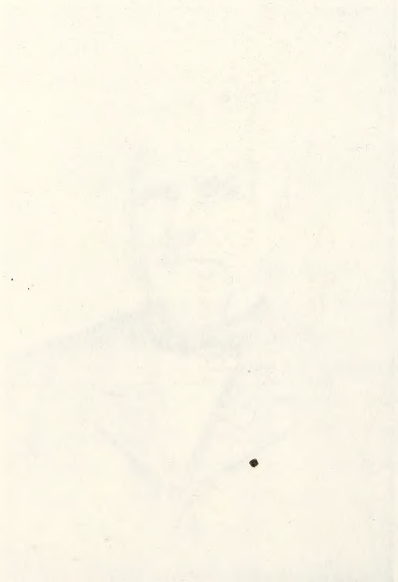


Hon. Irving W. Drew.



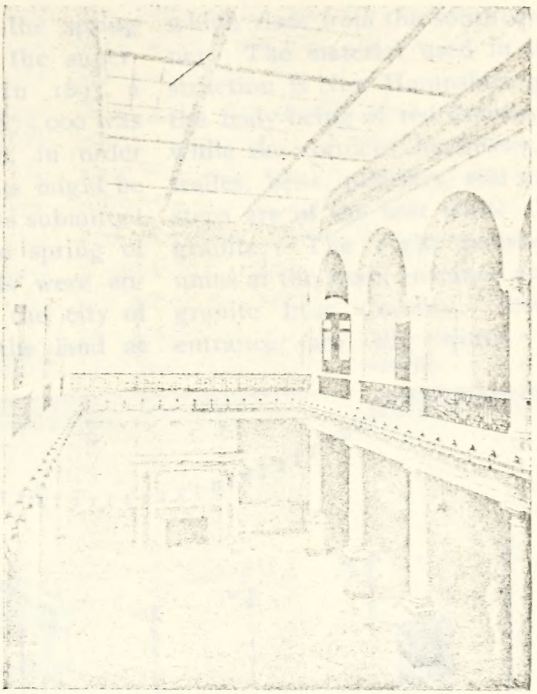
Hon. John W. Sanborn.



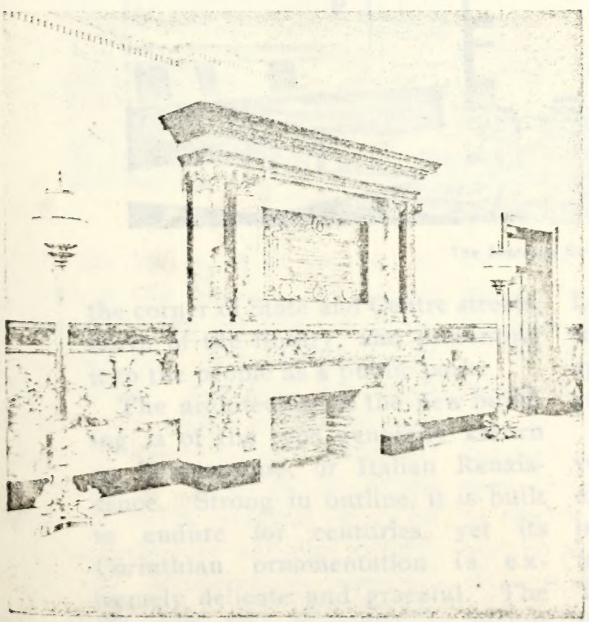


when the legislature of 1891 was confronted with the question, it was evident that something must be done at once.

Two plans were proposed—one to build a westerly extension to the state house, the other to erect an independent library building. The latter, which would afford better protection against fire and would not impair the symmetry of the state house, was adopted. An act was passed appropriating the sum of $175,000 for the purchase of land at the corner of State and Park streets, and the erection thereon of a building with suitable accommodations for the state library and the supreme court, according to plans submitted by architect A. P. Cutting of Worcester, Mass. Hon. Charles H. Burns, of Wilton, Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball, of Concord, Hon. John W. Sanborn, of Wakefield, and Hon. Irving W. Drew, of Lancaster, were appointed by Governor Tuttle as commissioners to have charge of the work of construction. The latter, in turn, selected Giles Wheeler, the well known architect of Concord, as superintendent.



The Alcoves.

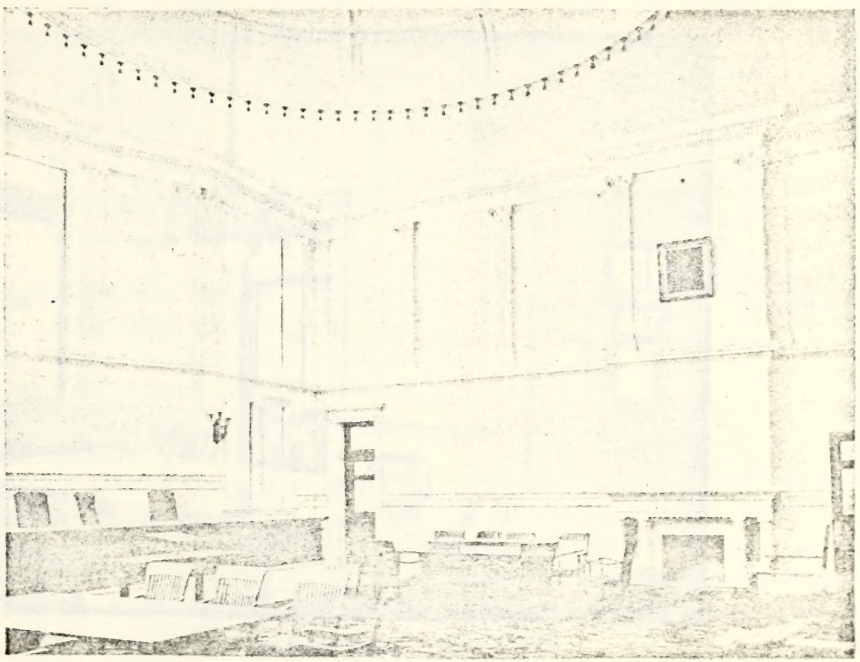


Fireplace in the Main Corridor.

The two sections of land at the corner of State and Park streets, owned by the William Walker heirs and the Episcopal Guild, were purchased immediately, for the sum of $28,500, and the excavation and



foundation completed by the spring of 1892, when work on the superstructure was begun. In 1893 a further appropriation of $75,000 was made by the legislature, in order that essential enlargements might be made in the original plans submitted by the architect. In the spring of 1892 the library grounds were enlarged by the action of the city of Concord in purchasing the land at the corner of State and Centre streets, north of the library, and presenting it to the people as a public park.



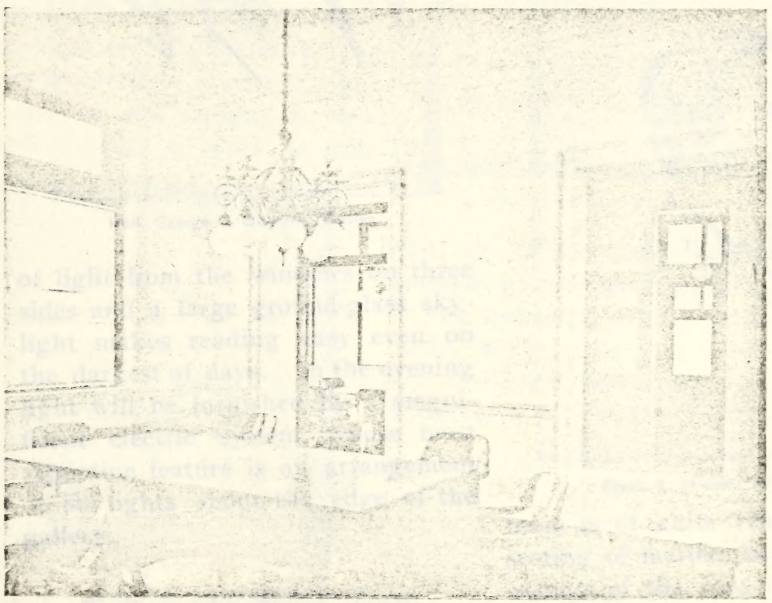
The Supreme Court Room.

The architecture of the new building is of the type generally known as Romanesque, or Italian Renaissance. Strong in outline, it is built to endure for centuries, yet its Corinthian ornamentation is extremely delicate and graceful. The structure is two stories in height except for the low, square tower which rises from the south-west corner. The material used in its construction is New Hampshire granite, the body being of red Conway stone, while the cornices, buttresses, balustrades, belts, pilasters, and entrance steps are of the best white Concord granite. The eight polished columns at the main entrance are green granite from Conway. Over this entrance are the words "State Library" in raised capitals, while the state seal of New Hampshire appears in relief carving in the triangular space above the balcony.

At the main entrance is a spacious vestibule, from which a broad hall extends across the building, separating the court department on the west from that of the library on the east. This hall is magnificently finished; the floor is laid in marble mosaic, with a delicate border in several

colors, while the wainscoting and door casings are of Sienna and Italian colored marble. Above the large open fire-place which occupies the space between the two library doors is a bronze tablet bearing the names of the governors of the state who served while the building was in process of construction, the names of the library commissioners, and the date of erection.

The entire section of the building east of the hall is to be devoted to the uses of the library. The main apartment is the reading or study room, with floor and wainscoting of white marble. A gallery, supported by handsome pillars of Italian vein marble and Keene cement, surrounds the chamber. Alcoves in which books are to be stacked lead off from the main floor and this gallery. These are seventeen in number, eight down stairs and nine above, nine on the south side of the building and eight on the north. In each alcove are iron shelves for the accommodation of 2,500 volumes, with room for double that number when required. A large alcove next the hall on the south side is to be the private room of the trustees and librarian. Directly opposite is a spacious iron vault in which the old folios and valuable papers are to be deposited. Above it, opening into the gallery, and beneath in the basement, are similar vaults, which are to be placed at the disposal of the state departments.



The Judges' Office.

The desks of the librarian and his assistants are to be placed at the east end of the main room, while the remaining floor space is to be occupied by tables for the convenience of readers. A table and chairs will also be placed in each of the alcoves. A large fire-place between the two hall doors gives to the room a comfortable appearance, while the flood





Hon. George C. Gilmore, Trustee.

of light from the windows on three sides and a large ground-glass skylight makes reading easy even on the darkest of days. In the evening light will be furnished by a magnificent electric system, whose most attractive feature is an arrangement of 88 lights about the edge of the gallery.



Hon. Albert S. Batchellor, Trustee.

Across the hall is the temple of justice, no less magnificent or complete in its appointments than that devoted to learning. Like the library room, the court room is two stories in height. It is surmounted by a low, round dome, with a ceiling light of ground glass. The floor of the



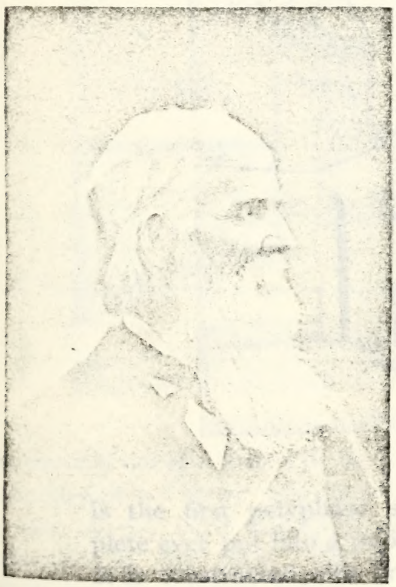
Frank S. Streeter, Esq., Trustee.

room is of white cement, the wainscoting of marble, and the doors and casings of the best American quartered oak.

The base of the dome is encircled by electric light fixtures, 98 in number, which constitute a unique and attractive feature; and there are two fire-places, in marble and mosaic, on the north and south sides of the room. The platform for the bench supports a long, massive table of oak with a mahogany surface, seated at which the seven justices of New Hampshire's highest court will try their future cases. Private consultation rooms for the judges adjoin the court room on the south, while on

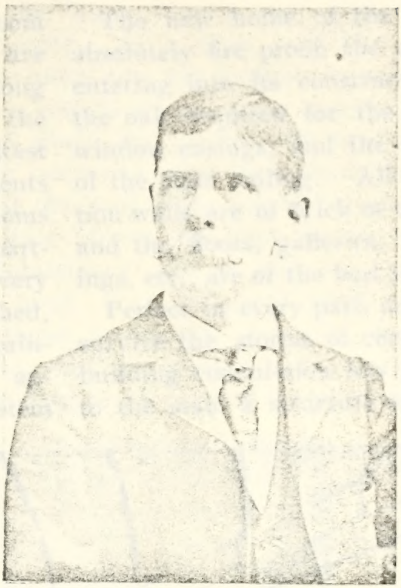
the north are similar apartments for the clerk of the court and members of the bar, with an iron vault for court records and official papers. All these rooms are handsomely finished in marble, and are furnished with every appointment for the comfort and convenience of those for whose use they are intended.

The second floor of the building is reached by means of a broad stairway of iron and marble, with a handsome mahogany rail, leading from the northern end of the hall. Besides the library gallery, there are on this floor a suite of three rooms for the private use of the judges at the south-west corner, a room as yet



Hon. William H. Kimball.

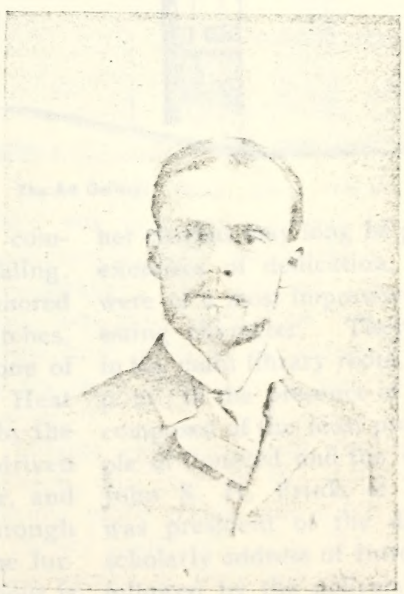
unassigned at the north-west corner, and the art gallery, or "Library Hall," situated over the main hall, to which many of the oil portraits now hanging in the state house will be removed. The floor of this room is of mosaic laid in handsome design, the wainscoting is of Keene cement,



Arthur H. Chase, Esq., Librarian.

and the arched panel roof is composed of ground plate glass.

The basement is divided into two parts, in the eastern of which there are a library stack-room which will accommodate 50,000 volumes, a

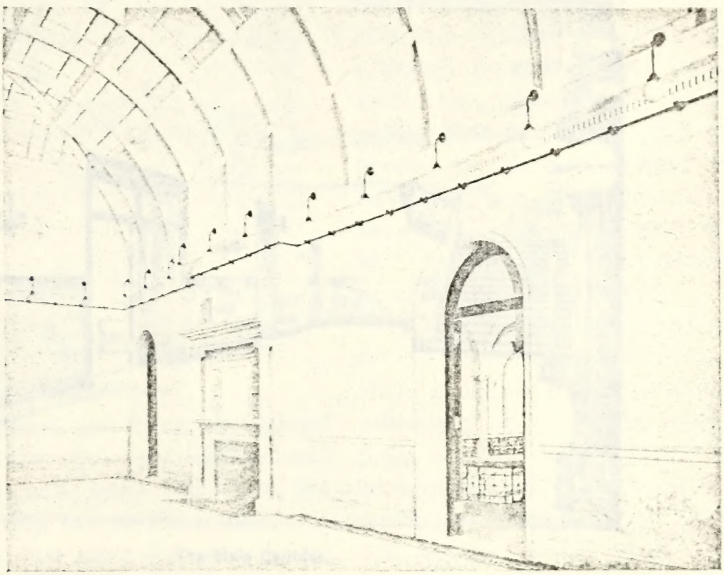


Arthur R. Kimball, Esq.

store room, and a shipping room from which state publications are to be sent out for distribution among town libraries or exchange with the libraries of other states. In the west basement are the janitor's apartments and the boiler room. Toilet rooms are connected with the various apartments of the building, and every modern convenience is furnished, the system of plumbing and draining being the latest and most approved. The electric light system is the first polyphase system complete ever put into a public building. It is constructed with brass armored conduits and Cutler push switches, the arrangement of which is one of the most perfect ever devised. Heat and ventilation are furnished by the Sturtevant blower apparatus, driven by a Cushman tri-phase motor, and are regulated automatically through the agency of electricity. The furniture of the building throughout is to be of the best American oak.

The new home of the library is absolutely fire proof, the only wood entering into its construction being the oak required for the door and window casings, and the mahogany of the stair railing. All the partition walls are of brick or terra cotta, and the floors, galleries, roofs, ceilings, etc., are of the best rolled steel.

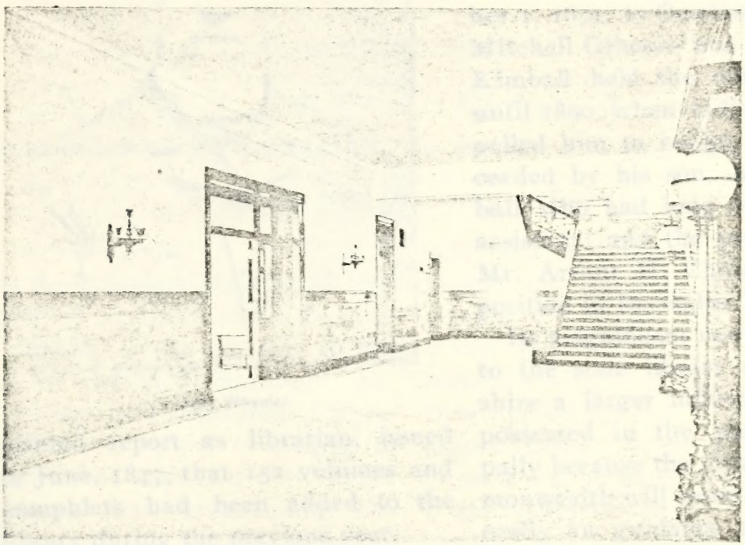
Perfect in every part, and built to survive the storms of centuries, the building commission has given over to the state a structure of which all her citizens may long be proud. The exercises of dedication, January 8, were of a most impressive and interesting character. They were held in the main library room, at 1 o'clock p. m., in the presence of an audience composed of the most prominent people of Concord and the state. Hon. John S. H. Frink, of Portsmouth, was president of the day, and his scholarly address of introduction was followed by the delivery of the keys to Governor Busiel by the chairman



The Art Gallery.



of the building commission, Gen. Charles H. Burns, of Wilton, and their acceptance by his excellency in behalf of the state. Appropriate remarks were made by Hon. Isaac W. Smith, of Manchester, in behalf of the supreme court, by Hon. George C. Gilmore, of Manchester, for the library trustees, and by Mayor Parsons B. Cogswell in behalf of the city of Concord. The oration was by the Rev. William Jewett Tucker, D. D., LL. D., president of



The Main Corridor.

Dartmouth college, and will be long remembered by those who heard it as one of the most admirable ever delivered in the state. Of equal merit was the address, which closed the dedicatory exercises, by Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford, of Washington, librarian of congress. In the evening of the same day the library building was the scene of the most brilliant social event ever held in the state, the grand inaugural reception of Governor Busiel.

Of the origin and early history of the state library very little is recorded. As a mere collection of provincial acts and journals its existence may be traced to the early colonial times, and we are told by English authorities that New Hampshire took the lead in the establishment of a state library, and that the date of establishment was as early as 1777. It must have remained small and without permanent domicile, however, until the erection of the Capitol building in 1819, when it was allotted a room, and soon after which, in 1823, the first appropriation for its enlargement, $100, was made by the legislature. The governor of the state was then authorized "to purchase such books for the enlargement of the state library as he may think proper."

Larger accommodations were soon needed, and in 1828 the north side of the state house was made into a library apartment. The first librarian served in 1833, but only during the legislative session, and it

was not until the secretary of state was made librarian *ex-officio*, in 1846, that the library really had any official head. The late Hon. George G. Fogg was secretary of state at that time, and we learn from his first

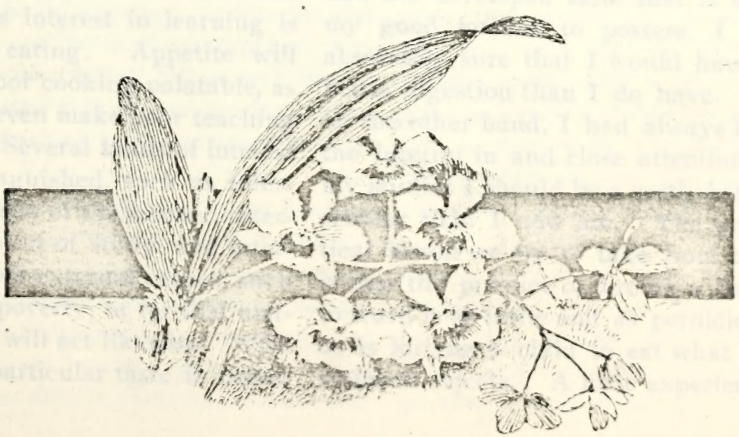


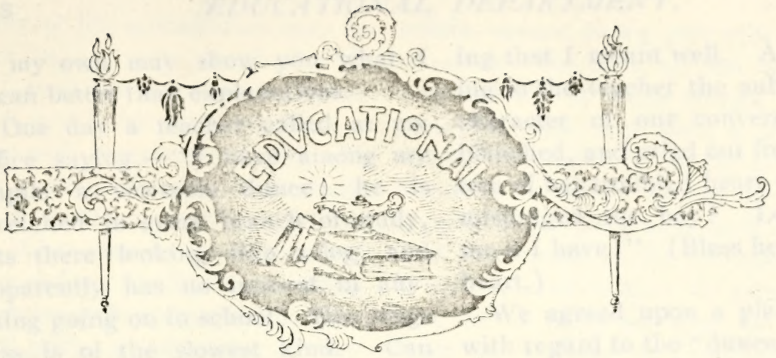
Giles Wheeler.

printed report as librarian, issued in June, 1847, that 152 volumes and pamphlets had been added to the library during the previous year.

In 1866, just after the state house was remodelled, the library was given its present quarters, which were especially constructed for it on the western side of the building, and it was made, at the same time, a distinct and coördinate state department, with Hon. P. B. Cogswell, Gen. George Stark, and N. V. Whitehouse as the first board of trustees. William H. Kimball was elected to the permanent office of state librarian, and entered upon his duties June 1, 1867, at which time the library consisted of about 7,000 volumes. With the exception of one year—from October 1, 1871, to October 1, 1872, when Mitchell Gilmore was librarian—Mr. Kimball held the office continually until 1890, when failing health compelled him to resign. He was succeeded by his son, Arthur R. Kimball, who had long been his faithful assistant; and the present librarian, Mr. Arthur H. Chase, assumed the position in December last.

Its magnificent new home will give to the state library of New Hampshire a larger influence than it has possessed in the past,—not principally because the citizens of the commonwealth will resort to it more generally for guidance and instruction, but because it will be a visible and inspiring muniment of the glory and the dignity of learning.





Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

HERBARTIANISM.

By Dr. L. R. Klemm, of Washington, D. C.

[Read before the State Teachers' Association of New Hampshire at Manchester, October 26, 1894.]

[CONCLUDED FROM THE DECEMBER NUMBER.]

III.

The third subject emphasized particularly by Herbart and his disciples is "Interest"; the interest of the learner in what he is learning. Ah, will you say, here his simile of digestion gives out; there is nothing in the process of digestion with which to compare that imponderable element, interest, and its resultant attention. I ask you to reserve your victorious smile until I have come to the end of my tether. I maintain that that which is interest in learning is appetite in eating. Appetite will make even poor cooking palatable, as interest will even make poor teaching successful. Several kinds of interest may be distinguished, such as interest in the person of the teacher, interest in the subject of study, and interest arising from external causes, such as want and poverty, or for that matter, ambition will act likewise. With appetite no particular taste is necessary, but if a refined taste is connected with appetite and the whole process of digestion, how much better it will be for the eater! Intense attention arising from deep interest and close application may be likened unto refined taste. What a tremendous error it was of mine, when as a boy I ate indiscriminately, so that my mother was frequently tempted to say, "I think you would eat shoenails with equal relish." Had I then had the developed taste that is now my good fortune to possess, I am absolutely sure that I would have a better digestion than I do have. If, on the other hand, I had always had the interest in and close attention to my studies I should be a vastly better scholar than I now am. The practical lesson we are to take from this is that the practice of forcing a child to learn is as futile and as pernicious as is forcing a child to eat what his stomach rejects. A little experience

of my own may show you what I mean better than explanations.

One day a teacher called at my office saying,—"I have among my pupils a veritable dunce; he is wretched in every branch of study, sits there looking like a log, and apparently has no interest in anything going on in school. His progress is of the slowest kind. Can you suggest a remedy?" I asked, "What are his home surroundings?" A.—"They are not elevating, to say the least. I know from hearsay that Hugo is pushed and knocked about, scolded constantly, and even whipped mercilessly by parents who do not understand the boy's absolute want of perception. His apathy is doubtless the result of defective perceptive faculty."

I made it my business to study the boy in the school-room. I seated myself near Hugo, took a slate and pencil and began to draw outline sketches of things that might amuse him. Soon I saw him imitating me, and that with a dexterity and skill which fairly took my breath away. I smiled at him encouragingly, entered into a whispered conversation with him concerning the pictures he drew, induced him to show me my mistakes in drawing, which he did readily and without assumption. Seeing in me a "hail fellow well met," he warmed and opened up his soul to me as he had perhaps never done in his life.

There was a rich and warm hearted life under a crust of apparent apathy, and I was determined to awaken it and reconcile it with its surroundings. We two adjourned to my office, and for a whole hour he conversed freely with me, showing no reserve, after seeing that I meant well. After reporting to the teacher the substance and character of our conversation, she blanched, and cried out from the bottom of her troubled heart,—"Have I misjudged the boy? Lord forgive me if I have!" (Bless her impulsive heart.)

We agreed upon a plan for action with regard to the "dunce," as Hugo had been called by everybody. For a number of weeks we gave him the privilege of coming to my office whenever he felt like doing so. We gave him work to do, yes, but made all that work have relation to drawing; all his arithmetic was closely coupled with drawing and sketching, till slowly, but by perceptible degrees, his interest in other things was awakened.

One episode of his cure is very vividly imprinted in my memory. Hugo showed a decided dislike to reading; I argued with him, saying that some day, when he would be a great artist, he would wish to read what people said of him; he would certainly want to read the criticisms made upon his work in the journals. Well, queer as it may seem, and questionable as the incentive may have been, from a moral point of view, it is a fact that from that day the boy bent all his energy upon reading, until after a few months he read as fluently as most of his schoolmates, who were considered bright boys, when he was the dunce. To cut a long story short, the boy is now a very creditable pupil, though by no means a shining light in scholarly attainments. He is fairly equipped for higher grades; and if in future years Hugo should become a great painter, which is not at all impossi-

ble, some of his schoolmates may be proud of having gone to school with him. I need not say that he has a very soft spot in his heart for me.

If you will permit me I will add another leading thought of Herbart. It is, "Instruction must be continuous." What does he mean by that? Webster defines continuity as being an uninterrupted connection, a close union of parts, a cohesion. "*Law of continuity*, the principle that nothing passes from one state to another without passing through all the intermediate states." Or, I might interpret by saying, that progress in school (and progress here implies that of teaching as well as of learning) should be a step-by-step movement; that there should be no break in the procedure which might cause disturbance. But that would not be sufficient. There is still a vagueness about these definitions.

Let me say, then: By continuity of instruction we mean, that the matter of instruction should be given in genetic order. We mean that immovable and perpetual order established since the creation of the universe, which in philosophy is called the law of continuity, in virtue of which everything that is done is done by degrees infinitely small. It stems to be the dictate of good sense that no change is made by means of leaps. *Natura non operatur per saltum.* (Nature does not operate in leaps); and nothing in nature's own unhurried manner of growth can pass from one extreme to another without passing through all the intermediate degrees.

Now, what is true of nature's growth must hold good of the mind; man existing not outside of, but within nature, being part and parcel of nature. So, then, all the items of each branch of study should be so presented that they form a genetic order. Furthermore, all the different branches of study should have an organic connection with each other. And here come in the art and skill of the teacher, which no organization, be it never so wise, no text-book, be it never so excellent, can replace. There must be a continuous adaptation, in fact, which mere text-book slaves cannot practice, even though they understand it.

Thus, for instance, it would seem wise to choose the examples used in grammar from the material gained in other studies, as geography, history, arithmetic, as well as literature. In other words, we should feed our instruction in language from the material the child has at hand. In spelling, we should use new words which the child meets in all branches of study, and not only from a spelling-book, the contents of which are in no organic connection with the child's thought-material. In arithmetic, we should use problems taken from the child's home experience, or such as afford an organic connection with the child's range of thought. In short, genetic order in each study, and organic connection between the different studies, will cause continuity of thought, which is a condition of mental growth, and therefore a condition of success in teaching.

There certainly can be no doubt as to the desirability of connecting, logically and organically, all the matter of instruction, so that erratic leaping between distant points be avoided. But, my friends, that is but half the principle. So far, my explanations

had reference to continuity in the *matter* of instruction only. The continuity of the child's *mind* is of even greater importance. If the child is not prepared to take the next step in an otherwise genetic train of thought, you will not be able to lift him up to it, since he must *grow* up to it. If he is not prepared to comprehend the next thought, you cannot ingraft it upon his mind, since the mind must develop thought within.

A thought, be it indigenous or not, cannot spring into life, or enter the child's mind as a complete, finished thing. It necessitates the action of thinking not only of this one thought, but of several others which lead up to it. If I make any one a present of a dollar, which I may have earned by hard toil and labor, it requires no toil and labor on his part to take it and enjoy its use. But I cannot give him a thought, without making him earn it; that is, not without requiring him to go through the effort of thinking like myself, which will be impossible if the conditions are not the same in both minds.

The "natural" method of teaching derives its name from the fact, that it is in harmony with the laws of natural growth, expansion, and development. Continuity of instruction refers to the progressing activity of the learner. He is to be led in such a manner that he will not be obliged to make unnatural leaps, but will make steps according to the size of his own legs; that is, his progress will be measured accurately by the capacity of his comprehension. A train of thought which may seem unbroken to an adult, is, perhaps, not so to a child. How often have I heard teachers say,—"Can't you see that yet? Haven't I made that clear enough yet?"

You may easily see that buying an article for ten cents and intending to make a gain of twenty per cent., you would have to sell it for twelve cents. But a child will necessarily walk slowly before he comes to the same conclusion. There are many links between the first elementary idea of percentage and the child's ability to see, as readily as the merchant does, what price must be put on the article to make a gain of twenty per cent. It cannot be urged too strongly, that the principle of continuity has to be applied both to the matter of instruction and to the mind of the learner. The different degrees of comprehension among the pupils necessitate a constant adaptation of the matter to the mind, and in this the teacher's skill is tested.

I know, my friends, that this is anything but an amusing topic; but it does not admit of humor. A few words on "text-books" may close this address. Genetic and logical order is preserved, nay, highly cultivated, in our modern text-books; but while each offers that order and development within its own range, it rejects, as it were, a connection with other branches of study. I have in mind the many books on grammar, that present the subject cut loose from all other, even kindred, subjects, such as composition and literature. The same holds good in text-books of geography, history, arithmetic, etc.

Each book illustrates the continuity in the *matter* of instruction, which, of course, is one of its chief merits, a *conditio sine qua non*. But the books of necessity leave out of consideration

the continuity of the child's *mind*, and therefore must be handled by a teacher who understands the child as well as his subject. The text-book must be again degraded to its proper position—to that of a *means* of instruction. It cannot, and should not, replace the teacher, who alone can make the proper selection, with reference to the actual state of mind of his pupils. He alone can know what questions to ask, what matter to present, and in what manner to present it.

The value of text-books has been overrated. It may be unpleasant to hear it, but it must be said. In the same proportion in which the text-books grew better, the teachers grew weaker. I think I can see a complete chain of cause and effect in this. Others say,—In the same proportion in which good but poorly paid teachers stepped out of the profession and were replaced by poorly prepared teachers, in the same proportion the text-books of necessity grew better. I accept this as a more charitable explanation; but wish to emphasize again that the best text-book cannot replace the good teacher, because it disregards the continuity of the mind by presupposing all minds alike. It cannot perform the functions of the good teacher, who, by continuous adaptation, fits the matter of instruction to the capacity of the learner's comprehension.

To sum up, I have discussed four points: Concentric growth and its method of correlation of studies; second, apperception, or the power of assimilation; third, interest, or the incentive of attention; and fourth, continuity in teaching and learning. These are merely a few leading ideas expressed in homespun English, for if I had used Herbart's language I am positive that not a baker's dozen of you would have remained to hear me to the end. If according to your light I have interpreted Herbart erroneously, charge it to my account, not to him; for as King Alfred said, "Every one is held for what he sayeth and the acts he doeth, and not for those of others."

IN THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

By Dr. E. E. White.

The problem here is: Given, a school of say forty pupils, from five to eighteen years of age, in one room, and with one teacher; to find the best method of instruction. The pupils possess very unequal attainments. These pupils need instruction adapted to their needs each term. The health of teacher and pupil limits each session to about six hours. Further, good instruction must be given in all the common branches.

It is not, of course, possible for us teachers to instruct each pupil separately in each branch. Hence the non-classification system must be abandoned. This plan of individual instruction is feasible only in a very small school. I do not think there ever was the unclassified school of which teachers are now hearing so much. No attempt was made in the first schools of which I know in arithmetic. This lack of classification was of undoubted advantage to the few smart pupils, but not to ninety-five per cent.

The graded school solution, *i. e.*, on the plan of the city schools. This separates the pupils into at least sixteen grades, which gives at least forty-eight daily class exercises. Such a classification of the one-teacher school is evidently impossible.

The course of instruction must be flexible; smoothness and order must often be sacrificed to the health of teacher and pupil.

A third solution of the problem is the three-grade solution. This is based on the psychical periods of development—the kindergarten, middle, and the advanced or grammar period. This is a natural and simple grading for the country school with one teacher. The pupils from term to term can be reclassified. The essential provision here is that the work of each grade be completed before the pupil is advanced into the next grade.

What the public schools need is such an organization that will allow its own teachers and diversely advanced pupils to make the most progress with the best preservation of time and health.—*N. E. Journal of Education.*

PRONUNCIATION.

The multiplication of dictionaries, and especially the multiplication of correct ways of pronouncing words, tends to diminish the popular estimate of the importance of correct pronunciation. It is easy for one to shield himself behind the fact that there is authority for his way, and one is tempted to say so even though he has no definite knowledge that there is such authority. Take for illustration the word *expert* as a noun. The Standard Dictionary gives it simply as *ex'pert*, which is the recognized better pronunciation; but the International and the Century both allow the *expert'*, and these make it good usage. There are so many cases of this kind that we become careless in our self-training and in pronunciation.

There is an occasional word like *address*, of which there are not two pronunciations, but which many of us mispronounce from habit which was formed in the days when carelessness was not a crime.

Prof. William Dwight Whitney, the lexicographer, does not put it a whit too forcibly when he says, "People speak fifty times as much as they write, and yet pronunciation has received much less attention than spelling."

One great virtue in oral reading is that it gives the teacher a chance to see to what extent children pronounce correctly. But the class work and the language of the playground are of even greater moment. Those who have tried to learn and practice shorthand know how much articulation and pronunciation are neglected. There is need of more drill in enunciation and articulation than is given thereto in the schools of to-day. Success in this effort requires graded exercises skillfully arranged by a master mind. There is as much need of a good class book on pronunciation as there is of a spelling book or a grammar. —*New England Journal of Education.*

COURSE OF STUDY.

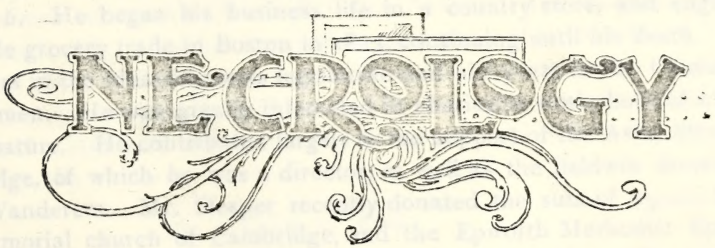
Every school, whether country, village, or high school, ought to have a course of study, and it ought to be followed systematically throughout the year. In order to be practical, the course of study should give a definite idea of the work required in each branch during the month. The results of such a course will be:

First.—To advance the pupils step by step, to give them credit for work done and to lessen the damaging results of too frequent change of teachers.

Second.—To unify the work in the common schools of the county, thus forming a basis for comparing, by means of written examinations or reviews, the results in the different schools, and for a closer and more effective supervision.

Third.—To keep constantly before the minds of pupils subjects and principles, instead of paragraphs and pages, thus practically solving the vexed question concerning diversity of text-books, and rendering it possible, by outlining by topics, for pupils to use whatever text-books they may have.

Fourth.—To enable directors and parents to know better what the common schools are accomplishing for their children, hoping in this way to gain their active sympathy in the work.—*National Educator.*



GEORGE CLOUGH.

George Clough was born in Epping, September 2, 1816, and died in Concord, January 2. In early life he drove stage; in 1842 became a conductor on the Concord railroad, and continued for twenty-four years. He was a member of the house of representatives in 1854, 1855, 1885, and 1886. He was the last survivor of the fifteen influential men of Concord, Republicans and Democrats, whose names were appended to a call for a meeting which was held in Phenix hall on the evening of September 19, 1864, to consult in relation to measures to secure the filling of the quota for this city under the call of President Lincoln.

CAPTAIN HIRAM A. CAMPBELL.

Captain Hiram A. Campbell died in Henniker, January 3, aged 71 years. His grandfather, Major David Campbell, was a soldier of the Revolution; his father,

Captain Amos Campbell, commander of the Henniker Rifles when formed in 1818; the son, a gallant soldier in the late war, as member of Company C, Sixty-first Massachusetts volunteers. He married, June 18, 1843, Livonia S. Barnes, of his town, and their golden wedding was fittingly celebrated June 19, 1893. He is survived by a widow, one daughter, and four sons, and his was the first death that has occurred in the family.

DANIEL H. CRAIG.

Daniel H. Craig was born in Rumney, and died in Asbury Park, N. J., January 5, aged 90 years. His father fought in the War of 1812, and his grandfather was a Continental soldier. He learned the printer's trade and went to New York city while a young man. Before the general extension of the telegraph he organized a system of collecting European news by intercepting incoming steamers by small, swift schooners, off the coast of Nova Scotia, and transmitting their despatches from Halifax by carrier pigeons and a pony express line to Boston and New York. He was interested with the late Ezra Cornell and others in developing the telegraph facilities of the country, and became wealthy, but lost his fortune later through untoward investments. He built a large country place near Peekskill, N. Y., which is now a Roman Catholic reformatory institution.

COL. SOLOMON H. SLEEPER.

Solomon H. Sleeper was born in Bristol March 18, 1815, and died in Boston January 6. He began his business life in a country store, and engaged in the wholesale grocery trade in Boston in 1843, continuing until his death. He served four years in the Massachusetts legislature and six years in the Cambridge board of aldermen. He was greatly interested in charitable work, both of a private and public nature. He contributed largely to the support of the Avon Street Home of Cambridge, of which he was a director, as well as the Baldwin Street Home for Little Wanderers. Mr. Sleeper recently donated the sum of $5,000 to the Shepard Memorial church of Cambridge, and the Epworth Methodist Episcopal and other churches have received liberal contributions from him. The town of Bristol received a public library building costing $7,000, part of it the gift of Mr. Sleeper. S. S. Sleeper Camp 56, Sons of Veterans, of Cambridge was named in honor of Colonel Sleeper. He was a member of the Colonial, New Hampshire, and Cambridge Clubs. Colonel Sleeper leaves a widow and one son, Frank H. Sleeper of Newton, Mass.

FREDERICK S. CRAWFORD.

Frederick S. Crawford was born in Yonkers, N. Y., November 11, 1822, and died in Concord, January 11. He learned the bookbinder's trade and engaged in business in Concord in 1854, continuing until his death. He was for several years city librarian, and held various positions of trust.

DR. JAMES H. FRENCH.

Dr. James H. French was born in Canaan, and died in Penacook January 12, aged 62 years. He was a dentist by profession, a member of the New England

ntal Society, and chairman of the executive committee of the New Hampshire ntal Society. He was a cavalry veteran, serving from December, 1861, until e spring of 1866.

HON. STILLMAN HUMPHREY.

Hon. Stillman Humphrey was born in Croydon, November 15, 1833, and died Concord, January 13. He was engaged in the hardware business in Concord m 1856 until his death. He had served in the legislature, as a railroad com- ssioner, as mayor of Concord 1889–1891, and as a member of the police com- ssion. He was twice married and is survived by a widow, one son, and two ughters.

DANIEL F. SECOMB.

Daniel F. Secomb was born in Amherst, January 17, 1820, and died in Concord, nuary 14. He became a resident of Concord in 1848, and was engaged in the anufacture of pianos for several years. He was librarian of the New Hampshire istorical Society, and from 1881 until his death librarian of the Concord public brary. He was the author of the History of Amherst and of numerous historical pers.

HON. DAVID E. WILLARD.

Hon. David E. Willard was born in Orford June 3, 1828, and died in Concord, nuary 17. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy, and was engaged in ade at Orford until 1885, when he removed to Concord. He was railroad com- issioner in 1879, 1880, and 1881, and a member of the state senate in 1883 and 85. Mr. Willard is survived by a widow and by two sons and one daughter. r. Willard was of a family of seven sons and daughters, and of them he was the st to leave the family circle.

DR. CYRUS M. FISK.

Dr. Cyrus M. Fisk was born in Chichester, January 9, 1825, and died in Brad- rd, January 20. He received the degree of M. D. at Dartmouth in 1847, and in 48 began to practice at Bradford, remaining there until 1872. In the latter ear he moved to Lowell, which was his home until 1893, when he returned to radford. In November, 1862, he enlisted as a private in the Sixteenth N. H. olunteers, was made assistant surgeon, and for nine months served gallantly nder General Banks; was commissioned surgeon with the rank of major, June 13, 863, and was mustered out in August of that year and returned to Bradford. Dr. isk was a member of the Lowell school committee in 1877–1878; from 1880 until 893 he was a faithful member of St. John's hospital staff, and was for many years member of the hospital trustees; was a member of the Middlesex North Medical ociety; and served for many years as a trustee of the Lowell Institution for avings, and was for twelve years chairman of the board of United States pension xaminers in Lowell. His wife, who was married to him in Hopkinton, Decem- er 8, 1848, survives him.

HON. GEORGE A. BINGHAM.

George Azro Bingham was born in Concord, Vt., April 25, 1826, and died in Littleton, January 22. He was educated in the schools of Vermont, studied law with Hon. Thomas Bartlett at Lyndon, Vt., and was admitted to the bar in 1848. He practised his profession at Lyndon until July, 1852, and then settled at Littleton and became associated with his brother in business under the name of H. & G. A. Bingham, continuing until 1870, except three years, when the brothers associated themselves with Andrew S. Woods and his son Edward of Bath, with offices at Littleton and Bath. The copartnership was dissolved in 1870, and Mr. Bingham continued to practise alone until 1876, when he was appointed a justice of the supreme court, holding that position until October 1, 1880. At that time he resigned and formed a partnership with Hon. Edgar Aldrich and D. C. Remich, under the firm name of Bingham, Aldrich, and Remick. In December, 1884, Mr. Bingham was reappointed and served as member of the court until March, 1891, when he again resigned and formed a partnership with his son under the name of Bingham & Bingham. He was a member of the national Democratic convention of 1860, was twice elected to the state senate, twice to the house of representatives, and was a candidate for congress in 1880. He had been a member of the Littleton board of education, a trustee of the State Normal school, director of the Littleton National bank, and president of the savings bank of that town.

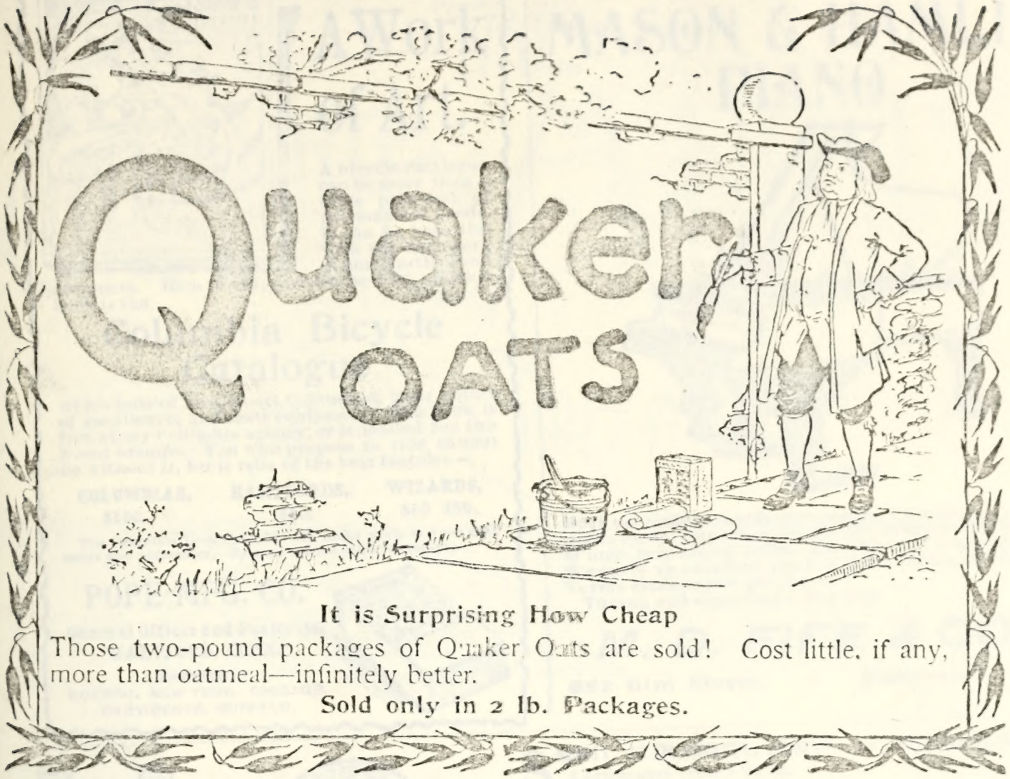
REV. ALBERT H. MARTIN.

Rev. Albert H. Martin was born in Bradford, Vt., April 19, 1823, and died at Centre Tuftonborough, January 19. Before his twenty-first birthday he was filling pulpits of the Christian denomination, and some of its most important churches were his charge. Beside pastorates in Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, and New Brunswick, he was stationed in Hill, Belmont, Thornton, Salisbury, Andover, Groton, Hebron, Stratham, Hampton Falls, and Tuftonborough. He is survived by a widow and four children.

HIRAM A. HITCHCOCK.

Hiram A. Hitchcock, associate professor of civil engineering in the Thayer School of Civil Engineering, died at Hanover, January 17, aged 38 years. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1879, and from the Thayer School of Civil Engineering in 1881. After acting as engineer for a New York railroad for two years he was elected to the professorship which he held to the time of his death. Mr. Hitchcock married the daughter of Professor C. A. Young of Princeton college. He was a nephew of Hon. Hiram Hitchcock of New York.

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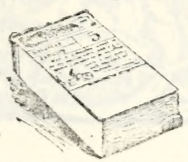
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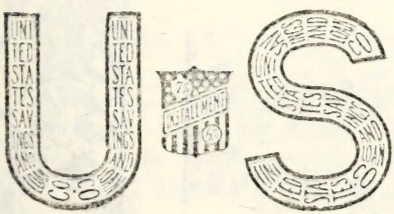


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Volume XVIII MARCH Number 3

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MARCH, 1895.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY for April, 1895,

WILL CONTAIN

A SKETCH OF PETERBOROUGH

AND

THE GREAT CONCORD MIDWINTER CARNIVAL.

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A SPLENDID TESTIMONIAL FOR X-ZALIA,

FROM HON. JOHN C. RAY, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, AND ONE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOST RELIABLE MEN.

STATE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

MANCHESTER, N. H., FEB. 15, '95.

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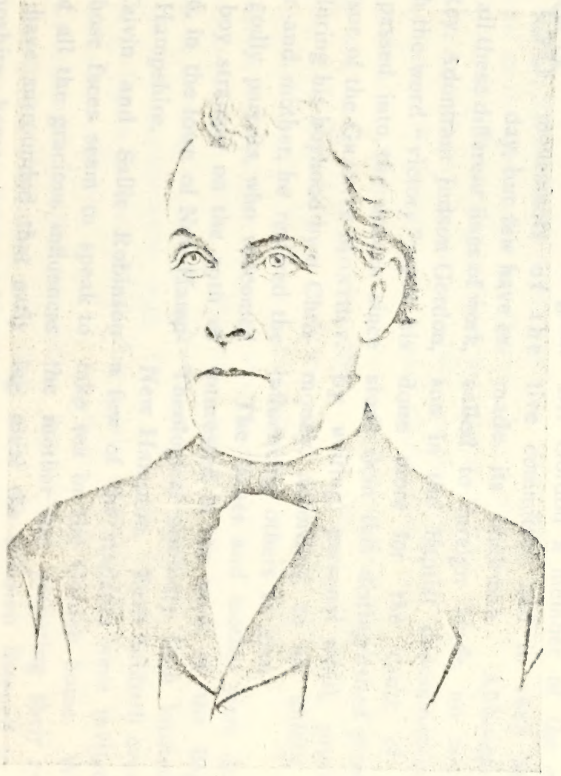
Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D.





MRS. A. J. GORDON.





JOHN CALVIN GORDON,
Father of Rev. A. J. Gordon.



SALLIE ROBINSON GORDON,
Mother of Rev. A. J. Gordon.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. MARCH, 1895. No. 3.

REV. A. J. GORDON, D. D.

By Mrs. Howard L. Porter.

NEW Hampshire has sent forth many sons and daughters who have filled noble places in life in other states, as authors, editors, poets, preachers, philanthropists, or leaders in great movements of the day, but few have excelled in all these different lines of work, as has Rev. Adoniram Judson Gordon, who, with the word "victory" upon his lips, has passed into the unseen since the last issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Trained during his boyhood by a Christian father and mother, he realized the hopes of godly parents, who welcomed the little boy stranger on the 19th of April, 1836, in the town of New Hampton, New Hampshire.

John Calvin and Sallie Robinson Gordon, whose faces seem to speak to us to-day of all the gracious influences that must have surrounded that early New Hampshire home, were ardent supporters of foreign missionary work. With loving interest they followed the career of Adoniram Judson, the pioneer American missionary, and soon decided to name their eldest son Adoniram Judson Gordon, in memory of the one whose mantle seemed to fall upon the beloved pastor of Clarendon Street church, Boston. In 1871 the board of managers of the American Baptist Missionary Union elected Dr. Gordon a member of the executive committee, and in 1888 he was made its chairman. Although not called to foreign lands, no one person in the Baptist denomination has done more for the cause of missions than this distinguished preacher, by writing, personal effort, providing money, according to his ability, and influencing others to give.

The father and mother were deeply interested in the work of the Baptist Theological seminary then located in New Hampton. Each Sabbath evening a few of the students were invited to take tea in the Gordon home. While the mother was preparing their evening meal the children listened to the conversation, bearing upon religious and missionary topics, and after the supper was cleared away they all sat about the open fireplace discussing

these subjects, which were impressed upon the minds of the children. Thus Judson Gordon was receiving important truths and lessons that were to affect his future career.

During the early years of his life, while yet a student in New London academy, which has sent forth many earnest, devoted men and women—to-day having the largest number of pupils in its history—Judson Gordon decided to prepare himself for the ministry. Graduating from this school, with honors, he entered Brown University, from which institution he took his degree in 1860. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Minneapolis, Minn., Rev. Dr. Duncan, secretary of the Missionary Union, Hon. Ethan Allen, of New York, and other well known names were enrolled in that class.

Those who knew Judson Gordon during these student days remarked that consecration of purpose, beautiful faith, and loyalty to God's word, which increased as the years went by, characterizing not only his own career, but the life of the churches to which his ministry was given in Jamaica Plain and Clarendon Street, Boston.

It is interesting to note, also, that this quiet man, apparently so moderate in all his deliberations, possessed tact and a quick wit that was often of service to himself and others in after life. Rev. M. R. Deming, in a recent address, spoke of his acquaintance with Dr. Gordon, giving an incident which illustrated this characteristic.

"I met him when he had just graduated from Brown University. He had established his reputation as a finished writer, a great wit, a man of most genial disposition, and a sincere Christian. He was once 'hazed' by half a dozen 'Sophs.' They broke into his room after midnight, dragged him from bed, put him on a table, and sternly ordered him to preach them a sermon. He complied, and took for his text, 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves.' His sermon was a success."

Like other New Hampshire men who have found noble wives in the city of Providence, while pursuing their studies in Brown University, there was in keeping for him, one whose life has been the complement to his own.

October 13, 1863, Miss Maria Hale, of Providence, became the wife of Rev. A. J. Gordon. Those who have watched their united work in church, temperance, missions, and many other fields of labor, have been convinced again and again that she was prepared for the great work intrusted to her care, and the part she was to have in assisting and forwarding the work of Dr. Gordon.

After graduating from Newton Theological Seminary and accepting the call to Jamaica Plain, one of the first baptisms in the church was that of his wife. The congregation was soon greatly increased, and many were added to the church.

In 1869 a wider sphere of usefulness opened for him in Boston, and Dr. Gordon was installed pastor of the Clarendon Street church, where he labored twenty-five years, leaving the memory of a consecrated life and faithful ministry.

Dr. and Mrs. Gordon have been so fully united in purpose and work, that it would be almost impossible to consider one without including the other. The voice of Mrs. Gordon has frequently been heard upon the subjects of missions and temperance, or in Bible readings from Scriptural subjects.

While she has been thus actively engaged in Christian and philan-

thropic work — serving as president of the Boston W. C. T. U. fifteen years —it is first of all as mother and wife that her influence has been richly blessed.

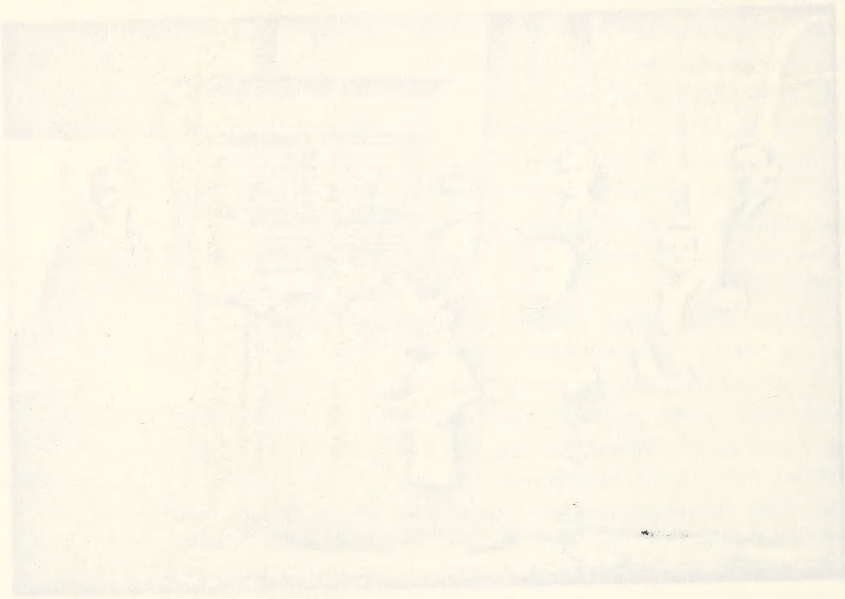
How beautifully and generously Dr. Gordon used to speak of all he owed to a consecrated, devoted Christian wife, both in the home and in church work!

Eight children have been born to Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, six of whom are now living, testifying to the influence of a Christian home and training, which may be a model for other homes. The oldest daughter, Haley, who like her mother was early devoted to Christian work, married Rev. E. M. Poteat, of New Haven, Conn. Two sons, Ernest and Arthur, are graduates of Harvard College, and the latter is a student in Newton Theological Seminary, preparing for the ministry. One daughter, Helen, is a student in Wellesley College, while the second daughter, Elsie, who has been a special comfort to the father and mother, entering into all their interests and work with so much helpfulness, is in the home, with Theodora, the youngest daughter, yet in the primary school. Surrounded by the refinements of a Christian home, where several of the children have become accomplished musicians, we believe they will go forth as living epistles, testifying to the power of Christ in the home



Dr. A. J. Gordon and Family.

Through the instrumentality of this devoted husband and wife the Boston Missionary Training school, adjoining their own home on West Brookline street, was founded, with Dr. Gordon as president and Mrs. Gordon secretary-treasurer. Many of those who have gone out into foreign missionary work from the Boston Training school have been specially helped by their ministration, having been cared for in their own home, as well as encouraged by their advice and assistance.



Dr. Gordon's name is well known in connection with the Boston Industrial Home, which he was instrumental in forming and which has been wonderfully blessed. Those who need assistance may receive food and lodging in return for their labor, on the industrial plan. Religious services are conducted for persons thus employed, and a gospel temperance meeting is held on each evening in the week. Men who go to this home, in the depths of wickedness, are led into a different life, and the Industrial Home is to many of them the very gateway of Heaven. Other homes have been modeled after the one in Boston, in San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Milwaukee, Chicago, Washington, Jersey City, New Haven, and Albany, so that the work Dr. Gordon was instrumental in starting in Boston is bearing fruit all over the land. As president of this home, who can measure the work of Dr. Gordon?

The New England Evangelistic Association, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and many other organizations have received his hearty coöperation and help. Dr. Gordon looms up before us, in connection with these grand enterprises, as a tower of strength in which a vast host might take refuge.

The *Watchword* is a welcome visitor in many New Hampshire homes, and as editor of this paper his influence has been felt all over the world. Dr. Gordon was also one of the assistant editors of the *Missionary Review of the World*, of which Dr. A. T. Pierson is editor-in-chief.

The book "In Christ" is perhaps most familiar to those who have read Dr. Gordon's works, as it was one of his earliest publications. Some one attributes the "secret of its popularity" to its "nearness to the heart of Christ."

The little book has brought comfort to many souls, serving also as a guide and inspiration. The writer of this sketch received a copy of "In Christ" after being baptized by Dr. Gordon in Clarendon Street church, and the author wrote, as an inscription, "In memory of Feb. 23, the date of baptism." He frequently sent this book to those who were converted through his instrumentality, or were baptized in his church. In the following years "Congregational Worship," "Grace and Glory," "The Ministry of Healing," "The Two-Fold Life," "Ecce Venit," and the "Holy Spirit in Missions," appeared. "The Ministry of the Spirit," the last book written by Dr. Gordon, was published just before he passed away.

"In Christ," "The Two-fold Life," "The Ministry of Healing," and "Ecce Venit," have been rendered into Swedish, and permission has been given for a German translation of "Ecce Venit."

"The Coronation Hymnal" represents a five years labor of love, which was, as he said, his "recreation." This hymnal is a rich legacy to his family and to the Christian church.

The hymns written by Dr. Gordon, so full of tender devotion, will carry his influence on through the ages. The spirit of the man breathes through his writings, and his efforts were ever directed to the spiritual uplifting of his readers and listeners, rather than to the attaining of literary renown and popularity.

Speaking in different places, throughout our land and abroad, he carried the sweet influence of the Gospel wherever his voice was heard.

Rev. Joseph Cook said of him in

a recent address: "Dr. Gordon as a preacher was first and last Biblical. I believe he would have astonished his congregations had he illustrated his sermons by quoting the secular

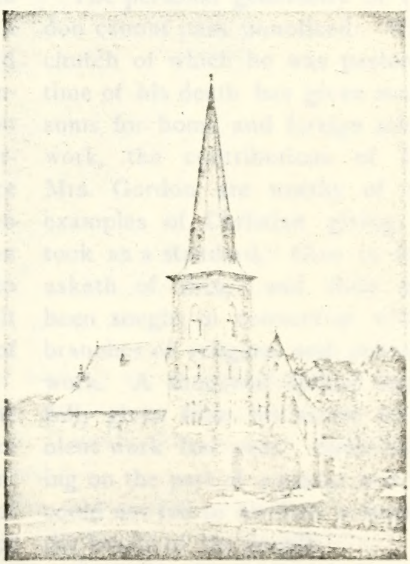


Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

poets or by telling anecdotes. But if he quoted at all in his sermons, it was from the divines of the apostolic church, and you felt that he was in fit company. He was one with St. John and St. Paul. His career was a globe of spiritual fire. The power of that globe should be a warning to us in this age of Bible-belittlers."

It was thought by many that Dr. Gordon resembled Phillips Brooks, and in later years the likeness was particularly noticeable. While his delivery was less rapid, the power of the Spirit was wonderfully manifested in the preaching of both. His face bore the impress of inner consecration, and upon his massive forehead was stamped an ineffaceable phylactery, as if the Lord's own finger had traced the inscription, "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world."

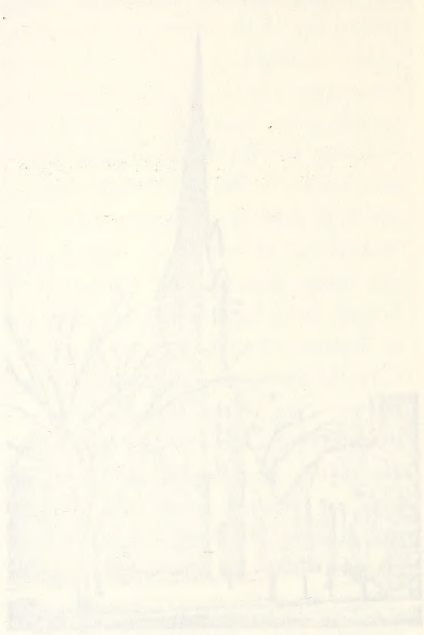
His whole bearing deepened the impression of his masterful grip of the truth and his clarity of thought in preaching the truth to others, while his absolute sincerity and consecration were beyond question, even at first sight. Dr. Gordon spoke as an eye witness of the Christ, as one who sat and supped with Him, hearing the words of life as they fell from His holy lips. He seemed familiar with the mountain passes that lie in the King's highway to the "green pastures" and "still waters," having learned them from a personal following of a personal Christ. You may have listened to



Jamaica Plain Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

Spurgeon in the London Tabernacle. You tried to discern the secret of his power, and perhaps were almost surprised at the simplicity of language, with no attempt at oratory. You were

a recent address: "Dr. Gordon as a preacher was first and last Biblical. I believe he would have astonished his congregations had he illustrated his sermons by quoting the secular



Cathedral Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

convinced, as this wonderful preacher opened his mouth to speak, that he aimed to preach the Gospel in its simplicity, unfolding the Scriptures in all their beauty, while the entire atmosphere of the tabernacle indicated the presence of the Spirit in a marked degree.

Dr. Gordon was a man of wide culture, interested in the cause of education, acting as a trustee of Brown University and Newton Theological Seminary, versed in literature and history as well as topics of the day, yet his preaching, like that of Spurgeon, was "first and last Biblical." Dr. Gordon seemed to me a man whom the truth had made versatile enough to fit into any age of the world. An Abraham in Abrahamic days, a Moses in the days of the Exodus, a David in Davidic days, an Isaiah in prophetic days, a Paul, a St. John, a Luther. While the greater gifts and achievements naturally attract our attention and are summed up in connection with such a ministry as that of Dr. Gordon's, it is sometimes in the more obscure touches of life, the more hidden expressions, that after all the golden sunbeams, the sweet pictures come to us, which are kept in memory's vault when the larger work becomes a thing of the past.

The beautiful simplicity of that great soul impressed all those who were brought in contact with Dr. Gordon. He who could unfold the rich truths of Scripture, who was listened to with rapt attention in the great congregation, could mend a broken doll or toy for the baby girl, construct playthings for the amusement of the boys, and enter into the feelings of his children in their joys and sorrows with all the fatherly solicitude and love which brings comfort and satisfaction. The writer remembers a dinner company in her own home at which Dr. Gordon was present. After all were seated at the table and the blessing had been asked, one of the irrepressible children remarked, "Dr. Gordon, mamma has all the best china and silver out for company—some that we don't have every day!"

How quickly he came to the assistance of the hostess, by appearing to thoroughly enjoy the announcement, relieving all embarrassment and really turning the conversation into a jovial, amusing channel, making that which might have been a damper, a happy outcome. That kind heart and Christian courtesy was ever directed toward smoothing the hard places in life, and making those with whom he came in contact happier because of the meeting.

The personal generosity of Dr. Gordon cannot pass unnoticed. While the church of which he was pastor at the time of his death has given such noble sums for home and foreign missionary work, the contributions of Dr. and Mrs. Gordon are worthy of note as examples of Christian giving. They took as a standard, "Give to him that asketh of thee," and their aid has been sought in connection with many branches of religious and philanthropic work. A thousand dollars was cheerfully given from his salary for benevolent work last year. Such noble giving on the part of a pastor and his wife could not fail to awaken a response in the hearts of the people.

While Dr. Gordon did rely upon God so fully for the means with which to carry on the work, his tact and forethought on various occasions were interesting to note. At one time last year a copy of "The Holy Spirit in Missions" was sent to those who previously contributed to the Boston Missionary Training school.

A printed slip was attached to the fly leaf, signed by Dr. Gordon in his own handwriting, expressing gratitude for donations in the past, while the work of the school was also set forth, suggesting what might be accomplished in the future.

That wonderful faith which impressed those who listened to his words was manifested in all the details of his life. "I am so impressed with the importance which God attaches to sweet voluntaries," says Dr. Gordon, "that I am often tempted to resolve never to beg a cent for God again, but rather to spend my energy in getting Christians spiritualized, assured that they will then certainly become liberalized."

His faith was often rewarded by these voluntary offerings, and many stories might be related of touching significance in this connection. We are reminded of an incident in the history of the Missionary Training school. As money was needed, the husband and wife were praying in their consecrated home that the Lord would send the required sum.

Dr. Gordon confidently expected that for which he asked, though the day began to wear away and no response came. After a time he left home on other business. In a few minutes the door-bell rang, and a woman of ordinary dress and appearance was ushered in. Finding that Dr. Gordon was away, she was about to leave the house, when Mrs. Gordon said to her,—"Can I do something for you, or take the message?" "Well," she said, "I have heard about the Missionary Training school, and while I am a Presbyterian, I have been praying for the school, and feel as if I would like to give something toward it."



Summer Home of Dr. A. J. Gordon, New Hampton, N. H.

The woman then proceeded to tell Mrs. Gordon that she was cooking in a family where she had been employed for many years, and that she had taken one hundred and fifty dollars from her bank account, including money earned over the cook-stove, that it might be given into the hands of Dr. Gordon to be used for the work to which her heart had been drawn. From such

an unexpected source the money came for that day. Thus in simple trust this great soul went on from hour to hour, forwarding the work of the Lord.

We are reminded of Dr. Gordon's words,—"It is a beautiful saying from one of our poets, who, speaking of our birth, says: 'Every soul leaves port under sealed orders. We cannot know whither we are going or what we are to do till the time comes for breaking the seal.' But I can tell you something more beautiful than this. Every regenerated soul sets out on its voyage with an invisible Captain on board, who knows the nature of our sealed orders from the outset, and who will shape our entire voyage accordingly, if we will only let him."

In spirit Dr. Gordon surely unconsciously echoed the alleged words of Israel's singer, "My hands have made a harp and my fingers fitted a psaltery." Certain it is "his harp was full stringed, and every angel of joy or sorrow swept over its cords as he passed." In memory he stands before us like David, "fit for loyal court or battle plain," a man after God's own heart. New Hampshire's hills and dales may have had a large share in fashioning the man so simple, yet so conversant with the varied forms of feeling that made him brother to his fellow-man in every plane of life.

Dr. and Mrs. Gordon returned each year with their family to the summer home in New Hampton, N. H., the place of his birth, and it was there that he spent his last vacation, after assisting Mr. D. L. Moody in Northfield, with whom he was in full sympathy in conference and evangelistic work.

Dr. Gordon was taken in the prime of his usefulness, while at the zenith of his power, not living to see the day of his activity pass by.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., gave a beautiful tribute, with that of others, at the funeral of Dr. Gordon. "He would have been great," said Dr. Pierson, "in many spheres; as a judge he would have been distinguished for marvelous equity and stainless probity; as a musician he would have given to the world oratorios that would have rivaled those of Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. Had he been an emperor, he might have combined the majesty of a Charlemagne with the ability of a Caesar and the urbanity of an Alfred the Great, but he was greatest in his goodness, which was never to the discount of firmness, of courage, or of resistance to evil. He was a ripe fruit, and the husbandman simply bent down and plucked it at its ripeness. You could not expect to keep him longer, for the light on his brow was the light of anticipated transfiguration."

If any recent preacher could use the words of St. Paul, certainly no one could do so more truthfully than Dr. Gordon. "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

"*Live in Christ*," says John Knox. "'*Live in Christ*' and you need not fear the death of the flesh." With these words Dr. Gordon closes that beautiful book, "In Christ," and in a preceding paragraph, speaking of the "*victory*" to which he referred when dying, Dr. Gordon dwells upon the hope beyond, saying,—"It is this hope that bridges the chasm of death and enables the heart to bound across it in triumph."

THE MANCHESTER PRESS CLUB.

By Park J. Stewart.

THE Manchester Press club, an organization which, in the brief term of its existence, has achieved a widely-known and honorable reputation for enterprise and hospitality, and which is recognized as a potent factor in the journalism of New Hampshire, had its inception in the fertile brain of Col. Alvin T. Thoits, now managing editor of *The Union*, and a member of the staff of His Excellency, Gov. Charles A. Busiel.

On the evening of Saturday, December 3, 1892, a small company of the newspaper workers of Manchester,—the men who seek out and compile the news of the day and night, who respond to every demand upon their energies whenever duty or an enthusiastic devotion to their calling demands, and who constitute the bone, muscle, and sinew of every newspaper,—assembled in the committee room of the old city hall building. Hon. E. J. Knowlton, at that time mayor of Manchester, himself an active journalist, called the meeting to order and explained the desirability of the organization of a press club as a member of the International League of Press Clubs. The idea was a taking one; the preliminary steps were at once taken by the appointment of various committees, and Herbert N. Davison was elected as the first president of the club, Frank M. Frisselle as secretary, and Oscar H. A. Chamberlen as treasurer.

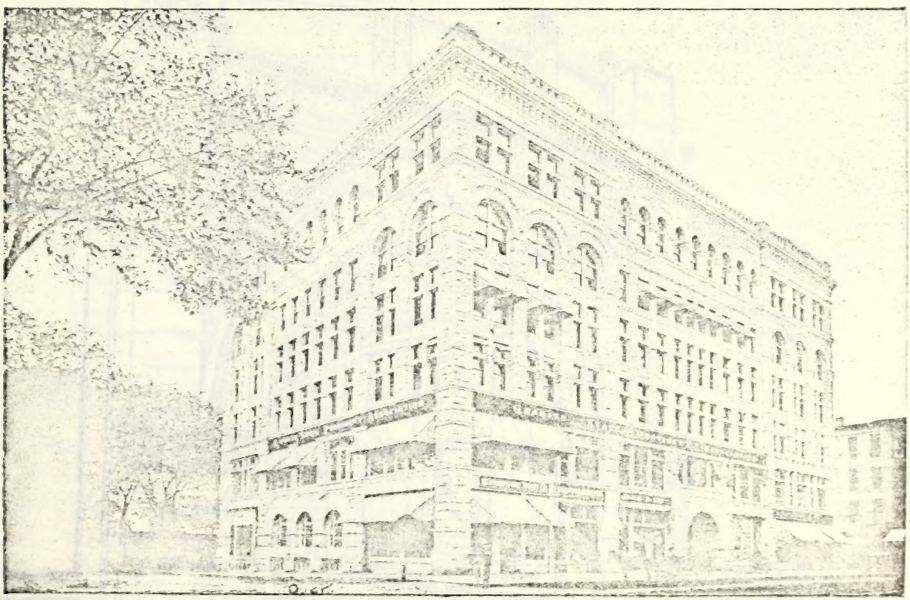
Attractive apartments were secured in the Pickering building, and these the well-know generosity of Manchester business men materially aided in furnishing, by contributions of money and articles of utility and adornment. The deft hands of the ladies of the members also came to the aid of the organization, and the rooms were transformed into an inviting resort of more than ordinary beauty.

On Fast day, 1893, the club held its first public reception, on which occasion its rooms were thronged with the representative people of the Queen city, the people who go to make up the social, political, and business life of the metropolis of the state. More than 1,200 persons called during the day, and enjoyed the cheery hospitality which the club set forth.

On the evening of May 29, 1893, the club presented, for its first annual benefit, Hoyt's "A Temperance Town," and never, before or since, has the Manchester opera house held a larger or better pleased audience. The popular playwright, Mr. Charles H. Hoyt, was present in person, and was called before the curtain. The club gave him and members of his company an informal reception, and the occasion stands as one of the bright-

est theatrical events in the amusement history of the city.

At the annual meeting of the club, in December following, Mr. Thoits was selected as the head of the organization, with Miron W. Hazeltine as secretary, while Mr. Chamberlen was continued as treasurer. In January, 1894, the club took out articles of incorporation, and in April, thereafter, the club transferred its headquarters to that handsome, commodious, and elegant monument to Manchester's enterprise — the Kennard building, — which was erected at an expense of $300,000. Here the club's home is to be found on the fifth floor, in the north-east corner, where it occupies 1,000 feet of floor room. There are two apartments, the main reception room and card room, which are separated by sliding doors, and which, on social occasions, are converted into one room. The floors are of polished hard wood, on which rich rugs are strewn in profusion. The furniture is of oak and embraces the straight back, easy, reclining, and rocking chairs, a couch, and several tables, upon which are to be seen the representative newspapers and periodicals of the day. There is also a library, comprising several hundred volumes, and the equipment of the rooms throughout is luxuriant enough to gratify the taste of the most fastidious.



The Kennard. Home of the Manchester Press Club.

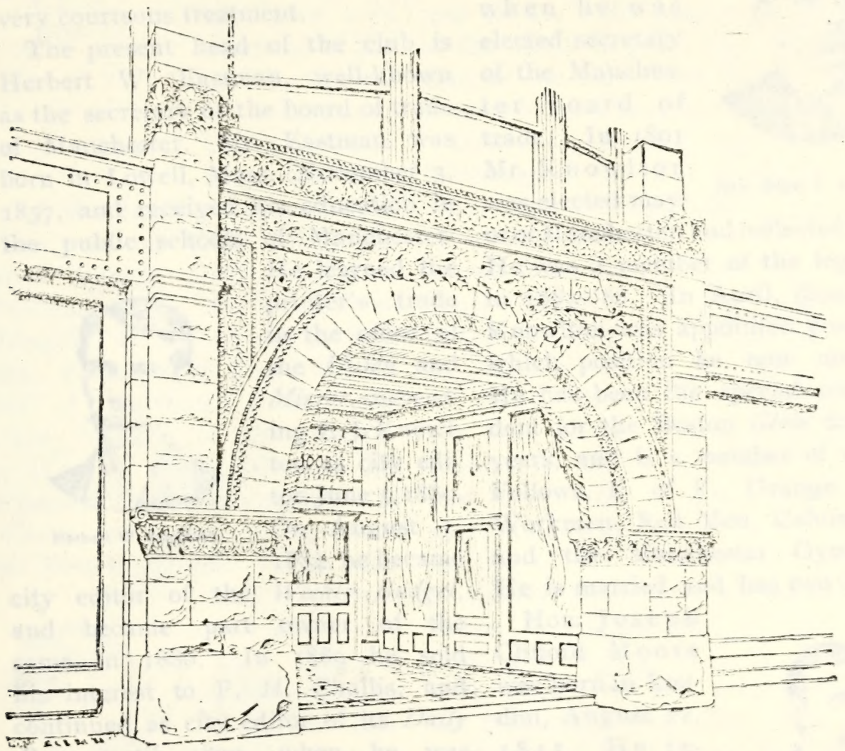
Upon the walls are to be seen excellent engravings and paintings, and a large upright piano of superb tone affords the sesame to many hours of pleasure. Upon the club's register are to be found names of scores of people who have won not only local, but state-wide and national, fame, and there is room for more.

It is a feature of the club's social



life to hold what is known as a "Ladies' night," once a month, save during the summer, and at these gatherings not only the ladies of the members attend, but each member is granted one or more tickets of invitation, and the result is that the rooms are always filled when such an event takes place, and the evening is passed in literary and musical entertainment which is preliminary to a session of progressive whist with an intermission for delectable refreshments.

The comedy-drama of "Friends," by Edwin Milton Royle, constituted the club's second annual benefit and was given on the evening of March 13, 1894, and again was a triumphant success achieved. While president of the club, Mr. Thoits was deputized by the organization to attend the annual convention of the International League of Press Clubs at Atlanta, Ga., which proved to be a most notable gathering. President Thoits bore with him the invitations of the city of Manchester as expressed through its mayor, the Manchester Board of Trade, and of the Manchester Press club, for the league to hold its next convention in Manchester.



Grand Entrance to the Kennard. Home of the Manchester Press Club.

The Manchester Press club is the only press club in New Hampshire, and the only one north of Boston, which is identified with the International league of that name. Its membership comprises nearly every one of the active newspaper men of Manchester, and through this organ-

ization the members have won considerable celebrity by their earnest advocacy of the proposed equestrian statue to the memory of Gen. John Stark of Revolutionary renown, whose remains are buried within the city limits of Manchester. Through their organization they have appealed to congress and the leading newspapers of the country, and have received very courteous treatment.

The present head of the club is Herbert W. Eastman, well-known as the secretary of the board of trade of Manchester. Mr. Eastman was born in Lowell, Mass., November 3, 1857, and received his education in the public schools of Manchester. He learned the printer's trade in the office of the *Union* and *Mirror*, succeeding E. J. Knowlton as city editor, June 5, 1880. On August 1, 1884, he became city editor of the *Weekly Budget*, and became part owner of the same in 1886. In 1889 he sold his interest to F. H. Challis, and continued as city editor of its *Daily Press* until 1890, when he was elected secretary and treasurer of the board of trade, which position he now fills. He is treasurer of the Coon club, and is editor and publisher of the *Board of Trade Journal*. He is married.



Herbert W. Eastman.

Edgar J. Knowlton was born in Sutton, N. H., and received his education in the district schools. He commenced his journalistic career on the *Union* in 1873, learning his trade. In 1875 he entered the employ of the *Niagara Democrat*, and later, worked on the *Daily Union* of that place as editor. On January 1, 1881, he returned to Manchester, entering the employ of the *Mirror*, where he was advanced to city editor, later occupying a like position on the *Union* until February, 1890, when he was elected secretary of the Manchester board of trade. In 1891 Mr. Knowlton was elected mayor of Manchester, and reëlected in 1893. He was a member of the legislature in 1887–'88. In April, 1894, Mayor Knowlton was appointed postmaster, which position he now maintains. He has been the special correspondent for the Boston *Globe* for fifteen years, and is a member of the Odd Fellows, K. of P., Grange, United Workmen, Red Men, Calumet club, and the Manchester Gymnasium. He is married and has two children.



Hon. Edgar J. Knowlton.

Hon. Joseph Clifford Moore was born in Loudon, August 22, 1845. He received his early education in the schools of Lake Village, afterwards pursued a course of medical training at the New York Medical college. He practised medicine in Lake Village for thirteen years, and in 1879 he became interested in the *Union*, of which paper he is now the publisher. Mr. Moore has served in



Hon. Joseph Clifford Moore.

the state senate and was a delegate to the Democratic National convention in 1888. He is a member of the New Hampshire club, having been president of that organization in 1885. He is married, but has no children.



Col. Alvin T. Thoits.

Col. Alvin T. Thoits was born in Pownal, Me., thirty-six years ago, and was educated in the public schools of Portland. He has been connected with many of the leading newspapers of the east, among them being the *Montreal Gazette*, *Daily New Era*, of Portland, Me., *Mirror*, *Post* of Washington, D. C., *Herald* of New Britain, *Telegram* of Troy, N. Y., *Herald* of Hartford, Conn., and was the founder of the Middletown (Conn.) *Daily Herald*. He is at present the managing editor of the *Union*, and special correspondent of the Boston *Herald*. He is married and has one son. Colonel Thoits is aide-de-camp on Governor Busiel's staff and a member of the Knights of Honor and Knights of Pythias.



Edward J. Burnham.

Edward J. Burnham was born in Epsom, July 6, 1853, and received his education in the common schools, at Pittsfield academy, and Bates college. He was employed for four years upon the Dover *Press*, and entered the employment of the *Union* in the spring of 1880, having been in continuous service since, as proof reader, travelling agent, editorial writer, managing editor, and editor, which latter position he now occupies. Mr. Burnham is at present a director in the *Union* Publishing Co., president of the Coon club, treasurer of the Manchester Electric club, secretary of the Manchester Building and Loan association, lecturer of the State grange, a trustee of the Elliot hospital, and correspondent of the New York *Herald*. He is married and has four children.

Henry H. Everett was born in Wilmington, N. C., November 6, 1841. While yet a child his parents returned to their former home in New Hampshire, locating in Manchester in 1846. He left the public schools at thirteen to enter an apprenticeship on the *Granite Farmer and Visitor*, a weekly newspaper published by James O. Adams, and in 1859 entered the employ of C. F. Livingston, book and job printer, where he remained until 1879, with the exception of three years, from May, 1861, to June, 1864, which were spent as a private in Company C, Second N. H. Volunteers, in the Civil War. In 1875 he purchased an interest in the *Saturday Night Dispatch*, established by M. S. Hunt, which interest he disposed of three years later, and in company with L. L. Aldrich started *The Weekly Times*. In the spring of 1883 this venture came to an end, and in May



Henry H. Everett.

of that year Mr. Everett entered the employ of the *Union*, first as proof reader, then as city editor, then state editor, and finally was placed on the staff of editorial writers, where he now is. In addition to editorial writing, he has charge of the weekly edition of the *Union*, and of the department of current literature on the daily. More widely than by his own name he is probably known as "The Rambler," having over that signature conducted a department in the *Union*, for the past twelve years. Mr. Everett has been identified with the Manchester Press club since its organization, and at its last annual meeting, in December, was elected president, an honor which he declined, believing it more properly belonged to a younger and more active member. He is also a member of Louis Bell Post, G. A. R., and of Washington Lodge of Masons.

J. Warren Thyng is a native of Lakeport, born in the forties. He is



J. Warren Thyng.

a graduate of the Massachusetts Normal Art school, and also a pupil of the National academy. Mr. Thyng was for eleven years principal of the Salem (Mass.) Art school, and was founder of the Akron (Ohio) School of Design. Covering a period of twelve years he acted as special artist for *Harper's Weekly*. He has always been peculiarly identified with the scenery of the lake country of New Hampshire. For the past three years he has been superintendent of the art department of the *Union*.

J. Ed Coffin was born in Minneapolis, Minn., August 14, 1860, and removed to Manchester in 1870. His first newspaper connection was in 1878, with the old *Union* office, sweeping floors, setting type, etc.



J. Ed. Coffin.

For six years he pied galleys of the trade all over the state. In 1884 began cartoon-drawing on the *Manchester Budget*, and began to write for newspapers soon after this. He has been from office-boy to editorial staff and chief artist several times, and back again, and has drawn weekly stipends from various New Hampshire and Massachusetts papers. He has a wife and one child.

O. H. A. Chamberlen was born in Dunbarton, July 14, 1859, and educated in the district and high schools of Dunbarton. He established and published the *Snow Flake* in Dunbarton, from December 25, 1877, till January 1, 1884, when he changed the name to *The Analecta*, and in September, 1884, removed his job and newspaper plant to Pittsfield, where it was conducted successfully till the summer of 1887, when the entire plant was sold. After a year on the farm in Dunbarton he was news editor and proof-reader on the

Daily Press, Manchester, fourteen months, since then being employed on the *Union*, where he has served as proof-reader, telegraph editor, and



O. H. A. Chamberlen.

editorial writer, and at present is the state and bicycle editor. He is married and has two children. He is a member of the Coon club, Granite State club, The Gymnasium, New Hampshire Cycle club, and treasurer Manchester Press club.

Edward D. Houston was born in St. Stevens, Ala., December 28, 1857, and educated at Kimball Union academy, Meriden, and the Normal school, Plymouth. He learned the printer's



Edward D. Houston.

trade in the *Mirror* office in 1877, and later was employed as proof-reader on the *Union*, also the *Courier* and *Times* of Lowell. He was publisher of the *Sentinel* and other papers at Franklin, Mass., from 1881 to 1884, and was engaged as editorial and special writer on horses by the *Union* in 1891, which position he now occupies. He is married.

Bert Leston Taylor was born in New York city, November 13, 1869. His early education was received in the public schools of the metropolis, and he was graduated at the age of fifteen from the College of the City of New York. His first newspaper work was at Greenfield, Mass., and during the past dozen years he has been employed on various newspapers



Bert Leston Taylor.

between New York and Montreal. Mr. Taylor is the son of Capt. A. O. Taylor, of the New York *Herald*. At present he is employed as city editor of the *Union*. In addition to his newspaper work he has contributed many short stories and sketches to the magazines, and has recently completed the libretto for a comic opera, which will probably be staged at New York early next season.

Elmer Ellsworth Snow was born



Elmer Ellsworth Snow.

in Great Falls (now Somersworth), March 23, 1860. He started his journalistic career with the *Union*, February 1, 1883, as compositor,

working at the case until February, 1889, when he accepted a position as proof-reader. In September, 1891, Mr. Snow was promoted to the telegraph editor's desk, which position he still maintains. He is a member of the Gymnasium, and Manchester Whist club. He is married and has two children.

E. C. E. Dorion was born in Montreal, August 19, 1872, and is the oldest son of Rev. and Mrs. Thomas A. Dorion. While he was yet young his father was called to labor in the New England states in the interests of the Methodist church, so that the subject of this sketch received most of his education in the public schools of New England, outside of a few years spent in boarding school. He graduated from the Manchester high school in 1891. In the fall of that year he became a member of the reportorial staff of the *Mirror*. Later he was connected with the Brockton (Mass.) *Despatch*, and a year and a half ago entered the employ of the *Union*. Mr. Dorion is also a printer by trade. He is a member of Stark lodge, I. O. G. T., and of Manchester commandery, U. O. G. C.



E. C. E. Dorion.

Frank X. Cashin, the youngest member of the *Union's* reportorial staff, was born in Manchester, May 5, 1876. He received his education in the Lake Avenue grammar, and is a graduate of St. Joseph's high school. On leaving school he joined the reportorial staff of the *Union*, July 17, 1893, which position he still occupies. He is a member of the Press club, Knights of St. John, and Young Men's Catholic union.



Frank X. Cashin.

Arthur Clifford Moore was born in Lowell, Mass., September, 1870. He received his early education in Boston and Lake Village, graduating with high honors from the Tilton Conference seminary in 1891. He entered the employ of the *Union* in 1891. In 1893 he was advanced to the position of business manager and assistant treasurer of the corporation, which position he now holds. He is a member of the Gymnasium, the Cygnet boat club, and Y. M. C. A. of Manchester.



Arthur Clifford Moore.

Arthur E. Clarke, son of the late Col. John B. Clarke, editor and proprietor of the *Daily Mirror and American* and the *Weekly Mirror and Farmer*, was born in Manchester, May 13, 1854. He was educated in the public schools of his native city, Phillips Andover academy, and Dartmouth college, being in the class of '75 in the latter institution. In the fall of 1875 he entered the office of the *Mirror* and began his journalistic life by setting type, which phase of newspaper work was followed by the running of presses, the doing of job work, and the reading of proof. He then assumed the city editor's chair,

and for a number of years did the local work unaided, subsequently with assistance. Leaving this position to assume the duties of general and state news and review editor, he served his paper several years in this varied capacity, vacating it to superintend the agricultural department and other features of the *Mirror and Farmer*, assisting at the same time on the *Daily Mirror* in the editorial, reportorial, and business departments. He also was the telegraph editor of the *Mirror* for over a year. Upon the death of his father, Mr. Clarke became the manager of the *Daily Mirror*, the *Mirror and Farmer*, and the job printing and book binding features incident to the office, and has since conducted the large business affairs of the office, besides doing almost daily work with his pen for both papers. Upon the organization of The John B. Clarke Co., he was elected its president, which position he holds now. Mr. Clarke represented the *Mirror* as legislative reporter for four sessions. He has been a member of the common council of Manchester; has represented ward three in the legislature; was adjutant of the First regiment N. H. N. G. for a number of years; during President Garfield's administration occupied the position of agricultural statistician for New Hampshire; was appointed colonel on the staff of Gov. Hiram A. Tuttle; is president of the New Hampshire Press association, the New Hampshire member of the executive committee of the National Press association, and is a member of the Boston Press club, the Manchester Press club, and the Coon club. Mr. Clarke is past exalted ruler of the Manchester Lodge of Elks, ex-president of the Derryfield club of Manchester, and a member of Amoskeag grange. He is not associated with any other secret society. He is director of the Northern Telegraph Co. Mr. Clarke is an enthusiastic devotee of hunting and fishing, and frequently seeks rest and relaxation from business cares along these channels. He has been a lover of elocutionary work since his grammar school days, and has successfully participated in prize speaking contests at Phillips academy and Dartmouth college, carrying off first honors at the latter institution in 1875. The dramatic and musical departments of the *Mirror* have been conducted by him ever since he became associated with the paper. Mr. Clarke offers prizes each year to the schools of Hooksett for elocutionary excellence.



Col. Arthur E. Clarke.

Hon. William Cogswell Clarke is a native of Manchester and has always lived there. He was educated in the public schools of the city and is a graduate of Phillips Andover academy and Dartmouth college, and since leaving college has been identified with the *Mirror*, for seven years as its city editor and, latterly, as a special writer. He has served six years on the Manchester school board and



Hon. William Cogswell Clarke.

one term in the legislature. At the last November election he was elected mayor of Manchester on the Republican ticket, for a term of two years, and now holds that office.

Herbert N. Davison, city editor of the *Mirror*, is twenty-seven years old and a native of Manchester, where he has always lived, and is a graduate of the city schools. He entered the *Mirror* office in 1882 to learn the printer's trade and mastered it in all its details. He then joined, in 1885, the reportorial force of the *Union*, and stayed with that paper until 1888, when he returned to the *Mirror*, where he has since been employed. He is married and has one son, Earl. He was the first president of the Manchester Press club and is the Manchester correspondent ("Percy") of the Boston *Journal*.



Herbert N. Davison.

Frank Monroe Frisselle was born December 22, 1862, in Boston, and was educated in the Boston public schools. His first newspaper work was fifteen years ago, when he was for a time the Boston correspondent of the Atlanta, Ga., *Constitution*. During the latter part of 1884 he came to Manchester and worked nearly a year in the *Mirror* office, and then transferred his allegiance to the *Union*, with which paper he remained about six years, serving most of the time on the reportorial force under City Editor E. J. Knowlton. He resigned August 22, 1891, after serving nearly two years as city editor, succeeding Mr. Knowlton. He is now connected with the *Mirror* local staff, holding the position of assistant city editor. Mr. Frisselle is an active member of the Manchester fire department, corporal in the First light battery, is one of the original ten members of the Coon club, was the first secretary of the Press club, is an ex-member of the Cygnet boat club, and has been admitted to membership in Agawam tribe, Improved Order of Red Men, Ben Franklin Council, O. U. A. M., and is an honorary member of the Sarsfield Boating association. He was married June 19, 1886, to Miss Emma T. Beach, daughter of Representative John T. Beach of Manchester.



Frank Monroe Frisselle.

William Harold Topping was born November 26, 1865. After receiving a liberal education he became a disciple of Benjamin Franklin and learned the printer's trade in the office of the Waverly (N. Y.) *Advocate*. Eight years ago he secured his first reportorial position as city editor of the Bayonne (N. J.) *Herald*, and later held a similar position on a summer paper published on the east end of Long Island. He came to New Hampshire five years ago on the Hillsborough *Messenger*, and during the campaign of 1892 he entered the employ of the *New Hampshire Repub-*



William Harold Topping.

lican, and when the paper suspended he went to Laconia as correspondent of the *Union*. In June, 1893, he joined the reportorial staff of the *Mirror*, where he is now located, serving his employers as their legislative correspondent.



E. Irving Farrington.

E. Irving Farrington, telegraph editor of the *Mirror*, was born nineteen years ago in Manchester, and with the exception of a few years passed in Pembroke, has always lived in the city of his nativity. He obtained his education in the public schools of the Queen City, graduating from the High school in the class of '94. During the last year of his school life he was a regular correspondent of the *Mirror*, and immediately after his graduation he became a reporter on its staff, and six months later he was offered and accepted the position which he now holds. Mr. Farrington perhaps comes naturally by his newspaper instinct, his father having received training as a practical printer, while his grandfather on the paternal side of the family was for several years part owner of what is now the *Laconia Democrat*.



Edward I. Partridge.

Edward I. Partridge was born in Norwich, Vt., November 12, 1859. His education was obtained in the common schools and academy there. December 24, 1887 he went to La Paz, Bolivia, as professor of English and mathematics in "Collegis Nacional," remaining in South America for about a year. He returned to Manchester and entered the employ of the late Col. John B. Clarke as a reporter on the *Mirror*, remaining nearly two years, when he accepted a position with the S. C. Forsaith Machine company. In October, 1894, he returned to the *Mirror* and is at present employed in the capacity of a reporter. He is married and has four children.

Austin Waldo Flint is a native of Manchester, where he was born November 22, 1874. His early education was obtained in the Manchester public schools, concluding with a classical course at the Manchester high school, from which he graduated in the class of '93. Immediately upon leaving school, he became a member of the reportorial staff of the *Mirror*, with which he has since been connected.

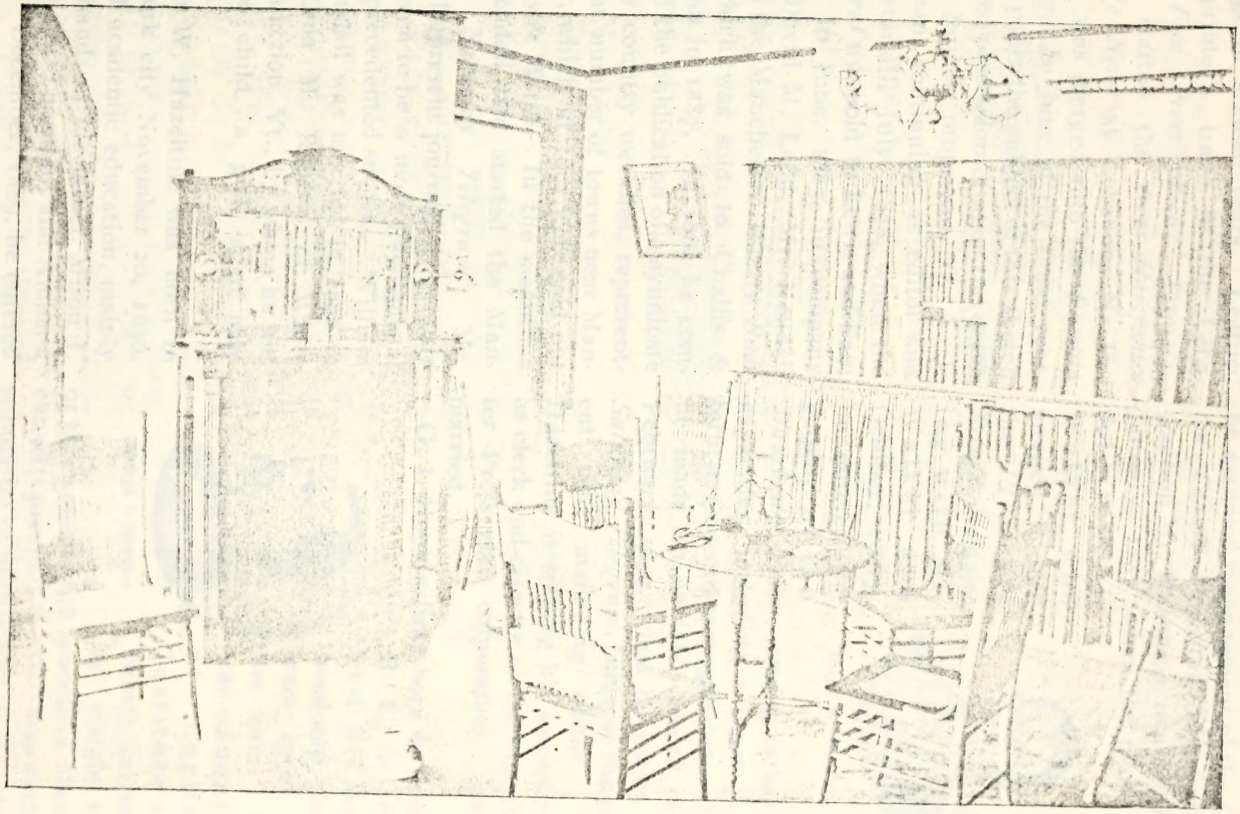


Austin Waldo Flint.

William M. Kendall, publisher of the *Saturday Telegram*, was born in Woodstock, Vt., November 24, 1854, and removed to Lebanon, N. H., in 1864. Educated in the public schools at Taftsville, Vt., and Lebanon, and at the Vermont Conference seminary, Montpelier, Vt. Owned an amateur printing office



William M. Kendall.



The Manchester Press Club Card Room.



when fourteen years old, and commenced the publication of a monthly paper called the *Youth's Standard* at the age of sixteen years. Learned the printer's trade in the Lebanon *Free Press* office. January, 1876, started the *New Hampshire Weekly News* at Lebanon, N. H., which was merged into the *Laconia Democrat* in June of the same year, which paper the subject of this sketch acquired possession of upon the death of its former proprietor, O. A. J. Vaughan, continuing as editor and proprietor till July, 1878, when the *Democrat* was sold to Lewis and Sanborn. In June, 1883, in company with David M. Ladd, Mr. Kendall started the Manchester *Weekly Budget*, which was sold to Challis & Eastman in 1887. In 1889 he commenced the publication of a syndicate of forty country weeklies, representing that number of towns near Manchester, which in 1891 were sold out to Kelly & Morse. In the meantime Mr. Kendall had started the Manchester *Saturday Telegram*. Mr. Kendall's present journalistic venture has proven to be a most phenomenal and unprecedented success. William M. Kendall was married in 1886 to Miss Lena M. Roberts of White River Junction, Vt., by whom he has had one child, a girl, aged nine months.

Miron W. Hazeltine was born in New York city November 20, 1856, received academic education, mainly at the hands of his father, Miron J. Hazeltine of Thornton, and Amherst college. December, 1889, he entered the employ of the *Grafton County Democrat*, Plymouth, as an apprentice. From July, 1881, to January, 1883, he was employed successively on the *Lakeside News*, Lake Village; *Belknap Tocsin*, Laconia; and *Laconia Democrat*. In January, 1883, he assumed management of the *Grafton County Democrat*, Plymouth, a position Mr. Hazeltine retained until January, 1887, when the paper was sold to T. J. Walker, who merged it into the *Plymouth Record*. Remaining with Mr. Walker until October, 1887, he entered the employ of the *Manchester Union*, serving in various capacities, including a three years' term as Concord correspondent, where he made an enviable record, until February, 1894, when he joined the *Saturday Telegram*, being at the present time managing editor. Mr. Hazeltine is serving his second term as clerk and director of the Manchester Press club corporation. He is married.



Miron W. Hazeltine.

G. I. Hopkins was born in Foster, R. I., in 1850, and his boyhood and youth were spent on the farm. He was educated at Lapham Institute and Brown university; taught two or three small high schools in Massachusetts previous to 1880; was elected submaster of high school in Manchester in 1880, where he has since remained. He was the first president of the Manchester Electric club; is a member of Washington lodge of



George I. Hopkins.

Masons; author of a manual of plane geometry; special writer and correspondent of the *Union*, and is editor of a mathematical column in *Journal of Education*. He is unmarried.



Harry J. Rock.

Harry J. Rock is a native of New York, but has resided in New England during the last ten years, Concord, N. H., being his present residence, where his artistic skill is winning for him warm, influential friends. In newspaper illustrating he has filled engagements on several eastern periodicals, and his originality, dash, and catchy treatment of whatever news event came under his pen, have given him an honored place among publishers, as well as members of his own craft. It is rare indeed that nature bestows upon any one person talents of such wide scope as Mr. Rock is the fortunate possessor of, for he is an exceptionally skillful artist in all the term implies; is a pleasant young man to meet, and a pleasanter one to know. He is a member of the Manchester, Lowell (Mass.), and Lawrence (Mass.) Press clubs, and of the Coon club.



Walter H. Shilvock.

W. H. Shilvock was born in London, Eng., January 1, 1871. At an early age he moved with his parents to St. Albans, Vt., where he acquired his education in the St. Albans academy. In 1887 he came to Manchester, where he learned the wood-engraving business of A. E. Herrick. From thence he entered the employ of the Novelty Advertising Co. as engraver and illustrator, until in 1893 he started in business for himself. Mr. Shilvock has made illustrations for every newspaper in the city and several elsewhere.

Gustav Langer was born in Germany, and after having finished his studies he became connected with journalistic affairs and the magazine and newspaper business. Since his arrival in the United States he has resided in various cities as teacher of German, and on the 4th of October he started the publishing of the *New Hampshire Post* in Manchester, the first and only German newspaper published in the state. The name of the paper was recently changed to *Deutsche Post*, and Mr. Langer has been and still is its editor, with the exception of eighteen months, during which time he was travelling in the Western states.



Gustav Langer.

Joseph Edward Bernier was born near Quebec, May 24, 1866, and was liberally educated. At the age of twenty he began to read law at Laval university, Quebec. Removed to the United States in 1889, and became identified with *L'Avenir*



Joseph Edward Bernier.



Canadien, then published by Mr. E. R. Dufresne in Manchester; later on worked for Mr. Lenthier, publisher of *Le National* of Manchester. In the spring of 1894, in company with Charles T. Roy, he purchased the plant and paper formerly owned by Mr. Lenthier, the publication of which is still continued by them.

Louis Comeau was born near Three Rivers, P. Q., October 15, 1852; graduated from Nicolet college in 1871. His first experience in journalism was in 1879 as assistant editor of *Le Patriote* of Bay City, Mich. In 1888 he removed to Manchester and was appointed assistant editor of *L'Avenir Canadien*, and afterwards editor of *Le Courier du New Hampshire*, *Le Reveil*, *Le Progrès*, French daily owned by a syndicate, and later editor and proprietor of *Le Bulletin*. He is now correspondent for *L'Etoile* of Lowell and *L'Independent* of Fall River.



Louis Comeau.

J. R. B. Kelley was born in Weare, N. H., in 1858, and was educated in the public schools of that town and at Francestown academy, from which he was graduated in the class of '82. He was elected a delegate to the last constitutional convention. Mr. Kelly became actively engaged in the publishing business in 1890, when in company with F. H. Morse of Weare he purchased the Manchester *Advertiser* and country papers of the Kendall Newspaper Co., and organized the Kelley & Morse Publishing Co., Mr. Kelley becoming the managing editor. He continued in charge of the business till 1893, when the company was absorbed by the Syndicate Publishing Co. He was elected manager of the new company, a position which he still occupies.



John R. B. Kelley.



Freeman Gilmore Riddle.



Wallace G. Stone.

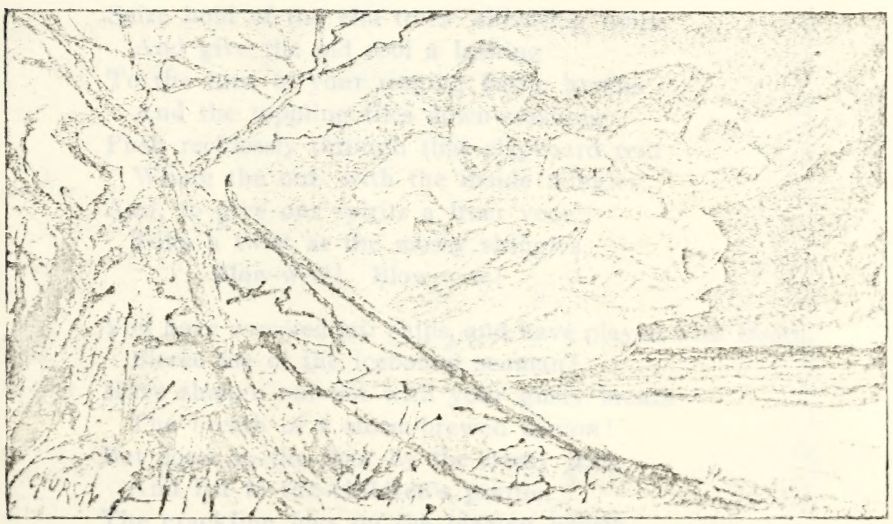
Freeman Gilmore Riddle was born in Manchester July 25, 1866; educated in the public schools and the Bryant & Stratton business college and engaged in the printing business in 1889. At present he is treasurer of the Syndicate Publishing Co. Mr. Riddle served seven years in the N. H. N. G., holding when discharged the position of second sergeant of Company K, First regiment.

Wallace G. Stone, editor and proprietor of the *Massabesic Gem*, has been a resident of Manchester ten years, and previous to publishing the *Gem* worked on the local dailies and spent one summer as local editor of the Keene *Tribune*. The *Gem* is published during the summer season in the interests of cottage owners and sojourners at Lake Massabesic, Manchester's delightful summer resort. He is married.

THE NORTH WIND'S WINTER OUTING.[1]

By Edward A. Jenks.

Bold Buccaneer! from your circus tent,
Where the frost king cannot bind you,
You scurry away, on mischief bent,
With your crew of howls behind you:
Ride fast and far, till your horses' neigh
And the clang of your spurs and lances
Are heard from the close to the break of day
In the children's dreamland fancies.
Blow-w-w! Blow-w-w!

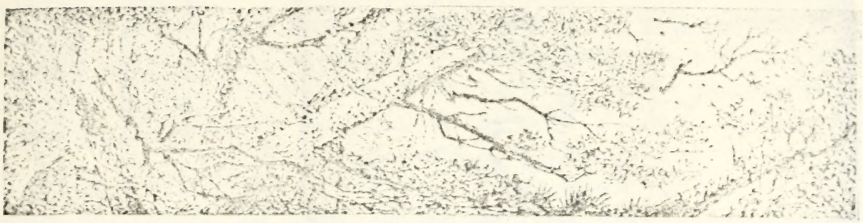


Drive headlong down great Baffin bay—
Plough deep the cringing water—
Till the thousand storm-born Furies play
At the game of wreck and slaughter:
Fly thundering down the slopes of snow
On your plunging ice toboggan,
Your war-cry heard by friend and foe—
The North Wind's mighty slogan!
Blow-w-w! Blow-w-w!

[1] The illustrations of this poem are copied from the Illustrated Edition of Longfellow's Poetical Works, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, who have kindly permitted their use in this connection.



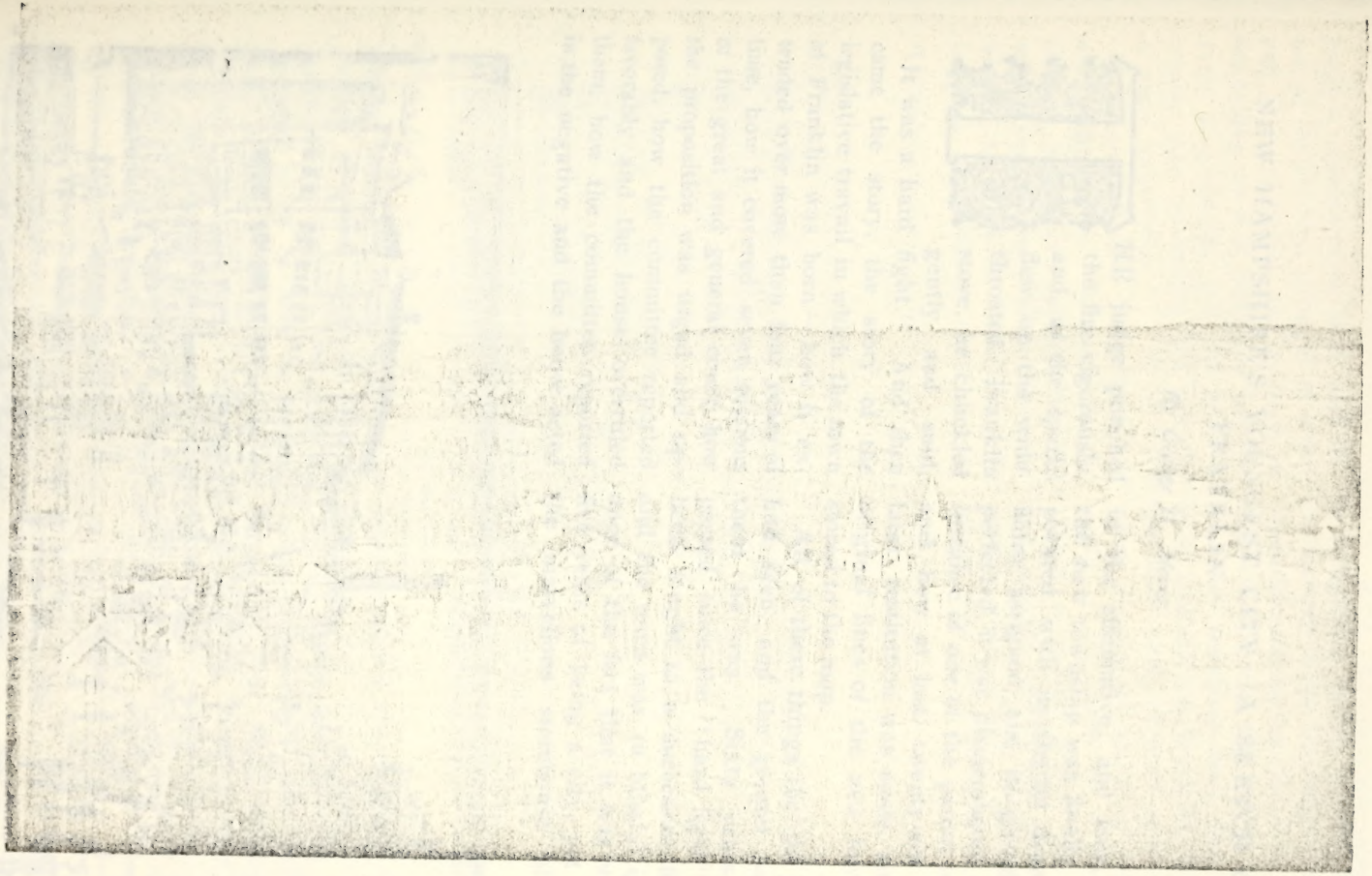
Shriek madly—howl to your heart's content,
  Demoniac wind of the winter!
Blow high! blow low! till your strength is spent—
  The strength of an Arctic sprinter!
Go trumpeting through the mountain woods
  Like a giant Son of Thunder,
And waken the torpid solitudes
  As the hemlocks split asunder.
    Blow-w-w! Blow-w-w!



Seize hold of the elm trees' shivering limbs,
  And give the old roof a lashing
To the tune of your ringing battle hymns
  And the toppling tiles down-crashing:
Push recklessly through that clapboard rent
  Where the out- with the inside mingles,
And, to give our spirits a freer vent,
  Take a twist at the mossy shingles.
    Blow-w-w! Blow-w-w!

You have wrecked fair ships, and have played with Death,
  Fierce foe of the icebound seaman!
Have shaken our cot with your gusty breath—
  The breath of a storm-brewed demon!
But come to the door by the frosty path,
  And list to the children's prattle,
The crackling logs on the blazing hearth,
  And the teakettle's tittle-tattle.
    Blow-w-w! Blow-w-w!

The children play where the firelight falls—
  Outside, the snow is flying!
The shadows dance on the laughing walls—
  Who cares for the North Wind's sighing!
Go back, wild tramp, bewildered, dumb,
  To your home where the mercury freezes;
But come again when the blue-birds come,
  In the softest of vernal breezes.
    Blow-w-w! Blow-w-w!



The City of Franklin.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S YOUNGEST CITY: A SKETCH OF FRANKLIN.

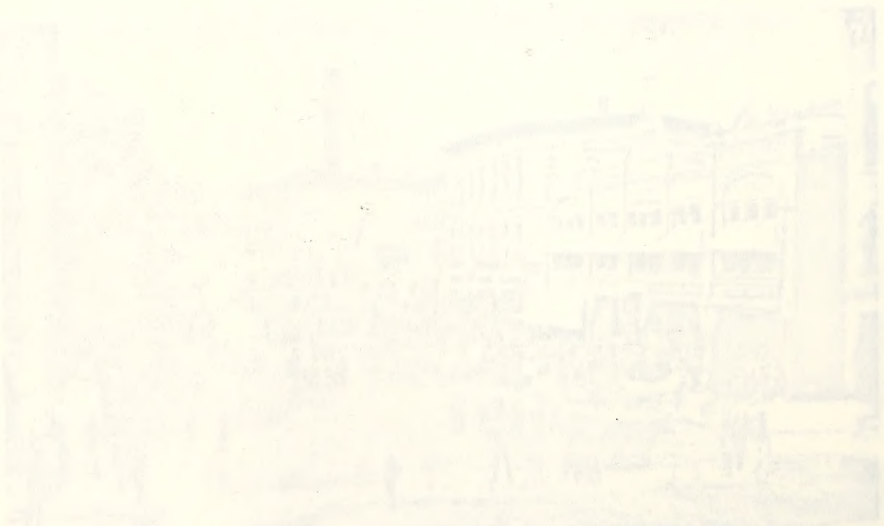
By George H. Moses.

THE judge punched the fire vigorously, and, as the sparks flew up the wide-throated Franklin stove, he chuckled gently and said, "It was a hard fight." And then came the story, the story of the legislative travail in which the town of Franklin was born — how it extended over more than four years of time, how it covered seven sessions of the great and general court, how the proposition was urged and opposed, how the committee reported favorably and the house overruled them, how the committee reported in the negative and the house acted in the affirmative; and how, when the new township was finally incorporated, with its charter drawn, its name assigned, and its government perfected, it was dismembered at the instance of one of the parent towns; and how at last, twenty-six years later, restitution was made, and the original lines of the new town restored to the map.

All of these things the old judge had seen, and the greater part of them he was. Sixty years had passed since the "hard fight" had been fought to a successful finish, and the town was in blissful ignorance of the fact that it was within five years of being a city, yet from the marvellous storehouse of the

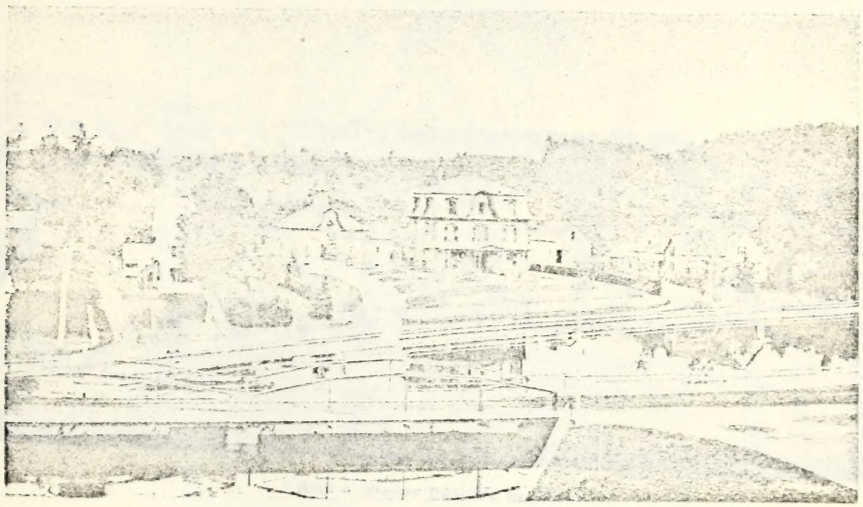


Central Street.



judge's memory came forth each detail of the old-time struggle as accurate in every feature and as keen in the telling as if it had been but the event of yesterday and the teller a young man recounting the story of a novel experience.

I cannot tell that story now, nor can anybody else. When the bright light of the judge's memory was extinguished all hope of an adequate history of Franklin vanished. So long as his memory could be depended upon the judge would never commit to paper what he had always at his tongue's end, and his memory lasted as long as he himself. Whatever the most industrious student could do now would result only in securing the merest fragments of what should be a complete and symmetrical whole.



The Ox-Bow.

When, in 1639, the agents of the Massachusetts Bay colony came up the Merrimack river to "the crotch" where the Winnipiseogee and the Pemigewasset unite, and then pressed three miles further on to blaze a tree in recognition of the extreme northern bounds of the sovereignty of the Massachusetts power, the foot of civilization first trod the soil of Franklin, and, retracing itself, the sound of its foot-fall was heard no more in the land until thirteen years later when the onward march of progress again in the form of a party of king's surveyors passed this way and paused only when they were twenty miles above "the crotch," where they engraved their own and their master's names upon a huge boulder, and they, too, returned, leaving the region again to its aboriginal possessors who were disturbed but infrequently and molested not at all by the adventurous trappers who sometimes threaded their way up the valley.

To the wily red man this spot was a highly favored one. A well worn "carry" still shows the trail over which the Indians took their way from one stream to the other, and the richness of a local collector's cabinet of aboriginal relics gathered near



by testifies, if not to a permanent location here, to frequent visits of long duration. Upon the hill where now is the public cemetery the Indians buried their dead, and a party of explorers, who came here in 1689, found the aboriginal city of the dead well populated, indicating an Indian occupation of decades, to say the least.

It was almost a century after this that John Stark passed through here on his way to the hunting-grounds farther north, and it was two years later than that that Powers's surveying party came here and, on the 17th of June, 1754, caused to be entered upon the log of the expedition the record, "Marked up the Merrimack to the crotch or parting thereof." The party camped while on Franklin soil a mile and a half above the carrying-place between the two rivers, sleeping on the Pemigewasset side.

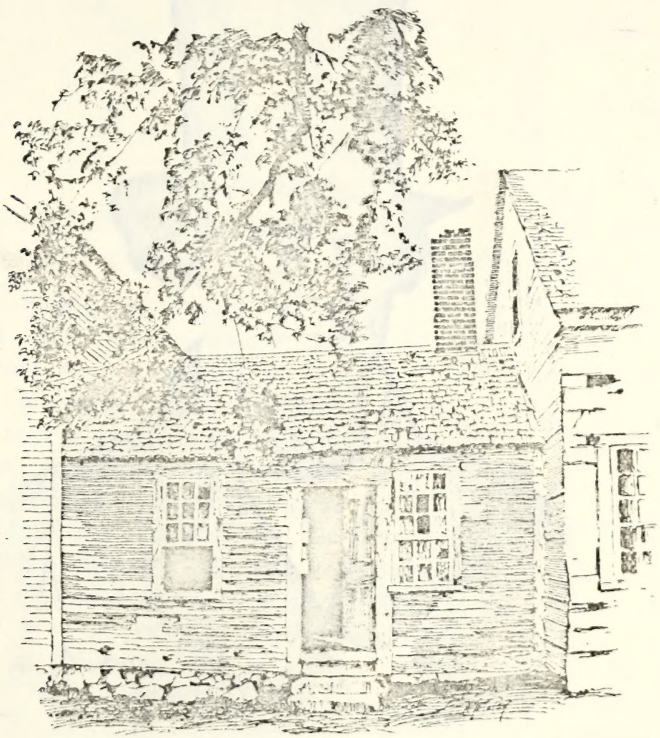
But Stark and Powers found white inhabitants here in the persons of Philip Call and his associates, Nathaniel Maloon and Sinkler Bean, the first named of these having arrived on the intervales of the Merrimack, at the spot now known as the Webster Place, in 1748. Here he and his son Stephen established themselves, while Maloon and Bean sought homes in the western part of the town, where Maloon and his wife and three children were taken prisoners by the Indians during the next year, and were carried to Canada and held for several years. Call's lot was the more pitiful, nevertheless, for in 1754 his wife was killed by the savages while he, secreted near by, unarmed, was compelled to be an unwilling witness to the butchery. Call's daughter and grandchild escaped the fate of the older woman by lying hidden in the chimney.



"Back o' Warren Daniell's Barn."

The why and wherefore of Call's coming here do not appear. In 1736 the commonwealth of Massachusetts had bestowed the township upon a group of officers and soldiers who had served in the French and Indian wars, but it was twelve years later

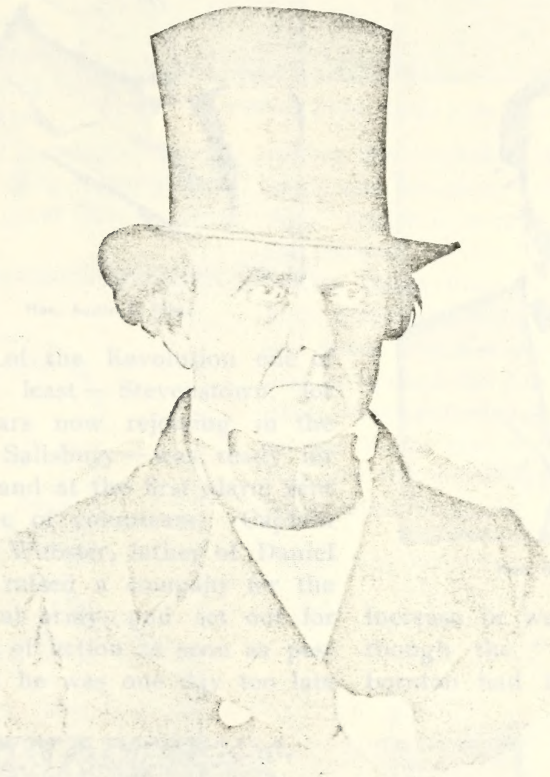
than this that Call came here. This first grant was named Bakerstown, in honor of Captain Thomas Baker who had been killed by the sachem Waternumus near the stream now known as Baker's river, and Call was not among the grantees, none of whom, as it seems, fulfilled the conditions of the grant which was, in addition, invalidated by the settlement of the boundary dispute in favor of New Hampshire, thus opening the way for the long quarrel over the Masonian title, which was at the last quietly secured by a rich and powerful syndicate who easily obtained the necessary indorsement of their propriatorial rights, and who then proceeded to grant townships in quite the royal fashion.



Daniel Webster's Birthplace.

To Ebenezer Stevens and others, in the month of December, 1748, eighty years to the month before the town of Franklin was chartered, the Masonian proprietors made the grant of a township which, when the time for its christening came, was known as Stevenstown. The grant itself did not issue until October 26, 1749. It then appears that Philip Call had established some sort of title to his holding, for in the record of the grantees we find, "Philip Call being in on part of the land hereinafter mentioned." Major Stevens, for whom the town was named, died six days after the grant was secured, and probably never saw the property, but his proxy more than made up for the loss, for it was through the

major's influence that the parents of Daniel Webster were induced to leave their home in Kingston, where most of the grantees lived, and make their way to Stevenstown, which was then and for several years afterward the extreme northern outpost of the colony, and between it and Canada there rose the smoke of no white



Daniel Webster.

man's habitation. The grantees set earnestly at work to improve their property and to induce settlements.

In 1752 there were inhabitants and the encroachments of the Indians were severe enough to demand for the infant town a guard of soldiery. Before this the people had built themselves a fort on the Merrimack intervales, and were measurably prepared to take care of themselves in an ordinary crisis. The little hamlet was without neighbors for more than ten years. In 1761 the first settlers ventured into Northfield territory, across the river, and into Andover, six miles over the hills to the north. It was not until 1764 that the first white man took up a residence in Sanbornton, and the quartette of towns which were to yield up their soil for Franklin's begetting was completed.

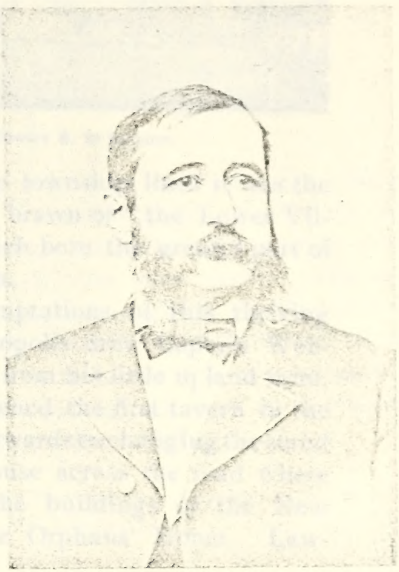
As the Indians were pushed farther and farther to the north these tiny settlements increased in population and resources, and at the



Hon. Austin F. Pike.

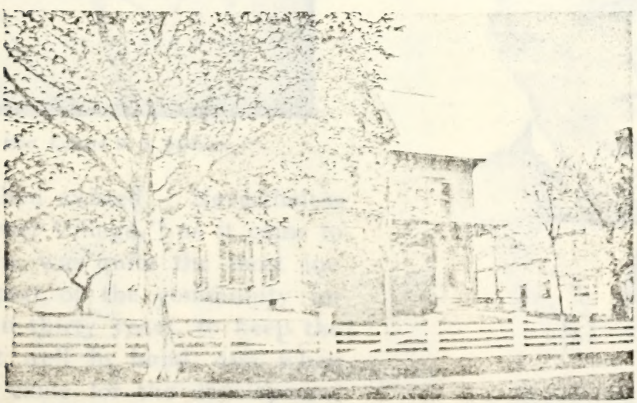
outbreak of the Revolution one of them, at least — Stevenstown, for seven years now rejoicing in the name of Salisbury — was ready for the fray, and at the first alarm sent off a force of volunteers. Captain Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel Webster, raised a company for the Continental army, and set out for the scene of action as soon as possible, but he was one day too late for the Battle of Bunker Hill, and had to wait for the campaign of Saratoga before showing of what stuff he was made.

At the close of the Revolution and for forty years afterward, only that part of the town which was then in Salisbury enjoyed any marked



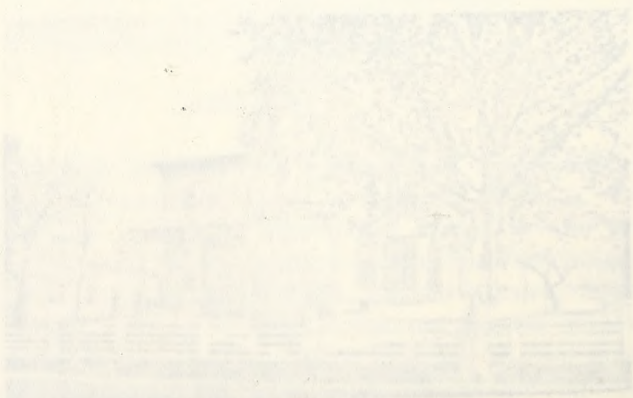
Hon. Isaac N. Blodgett.

increase in wealth and population, though the "town mill" in Sanbornton had been set up on soil which was later to be taken by the new town of Franklin. A ferry had been established by a Northfield man between his town and the village on the Salisbury side, and the outlet of the lower lake in Andover was furnishing power for a more or less ambitious miller.

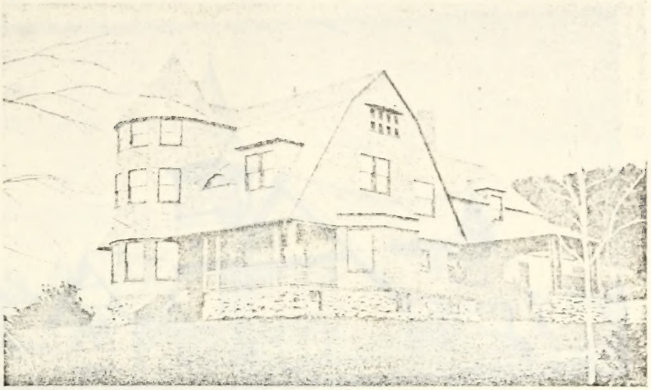


Residence of Hon. Isaac N. Blodgett.

The growth and influence of the little



hamlet which had sprung up near the site of Philip Call's block-house are, to my mind, the most remarkable features of the history of the entire community. It was a movement for which there seems to have been no cause whatever. The lands were no more desirable there than elsewhere, it was not a natural centre, and, in fact, was quite removed from the course of the great tides of travel as they then existed. Nevertheless "the Lower Village," as it came to be known, was quite the most important part of the community for more than thirty years, to keep the statement well in hand, and when the time came for the development of the larger opportunities which lay within the township lines it was the brain and brawn of "the Lower Village" which bore the greater part of the burden.



Residence of Hon. Edward B. S. Sanborn.

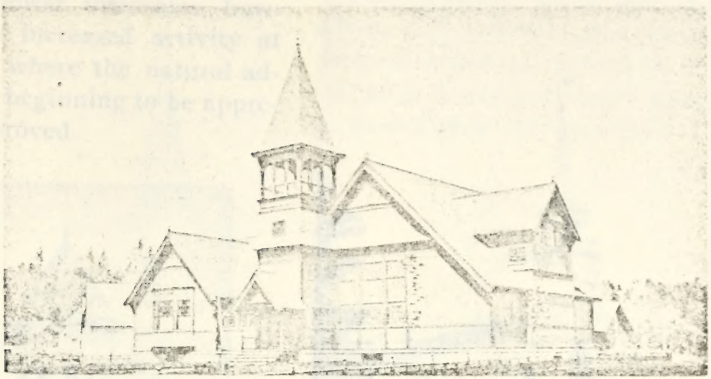


Hon. Edward B. S. Sanborn.

The temptations of this thriving little metropolis drew Captain Webster down from his little upland farm, and he opened the first tavern in the place, afterwards exchanging the stand for the house across the road where now are the buildings of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home. Law-



Hon. Daniel Barnard.



The Unitarian Church.

yers came here, too, and in the little office where Thomas W. Thompson and Parker Noyes practised law, both the god-like Daniel and his brother Ezekiel studied, and, later, Judge George W. Nesmith began his legal work there.

By this time, however, the influence and prestige of "the Lower Village" were waning. The opening of the turnpikes to the north part of the state had left the hamlet stranded between two great currents of travel. One, passing to the west from Boscawen through the hill villages of Salisbury, swept on to the Connecticut valley, and gave access to Vermont; the other, passing by on the east, took in the villages of Canterbury and Northfield, and thence penetrated the eastern counties by the lake route. The only through line which touched the village was the route to Plymouth and the mountains, with connecting links with the eastern road at Sanbornton Bridge (now Tilton).



The Free Baptist Church.

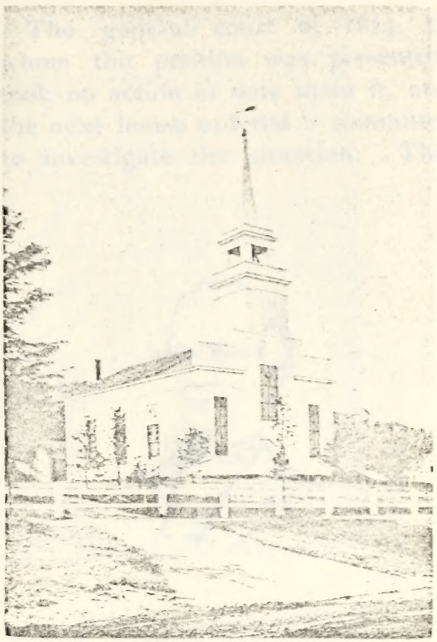


St. Paul's Catholic Church.

More than offsetting this decadence on the lower intervales, however, was the increased activity at "the crotch," where the natural advantages were beginning to be appreciated and improved.

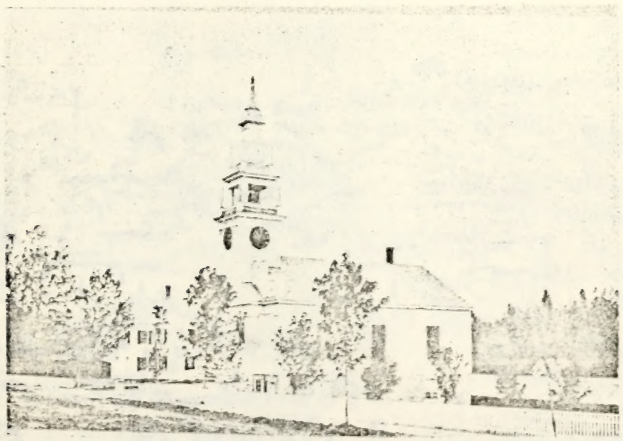


The Methodist Church.



The Congregational Church.

Ebenezer Eastman, one of the energetic men of "the Lower Village," betook himself up the river into Andover to the falls of the Pemigewasset, a short distance above "the crotch," and there built a dam and a mill. Upon the other stream, too, there was a like utilization of what nature had done for the community; and upon Salmon brook the first town mill in Sanbornton had given place to a considerable attempt at manufacturing, for which the adjacent forests furnished the raw material. A little farther down the Winnipiseogee foreign capital was im-



The Christian Church.



The Baptist Church.

proving other water powers, so that when the era of good feeling set in there was an unmistakable air of enterprise about the sources of the Merrimack; and the close relations of the neighboring villages which had sprung up suggested the next step, which was the petition to the legislature for a new town.

The general court of 1824, to whom the petition was presented, took no action of note upon it, and the next house ordered a committee to investigate the situation. This

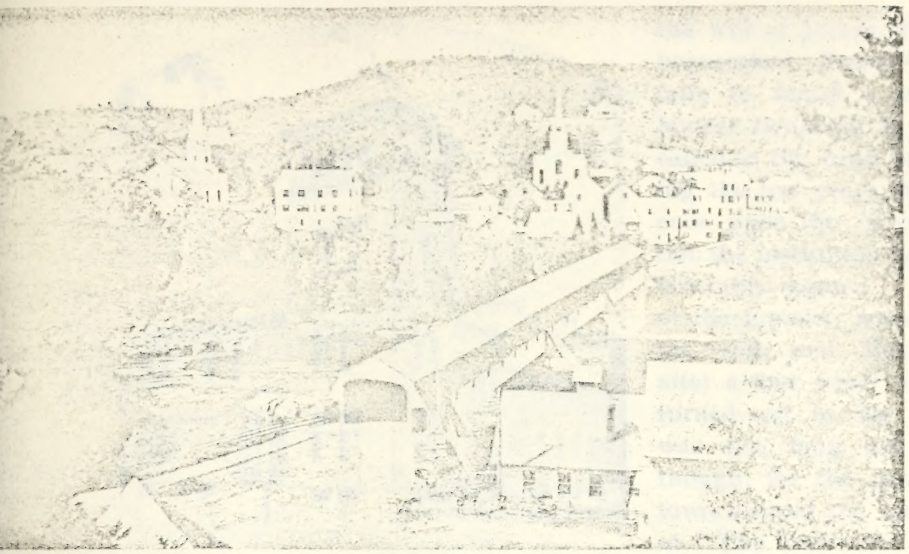


Stephen Kenrick.

committee reported favorably upon the petition, and the four towns of Andover, Sanbornton, Salisbury, and Northfield, from whose territory the new municipality was to be made,

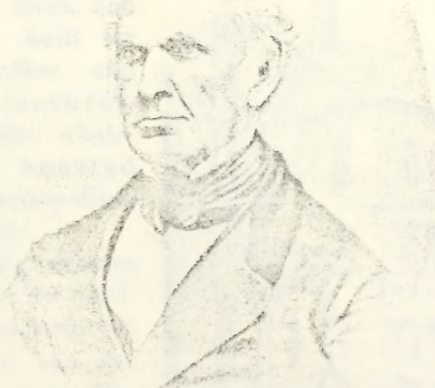


Winnipiseogee Paper Company.



The Republican Bridge.

mediately took steps to prevent e consummation of the plan. By e means and another they were abled to delay action for four ars and to prevent the chartering the town until December 24, 1828. was indeed a "hard fight." The tizens of the w town were, owever, thor- ghly united d very deter- ined, while, ubtless, each the opposing wns was willing at the new town ould be formed, rovided that ne of its soil was ken for the pur- se, and so their pposition failed whatever mor- force it might therwise have ad. The new town, having been christened by Judge Nesmith, began energetically to set itself in order, and for the first year chose four selectmen—one from each of the four contributing towns—electing them unanimously.



Judge George W. Nesmith.

Franklin was well set up in the world when she began her independent existence. There was already a church, built now for some eight years; the Noyes academy was in operation under the guidance of Master Benjamin Tyler; and the thrifty Ebenezer Eastman, who had been foremost in moving for the new town, had opened a store and set up



Memorial Hall.

a tavern, so that with his mills and his farm he was a fairly busy man, and did much to make good his claim to be the father of the village.

Across "the carry," on the Winnipiseogee, were several promising establishments. Kendall O. Peabody had already begun the manufacture of paper after having first set up a bakery, and the Granite mill was in full operation. A new brick block had just been built for the post-office and its allied features, and, on the whole, the place boasted genuine metropolitan advantages.

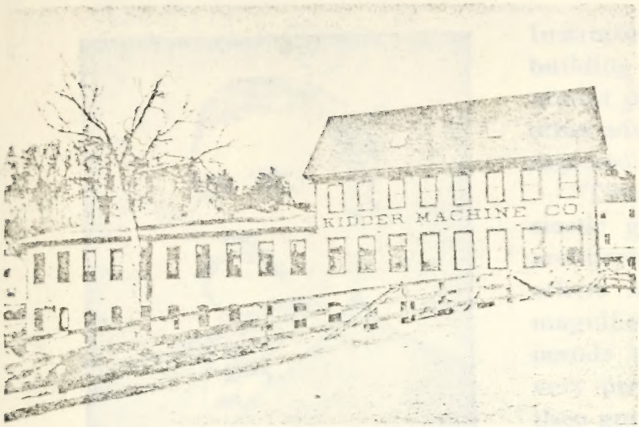
Of all the features of the town the academy was probably the most noted and the paper-mill was the most permanent. The academy was founded in 1818 by the will of Joseph Noyes, who bequeathed $10,000 and his farm to found a school, and Master Benjamin M. Tyler was called to the head of it. During the few years of its existence upon the Noyes foundation the institution became very favorably known. The heirs of the founder, however, broke the will, and Master Tyler, after a four years' tenure, was turned out in the cold. He was not long out of doors though, for the people of the town secured the incorporation of "The Instructer's School," and built a new building for him, where he added to his fame and brought renown to the village.

Master Tyler is one of the features of the Franklin historical landscape. As a teacher he was far in advance of his day. His "Instructer's School" was really a normal school, and in his teachers' class, as he called it, he often numbered his pupils by the



Webster House.

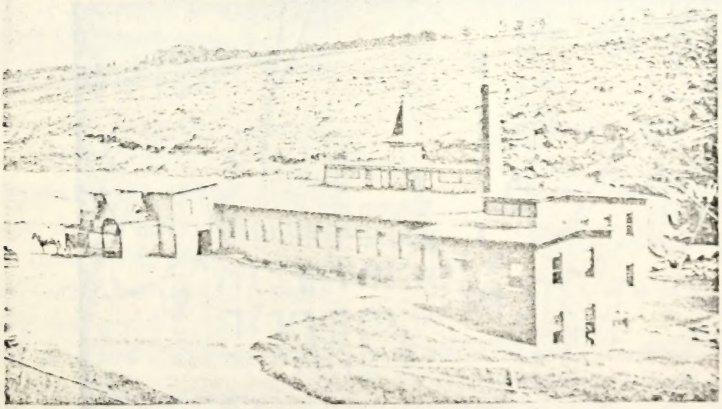




Kidder Machine Company.

score. As an author, too, he was not without fame, and his text-books were in use in many an old time institution of learning. Science seems to have been his hobby, and laboratory work was a cardinal principle of a scholar's training. He added to this exercise the practical, and, as this story shows, the romantic was sometimes to be found: It was Master Tyler's habit, when he had to perform chemical experiments with a class, to detail two pupils, a boy and a girl, to wash the utensils after the exercise was over. One day it happened that the pair to whom this work was alotted were a boy and girl between whom there was an understanding growing out of some service rendered previously that he should have a kiss. "Now 's your chance, Henry," said she when they were alone with Master Tyler's apparatus. Whether he acted upon this Priscilla-like hint the grave and stately lawyer who was the hero of the incident declines to tell.

After Master Tyler's day the academy still flourished, though with diminished prestige. It was, nevertheless, a school of some prominence for many years until it yielded to richer competitors, and at last surrendered altogether before the encroachments of the public school system. Many a man now noted went to school here, and in the list of



Winnipiseogee Paper Company—Upper Pulp Mill.



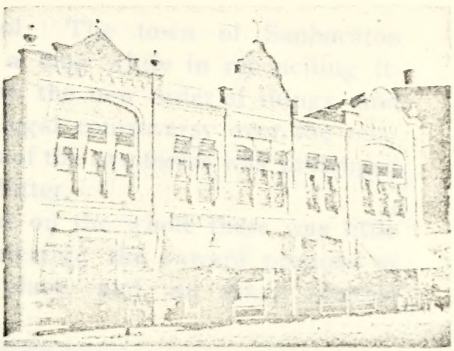


Charles C. Kenrick.

teachers are familiar names, for example, that of Charles P. Sanborn, later speaker of the house of representatives, Hon. Daniel Barnard, and Frank N. Parsons, member of the governor's council and first mayor of Franklin.

The people of the town were very proud of the academy and of Master Tyler. In a composition, written by one of the pupils soon after "The Instructer's School" was opened, the building is described in terms of utmost praise, and the situation and other advantages of the institution are depicted in words of great admiration.

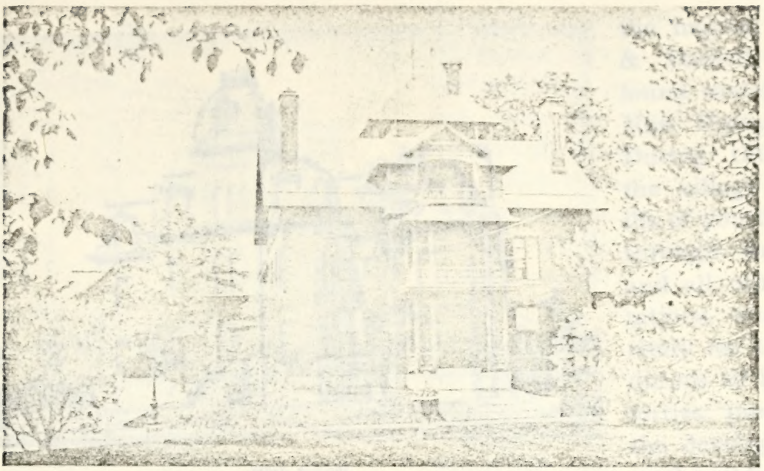
"This building," writes the enthusiastic girl, "in size, elegance, and architecture probably surpasses all others in the state. . . . This magnificent structure . . . commands an extensive prospect and very picturesque scenery." We are then gravely informed that the building is about thirty-eight feet square, which goes to show that size and elegance and magnificence are but relative matters after all.



Kenrick Block.

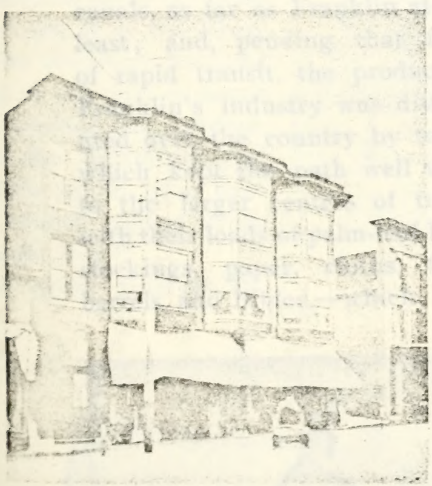


Residence of Charles C. Kenrick.



Residence of Hon Warren F. Daniell.

The first twenty years of Franklin's existence were both happy and prosperous, and were marked by but one untoward circumstance: The town of Northfield in 1830 secured the return of the territory which had been taken from it to make the new town; but, after twenty-six years' possession, it was quietly ceded again to Franklin, and the children of the town were no longer compelled to tread foreign soil on their way to school. The town of Sanbornton was a long while in reconciling itself to the new order of things, and the legal controversy over the relations of the two towns was prolonged and bitter.

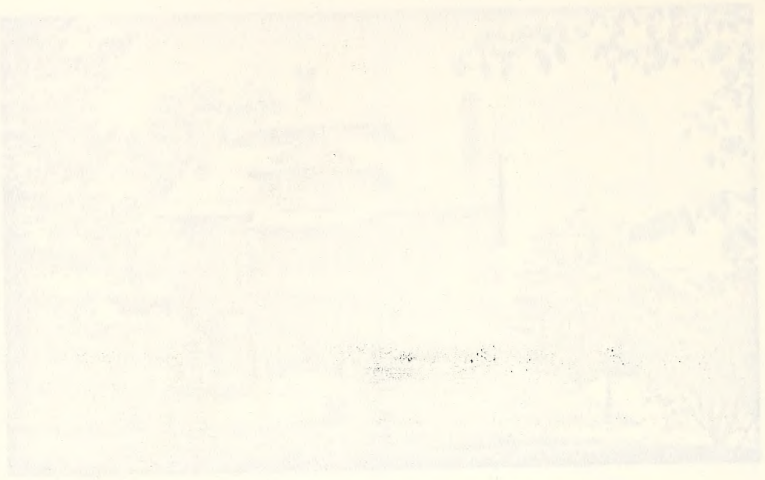


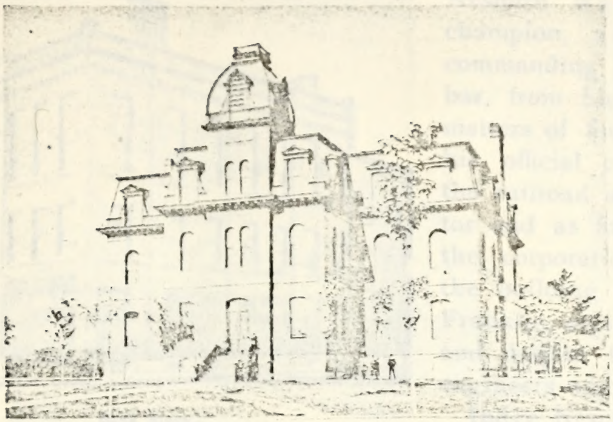
Syndicate Block.

But on the whole there was little to interrupt the onward progress of the place, and its every interest



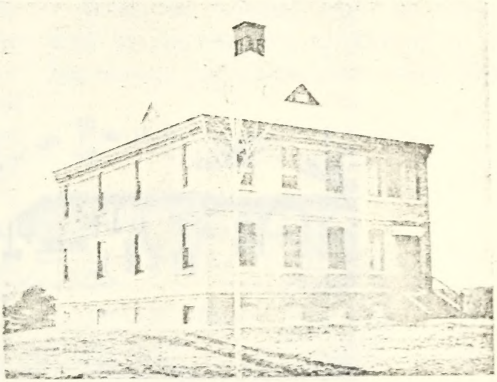
Hon. Warren F. Daniell.



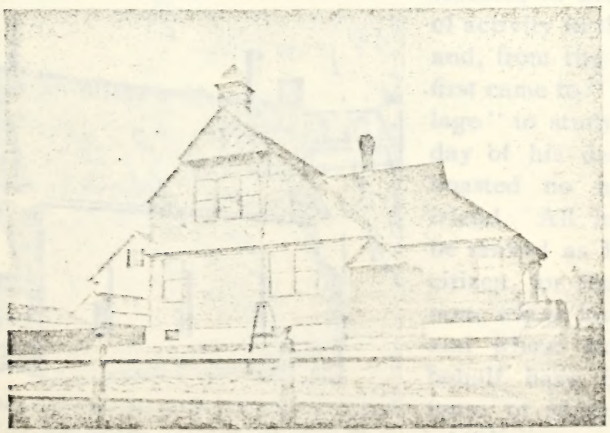


High School.

grew apace. New mills were built, another church sprang up, taverns multiplied; there was a wild dream of making the Merrimack navigable, by means of canals, as far as Franklin at the least; and, pending that form of rapid transit, the product of Franklin's industry was distributed over the country by teams which kept the path well worn to the larger centres of trade, with their loads of palm-leaf hats, stockings, paper, cloths, tubs, barrels, and Bibles,—which, with the imprint of Peabody & Daniell, are to be found to-day in many a New Hampshire home. During this time, too, the village had all the ills of youth, and passed through fire and flood and all other grim visitations, and was quite ready for the new conditions of life which the forties presented with the development of railroad building. The famous New Hampshire turnpikes with all their numbers from one to ten had counted Franklin entirely out of the running, but the town's natural advantages were so great that its development was in a measure independent, as conditions were then, of such adventitious aids, and were of a nature to demand notice from the later transportation companies.

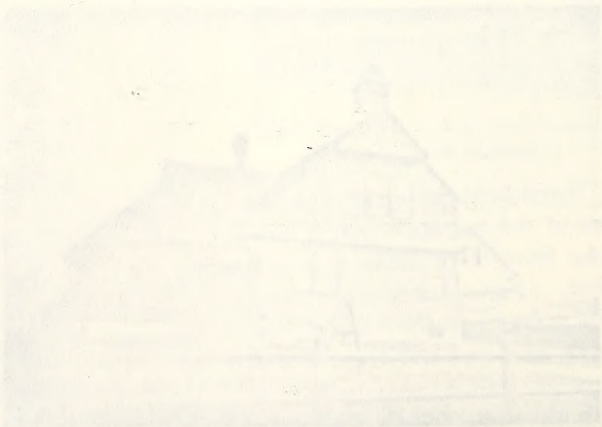


East Grammar School



West Grammar School.







Bank Block.

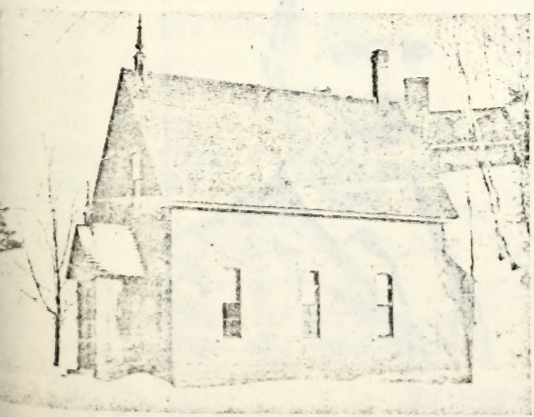
Geography, however, was
s much against Franklin
ow as when the turnpikes
ere constructed, and if it
ad not been for one of her
itizens who made the issue
vital one, it is not likely
hat the Northern Railroad
ould in the first instance
ave touched the headwa-
rs of the Merrimack, and
ranklin would have been
n a branch instead of on
he main line.

But again George W. Nesmith was the town's champion, and, from his commanding position at the bar, from his importance in matters of finance, and from his official connection with the railroad as an incorporator and as first president of the corporation, he secured the building of the road to Franklin over heavy grades and despite the protests of engineers and stockholders.

Judge Nesmith's benefits to Franklin were the constant features in his seventy years of activity in the community, and, from the time when he first came to "the Lower Village" to study law until the day of his death, the town boasted no more earnest friend. All in all, he must be ranked as Franklin's first citizen, for there have been none whose love for the place and whose exertions in its behalf have been more intense or enduring. And in addition, many a man owes



Franklin & Tilton Railroad Station.



Smith Library.



Residence of Hon. Alvah W. Sulloway.

all that he is to the judge's kindly encouragement. As an instance may be mentioned the late Hon. Austin F. Pike, who at the time of his death was a senator of the United States. He studied law with Judge Nesmith, and lived in the judge's family. Recalling those times one day after he had gone to the senate, Mr. Pike commented upon the fact, and said that the judge boarded him for a dollar a week, "and trusted at that!" The late Stephen Gordon Nash, who was once a member of the Massachusetts superior court, was another of the judge's students; and so was the late Col. Mason W. Tappan, member of congress, officer in the Union army, and attorney-general; and the late Hon. Daniel Barnard, attorney-general, president of the state senate, and member of the governor's council.

Well, the railroad came to town, and its advent was celebrated by a big dinner for which were called into



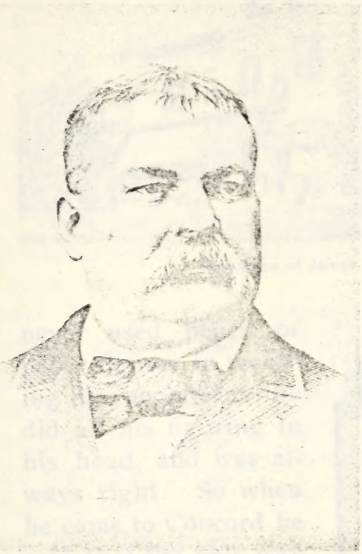
Hon. Alvah W Sulloway



Hon. Frank N. Parsons.

requisition all the dishes in town, and the citizens contributed liberally to feed the host which came in on the first train (which, by way of parenthesis, had for engineer and fireman two men who afterward be-

came general managers of roads in other states). The feast was served in a large store building erected beside the track by Gov. Joseph A. Gilmore, and was as well attended as free dinners usually are.



Maj. William A. Gile.



Edward G. Leach, Esq.

The first railroad train brought great joy to the people of Franklin, no doubt, but with its advent the local color was wiped from the face of the community, and Franklin's complexion was uncommonly vivid. Not that this was the special habitat of the odd stick, but that the specimens which grew here were unusually well developed. Chief among them for a half century was "Boston John" Clark, a noted builder and contractor, who, though totally unlettered, was most acute and shrewd, succeeding where others failed. When the state house was built it was found that the woodwork which had been framed for the interior of the structure could not be brought to fit as was intended. "Boston John" was sent for, and undertook to carry out the architect's plans. It was a peculiarity of his methods that he



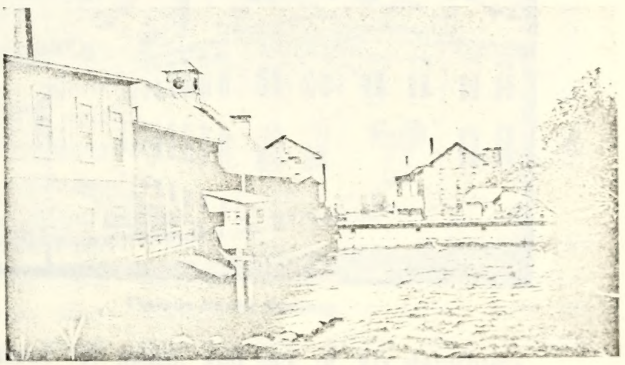
The Gile Homestead.



Residence of James Aiken.

came back to his work after dinner on the first day he remeasured his pole, and found that an inch had been cut from the end of it. He secured another rod of the required length, and never lost sight of it until the job was ended. He was employed upon many a large contract, and several of the strongest dams and bridges in the state were built by him, among them the Republican bridge at Franklin; he was also the builder of the works at Sewall's Falls, Concord, when the first attempt was made to utilize that power.

never used pencil or paper figures in reaching his conclusions; he did all his figuring in his head, and was always right. So when he came to Concord he said that the only way he could be deceived was by somebody's interfering with the ten-foot pole with which he did his measuring. Therefore, when he

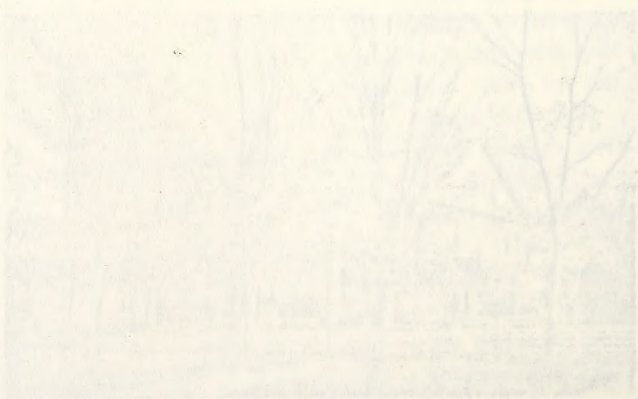


Walter Aiken's Sons' Hosiery Mill.



Residence of George E. Shepard.

Not the least of "Boston John's" accomplishments was the power of hypnotism, which he possessed to a marked degree, and often displayed for





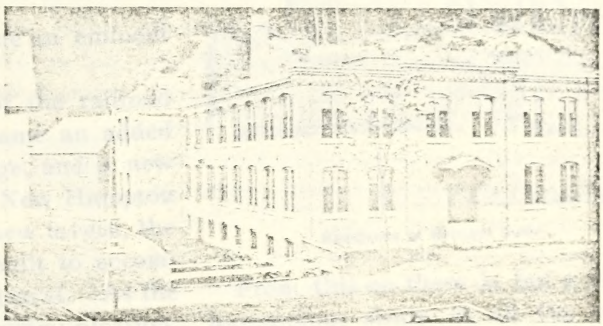
Residence of E. H. Sturtevant.

Martin Charcot began to preach the doctrine of hypnosis.

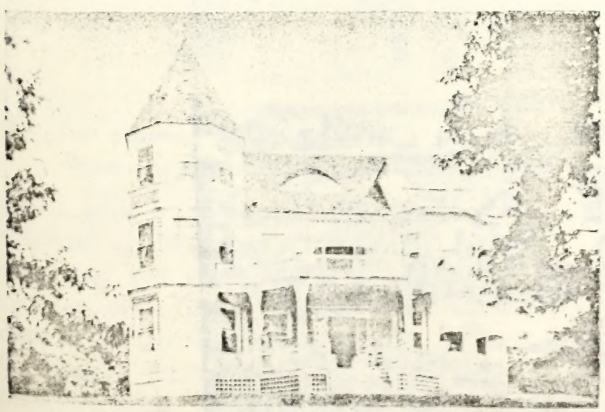
"Boston John's" brother, 'Squire Clark, was the village magistrate, and upon his death bequeathed the fund which now supports the Franklin library.

'Squire Clark did not monopolize the title, however, for its honors were shared by 'Squire White, who was a local magnate and a lyceum debater high in public favor. He was a man of the utmost liberality of mind, and one of his daughters, Francis Emily White, was the second woman in New Hampshire to take a degree from the Woman's Medical college, of Pennsylvania, in which institution she is now a professor, after having studied in the most famous schools of Europe.

the benefit of the loiterers about the village store. On one occasion it was used to a much better purpose: Mr. Jeremiah F. Daniell, one of the owners of the paper mill, caught his arm in some of the mill machinery, and the pain was so severe that he was unable to sleep, and the physicians feared for his life. At this juncture "Boston John" was sent for, and by the application of his mesmeric power he sent the patient into a heavy sleep—years before Jean

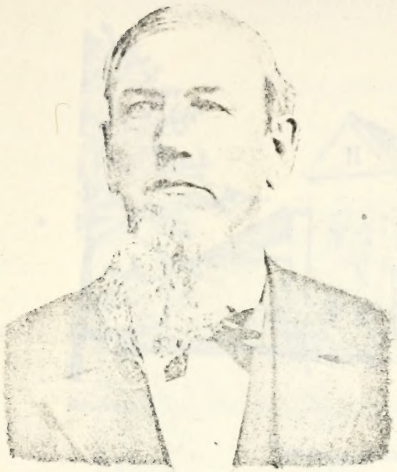


Franklin Needle Company.



Residence of Mrs. T. H. Shepard.

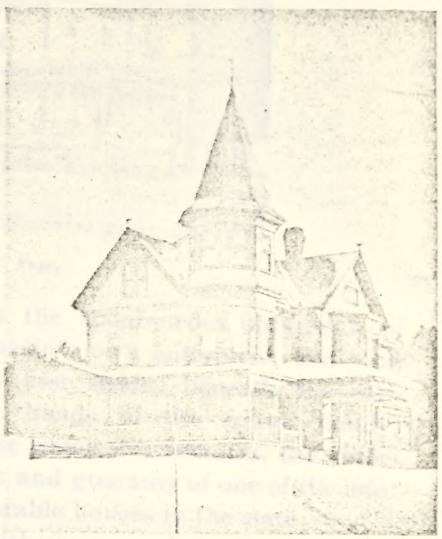
The first New Hampshire woman to graduate from this college was also Franklin-born, and went to Constanti-



Walter Aiken.

nople, where she became an eminent practitioner.

Upon the opening of the railroad as far north as here came an added importance to the village, and a new stage road was cut to New Hampton and Plymouth, and a new tavern, the Webster house, was built to accommodate the increased travel. As the terminus of railroad communication, Franklin was a busier place than ever, and during the years immediately succeeding the opening of the road a large part of Vermont's traffic sought an outlet here, and many of the Vermont troops for the Mexican war passed through here on their way to their station.

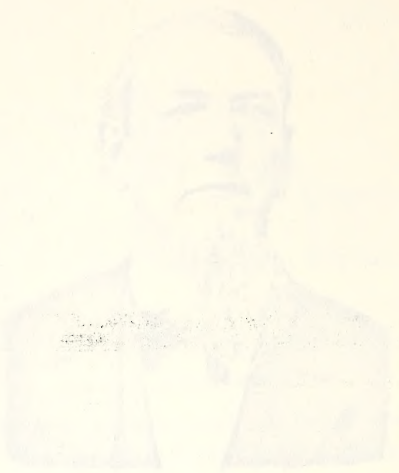


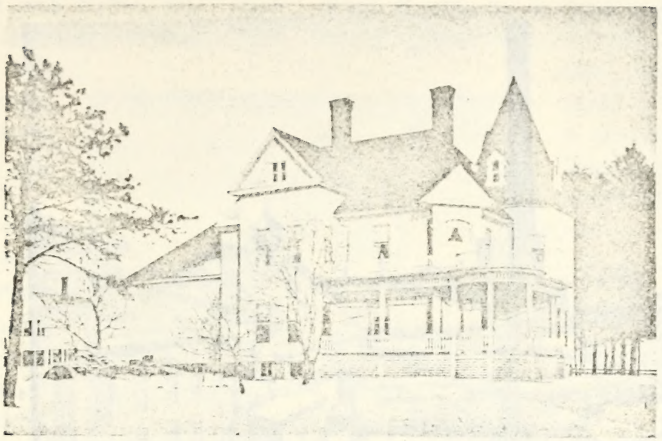
Residence of Michael Duffy.

From this on there is but a single harmonious strain in all the story. Energy and capital seized upon the opportunities which here awaited



Residence of Jonas B. Aiken, Webster Lake.





Residence of Charles C. Page.

both, and native and imported genius and industry have made the town. Much of what has been done is but the logical increase of what already



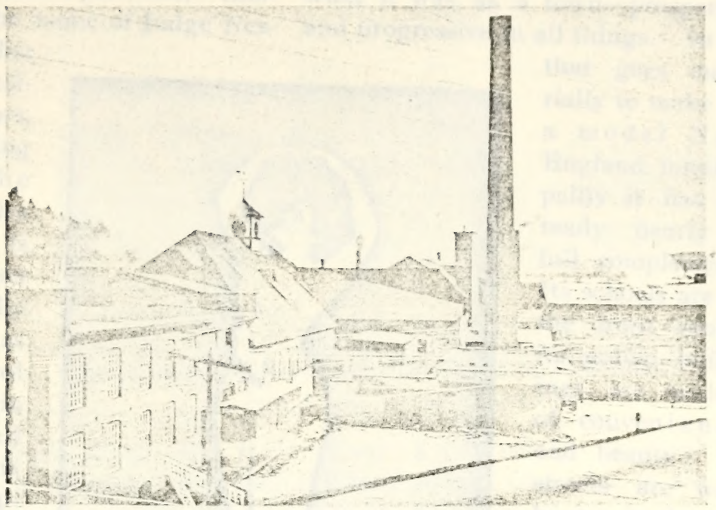
Residence of Rev. Father Timon.

existed, such, for example, as the development of the paper and pulp industry and the continuation in the Franklin mills of a business, the germs of which have long existed. The hosiery business and its allied trades of needle making and knitting machine building, however, have been the spontaneous outgrowth of Franklin's own enterprise, and took their first strides beneath the cunning hands of the Aiken family, whose name still remains, the trademark and guaranty of one of the most honorable houses in the state.

With the growth of all the industries of the town and the natural increase in all lines of private and public activity, which followed as a



Dr. Frances Emily White.



Winnipiseogee Paper Company

matter of course, with the coming of an increasing population and the attendant inconvenience of the old form of government, came a longing for a city charter, which was granted by the legislature of 1893, and went into operation in 1895. The first mayor, Hon. Frank N. Parsons, was elected, as were the first selectmen of the old town, without opposition,—a condition of things political which is quite unusual in this town of hard political battles, where party feeling has seldom run at less than a full flood. The old-time campaigns here were memorable ones, and in the



Mrs. Octavia M. Collins.



S. H. Robie.

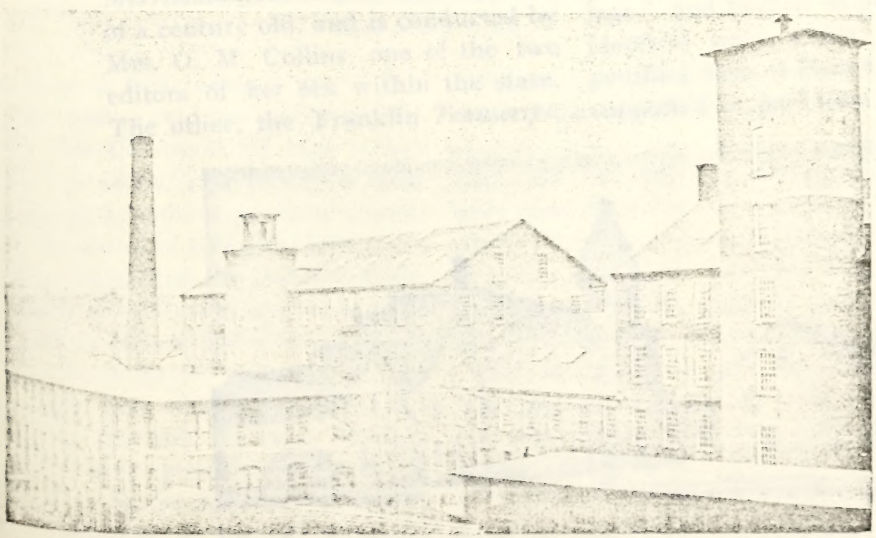


"Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," campaign, when the name of Judge Nesmith led the list of Whig presidential electors, Franklin's log cabin was the wonder of the county; and it is related that when the biggest rally of the season was held at Concord and the Franklin cabin appeared in the procession, Mason W. Tappan, then studying law with Judge George W. Nesmith, was seated on the roof, fiddling, and, in his enthusiasm, fiddled all the strings off his instrument!



Fanny Rice as Galatea.

Franklin bids fair to be as a city what it was as a town—prosperous and progressive in all things. In all that goes materially to make up a model New England municipality it has already nearly a full complement. Its schools are in the front rank; its public buildings are models of convenience and beauty; its streets are well kept; it has a system of waterworks which is adequate to every need for years to come, and the beginnings have been made for a sewer system equally comprehensive; its business houses are alert and enterprising,



Franklin Mills.

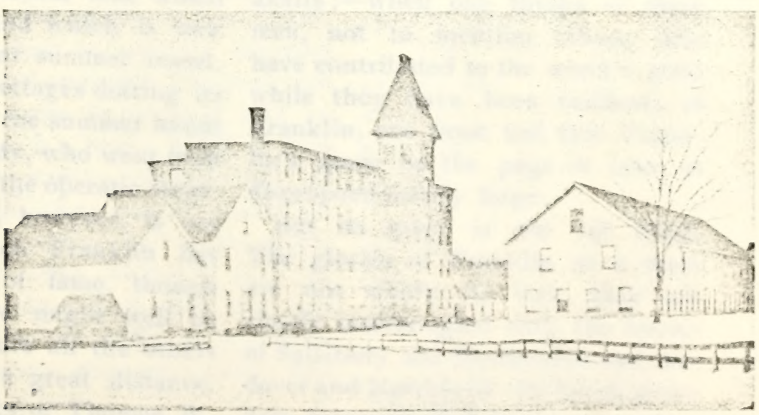




New Hampshire Orphans' Home, Webster Place.

with ample stocks and commodious places of business; two well stocked libraries cater to the literary wants of the people, both sustained by slender foundations, one already mentioned and the other, the Smith library, endowed by Mrs. Persis Smith, of St. Louis, a native of the town. This library is under the direction of the Unitarian church, to which the founder has been equally generous in other directions. Two newspapers are maintained in town. One of these, the *Merrimack Journal*, is now a quarter of a century old, and is conducted by Mrs. O. M. Collins, one of the two editors of her sex within the state. The other, the Franklin *Transcript*, a semi-weekly, is edited by Mr. S. H. Robie, who adds to his editorial duties those of city marshal, and is able to make a success of both, demonstrating in his latter capacity that prohibition does prohibit.

The spiritual field is covered by seven established churches and an Episcopal mission; and in this same catalogue it is fitting to speak of the most practical Christian beneficence in the state, which is the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, located upon the Elms farm at the "Lower Village," and housed in part within the identical walls which sheltered the youthful days of Daniel Webster, and supported in part from the very farm



Sulloway Mill.



where the expounder of the constitution hung the scythe upon the limb of a tree, and whither in the midst of his greatness and successes he was wont to turn for rest and pleasure.

There are other haunts of Webster in his native town. The lowly cottage where he was born still stands, and near it sweeps the stately branches of the old elm, bending above the deep, cool well, which he declared the sweetest water on earth. Oration rock, where are said to have been penned some of his mightiest



Residence of G. D. Mayo.

speeches, is still pointed out to the visitor, and away two miles to the north lies the beautiful lake which bears his name, and which is now becoming a popular summer resort, with its scores of cottages dotting its shores, one of them the summer haunt of Fanny Rice Purdy, who went from a Franklin farm to the operatic stage.

Webster's name, however, is not the only one which Franklin has given to the roll of fame, though with his any place might well be content. To be sure all the others come after him at a great distance, yet when one thinks of Thomas W. Thompson, member of both branches of congress, speaker of the state house of representatives, and state treasurer; of George W. Nesmith, member of the supreme court; of Austin F. Pike, senator of the United States; of Warren F. Daniell, member of congress; of Daniel Barnard, attorney-general; of Isaac N. Blodgett, judge of the New Hampshire supreme court; of A. W. Sulloway, railroad president, state senator, and leader of a great political party; of Stephen Kenrick, railroad president and financier; of Walter Aiken, inventor, manufacturer, and man of affairs;—when one thinks of these men, not to mention others, who have contributed to the world's good while they have been residents of Franklin, one must feel that Franklin's space on the page of fame is disproportionately large.

But its space is not yet filled. The glories of Franklin as a town are not wholly its own, they are closely intermingled with the boasts of Salisbury and Sanbornton and Andover and Northfield. Its future greatness, however, shall be its very own.

WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

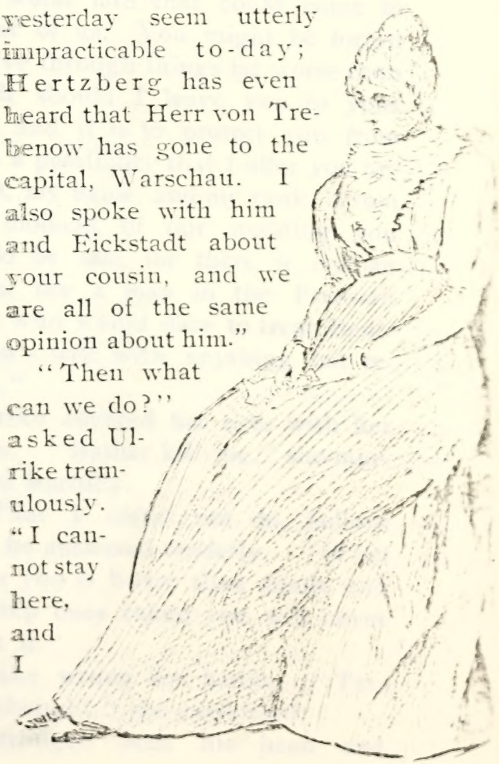
CHAPTER VII.

HE had told her not to fret nor worry, and she could not do better than follow such good advice. Ulrike sat and thought it all over with an anxious heart. She pictured herself as a lost child in a gloomy forest, with no way of escape, while robbers and hungry wolves lurked on every side. Then her strange protector's comforting words reëchoed in her heart—surely he would be able to perform the task which he undertook with such absolute confidence. Why not, then, rest in the hope that his hand might be more powerful to aid her than she had at first supposed?

She thought of Benno von Trautwitz who had so entirely deserted her, he who protested his love and desire to serve her,—what was he now doing for her? What if this stern and warlike captain had let things take their course, while he, also, did nothing but make pretty speeches? She believed that he would do more than that, and was comforted by her faith, so that when bed-time came she was quieter, and at last fell asleep.

The cold winter morning broke clear and beautiful, and with it came calmer thoughts, which in the glaring and unromantic light of day impressed upon her the entire hopelessness of her situation. It was in this frame of mind that Reutlingen found her when he reappeared.

"Now, my dear young lady, have you thought of any other way out of our difficulty? Our plans of yesterday seem utterly impracticable to-day; Hertzberg has even heard that Herr von Trebenow has gone to the capital, Warschau. I also spoke with him and Eickstadt about your cousin, and we are all of the same opinion about him."



"Then what can we do?" asked Ulrike tremulously. "I cannot stay here, and I

cannot go away." "So it seems, surely," he answered. "Please tell me again clearly what your plans are."

"It is useless," cried Ulrike. "Your exactness drives me almost to despair; what good can it do me?"

"To despair," he repeated slowly and emphatically, seating himself in a chair before her. "Please now, my dear young lady, hear my proposition, and perhaps the despair which weighs you down will pass away." His face flushed, and he gave a short deep sigh.

"Trust me, and go with us—as my wife."

"Herr von Reutlingen!"

If he had thrust the point of his sabre at her breast her cry could not have been more full of terror. She sprang from her chair, and would have rushed from the room had he not quickly and firmly reseated her with a strong hand, saying, "Calm yourself; I beg you to listen to me."

"Is this noble to make sport of my helplessness?" burst from her lips.

"I am not making sport of you. I am courting you honestly, and as an honorable man should."

It seemed to Ulrike that he must hear her heart, so violent was its beating.

"And what induces you to make me this offer," she asked at last.

"My word of honor which I pledged to save and protect you. I will keep it despite the consequences."

It occurred to her that he should also have said, "I love you," but she saw that he had no such idea in his mind, and a feeling of anger arose within her heart.

"Contemptible! How can you ask such a thing? It is an insult!"

"I can see nothing contemptible in it," he answered, "and when an honorable man courts a girl with honest intentions, it is never an insult."

Ulrike offered no response to this epigram, but after a long pause she cast a shy glance at him.

"I don't know you at all, and your knowledge of me is quite as limited—"

"I know you well enough," he broke in, laughing, "to know that no man could have a sweeter or more charming wife."

She shuddered, and cried vehemently, "I would rather die!"

He began to laugh heartily. "I am not at all obliged to you for that, my dear young lady, but death is not the worst fate that could come to either of us. You might be forced to live through things far worse than death should I leave you to your fate, and it is to protect you from such a possibility that I offer you my hand, my name, and my rank. From the moment of our wedding you would be safe, for there is not an officer nor a man in the Prussian army who would dare to treat Reutlingen's wife with anything but respect."

Ulrike covered her eyes with her hands. "Rather kill me," she murmured fearfully.

"That I could not do, believe me," he answered tenderly. "What I offer you is better than death, and the step once taken you will never regret it."

Ulrike wrung her hands. "Terrible thought," she exclaimed.

Reutlingen bent his head and

stroked his long mustache, to conceal the smile that he could not keep from his lips.

"Your words are certainly not flattering to me, my dear young lady, but please listen to me quietly. Tell me, will you hear me for a few moments longer?"

"Oh, yes," was the response.

"Well, then, I shall have to get his majesty's consent, which I hope will be easily obtained. On the day before our march the chaplain will marry us, and you will go with the regiment to Groszenhayn. From there I will take you to Steinhovel, where you will live, not as a fugitive nor as a guest, but as the mistress of the house. Thus your position will be assured from the day of our betrothal. The personal relations between us—do you think you understand me?—will not change. I will not allow myself to so much as touch your hand unless you offer it to me. Then when the war is ended I will ask you to stay and remain my wife, and, if you will not, will sever the bonds between us, and set you free."

He sprang up. "Well, please think over what I have said, and decide what plan you wish to adopt. To-morrow at ten o'clock I will come to hear your decision."

A low bow, and the door closed behind him.

Anxiety and despair raged in her heart as she realized that there was no escape.

Reutlingen walked with a quick step to the refectory where he had left his brother officers an hour before. Blue clouds of tobacco smoke filled the air, and a gay jest and merry laughter sounded forth as he entered. "Wolf!" he cried in a commanding voice that rang above the din.

"Captain," and Eichstadt stepped out quickly, Reutlingen closing the door again behind them.

"Are you perfectly sober?" asked Reutlingen, gazing sharply into the lieutenant's eyes as he spoke.

"Impertinent question! Of course I am."

"Upon your honor! I want to talk seriously with you."

"You may convince yourself; but come, we will go into the garden, it is terribly cold there, but so much the better, for we shall surely be alone."

They strode over the crisp snow until they stood in the middle of one of the white paths, and there Reutlingen related to his astonished friend the story of his interview with Ulrike.

"But, man, for heaven's sake, are you crazy? Did you tell her that—are you telling the truth? You are not speaking seriously, surely?"

The captain laughed and rubbed his hands. "Tell me, am I interfering with your plans, Wolf? We can't afford to have any misunderstanding about that."

"No, indeed; no danger of that. But, Jobst, she certainly can't think of complying with your request?"

"We shall see. I wasn't speaking idly when I said, 'Reutlingen takes what he wants!'"

"But you don't imagine for an instant that his majesty will give his consent to this crazy affair?"

"I have never asked the favor that his majesty promised me at Hohenfriedburg. If she consents I will go to the colonel early in the morning and get leave of absence to go to

headquarters at Freiberg. One of the king's 'Cæsars of Hohenfriedburg' will not have to ask a favor twice."

"What are you thinking of, Reutlingen? You have been holding the king's promise for fourteen years or more, and now you are going to hold him to his word in order to help Ulrike von Trebenow out of her difficulty? And throw away your life into the bargain?"

"Yes," answered the captain, meeting his friend's inquiring glance steadily.

"Jobst, why do you do this? Is it from chivalrous motives alone? You are n't the least bit in love with the girl; do you realize that?"

"You think not? Well, I sha n't change my mind for all that."

"What hidden motive have you in this? Why do you indulge your whims at this poor girl's expense?"

Reutlingen shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I shall try to win her love afterwards at any rate, and if I try I shall succeed; the wild one would never fail in such an undertaking."

"That is conceited enough; you abuse her helpless situation——"

"Stop! No! I do not! Upon my honor! If I knew of any other way out of the difficulty for her I should n't try to persuade her, but I do not. And then, too, she is such a shy little thing that some man will surely scare her into marrying him; and why should n't I be that man?"

He took his friend's arm and they returned to the house together.

"Be kind enough, Wolf, to go to her. Talk to her and encourage her."

"Encourage her to marry you, wild one? Well, I do n't see quite how to do that."

At the stroke of ten the next morning the captain stepped into Ulrike's room, but she turned to the window instead of returning his greeting. He remained standing silently in the middle of the room for a time, fearing to disturb her, but with a lurking smile in his wild blue eyes. Surely she was not going to give him a definite refusal or she would have met him with it when he entered. He saw that the victory was won.

"Fraulein von Trebenow," he said in a low voice at last. She drew herself together but made no answer. Then he stepped to the window and stood beside her. He saw her blonde head bowed close beside him, and caught a glimpse of her brow and cheek, her skin so fair that he could follow the purple veins down to her throat. At his gaze a flush suffused her face and neck.

"My dear young lady, shall we not end the agony of this indecision? Here is my hand; place yours in it."

She drew both hands away and met his gaze with a hunted glance.

"Have pity on me and kill me instead! It will not be so hard for you—it is certainly not the first time——"

"That I have committed murder? Yes; it would be the first time, and I do n't wish to begin with you, poor child. If you will but give your life into my hands you shall live and not die, and the trust that you place in me shall be something holy to me. I ask no other privilege than to be allowed to care for you and protect

you. I will not molest you. Will you try it?"

"I cannot, Captain von Reutlingen."

He bent his head a trifle and gazed into her eyes. Then he stretched out his hand—a strong, vigorous, manly hand, ready and able to hold fast whatever it might grasp, and not one to lightly give back that which it had once held. What was going on in Ulrike's heart? What feelings raged within her? What was changing her decision, at first so firmly made? She laid her hand in his open palm, and when his strong grasp closed over it she knew what she had done. She realized that of her own accord she had irretrievably given herself to him and ruined her life. She tried to shriek and recall her action, but her voice failed her.

"I thank you, and I give you my word that you shall never regret it," she heard his ringing voice declare. "And now away to the king! I will ask his approval of our marriage." He drew her trembling hands to his lips, then let them fall, and hurried from the room.

"Ferdinand!" His voice rang through the house, and his servant hurried to his side. "Run quickly! I want Peter to saddle my old horse; I must go to the castle immediately. He must also have my brown charger ready for me at twelve o'clock, for I shall then leave for Freiberg. Get my breakfast ready, and tell Lieutenant von Hertzberg to take charge of the troop until my return. I shall stay two days at Freiberg. Ferdinand, and you must be assiduous in your attentions to Fraulein von Trebenow during my absence. I shall hold you responsible for her safety with your life."

"I understand, captain."

"Go, then."

The captain went quickly to his room, where he found Wolf von Eickstadt awaiting him. The light of victory glowed so brightly in his eyes that the lieutenant understood at once.

"You don't mean it?" he cried, springing up to greet his friend.

"Yes; it is true." Reutlingen threw himself into a chair and crossed his legs and rubbed his hands, while Wolf stood before him excited and astonished.

"I 'd really like to know how you did it; yesterday she trembled at the mere thought of such a thing."

"She did the same to-day, but she gave me her hand when I asked for it—a small, soft hand; I could have crushed it had I wished, and that gives it its charm to me."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Wolf excitedly. "And yesterday she protested that she would rather die!"

"Yes, I heard that in all tones and keys; but she does not die—yet should we ride away and leave her to her fate? Do n't be childish, but look at it in its true light. I must be off to get my leave. At twelve o'clock I start for Freiberg, but before I go I will turn the troop over to Hertzberg. Take care of her while I am gone, Wolf, and be good to her: she is nervous and worried. Guard her for me. I entrust her to you; do you understand?"

"Yes, yes; old fellow. You certainly do n't deserve it, but I will love the little one myself while you are gone. You may depend upon me."

CHAPTER VIII.

Captain von Reutlingen stood before the king, having modestly reminded his majesty of the promised favor so long unclaimed. He had explained his wishes and his reasons therefor in detail, but the king's eyes flashed and the dark frown upon his brow showed his displeasure.

"You know that it is anything but agreeable for me to have my young officers marry; why do you not show some regard for my wishes? I would never have offered to grant you a favor had I thought that you would abuse my kindness in this way."

Reutlingen's heart throbbed in his breast, for the king's displeasure was more feared by him than death.

"If you had to indulge in such nonsense," the king continued after a pause, "if you could not bring this *amour* to an end, you should at least have given up all idea of an immediate marriage."

"May it please your majesty, it is no *amour*; the young lady will be in a very sorry plight unless I care for her. I want to marry her and send her to my home; I don't expect to see her again until after the end of the campaign."

"You are a fool! What influence has this girl over you? You must drop the affair altogether."

"Please your majesty, I have already bound myself, supposing that your majesty would gladly approve of my course."

"And now you think that I should guard your honor by giving my consent? Is that your wish?"

"Yes, your majesty."

The king's brow became a trifle smoother, and his searching glance penetrated deep into the eyes that met his own so freely and fearlessly.

"You will pain me deeply, culprit, if you force me to withdraw my promise of advancement; you have hitherto been a true man and a faithful soldier—see that you remain so in the future."

"Your majesty is unkind to trifle with me, for I do not care to live unless I can serve you."

"Very good; you have my consent. You may marry to-morrow or whenever you will. You will dine with me to-day. I wish, though, that your request had been a different one."

So Jobst von Reutlingen's journey was successful, and his breast was filled with joy and triumph, his feeling of pain at having incurred the king's displeasure being dissipated by the thought of dining at the royal table.

He found himself at dinner among a number of officers, most of whom were friends, and all of whom were glad to welcome him, but above all else to him was the pleasure of being near the king, of feasting his eyes upon the grace and majesty of that glorious monarch, upon whom he gazed, so filled with glowing enthusiasm that he forgot to eat or drink.

"Gentlemen," said the king, "I have to-day given my consent to this young captain's marriage, and he can boast that he forced me to do it. I promised to grant any favor he might ask, in recognition of his gallantry at Hohenfriedburg, but until to-day he would ask nothing. Now, however, you may congratulate him."

At this announcement the officers raised their glasses and drank the captain's health.

"He should have waited a time longer, at least," continued his majesty. "How old are you, Reutlingen?"

"Thirty, your majesty."

"Thirty,—then you were only sixteen on that glorious day at Hohenfriedburg. It is too bad, you might have become great some day. You would be a great accession to the hussars; what do you say to my transferring him, Kleist?" As he said this he turned to Colonel von Kleist, the commander of the green hussars, one of the most daring horsemen and brilliant cavalry leaders of the army.

"As you wish, your majesty. It would please me greatly, but would not the Baireuth dragoons part with their captain unwillingly?"

The king glanced questioningly at the captain, who answered bravely,—"Your majesty has been good enough to make me a captain in the Baireuth dragoons, and I could wish for nothing better. I wish above all things to do my duty faithfully as long as I have the honor to wear your majesty's uniform."

"Have you not a brother in a hussar regiment?" continued the king.

"Yes, your majesty; my only brother is a lieutenant in the Puttkamer hussars, and was wounded at the battle of Kunersdorf."

"You know," exclaimed Major Quintus Icilius, who sat opposite the king, "we always call these Puttkamer hussars 'the sheep,' because of their white coats."

The king's eyes flashed brightly as there passed through his mind the thought of the fights at Prag, Zorndorf, and Collin, where the white fur of the Puttkamer hussars had been colored by the blood from the enemy and from their own hearts, as well as of the battle of Kunersdorf, where the colonel of the hussars himself met his death at the head of his men. His glance travelled over the assembled company, and he was filled with gratitude and pride as he remembered the regiment's gallant deeds.

"Beware of these white hussars," said the king, "who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are as ravening wolves."

The green hussar inclined his head towards Reutlingen. "Repeat that to your brother, Captain von Reutlingen, it is great praise from the mouth of our mighty king."

"I will, colonel; it will heal his wounds."

The king now addressed his conversation to his intellectual favorite, Quintus Icilius, the commander of a celebrated free battalion, who owed his name to a dispute which he had with the king. The latter once spoke of the Roman tribune, "Quintus Cæcilius," and Major von Guichard corrected him, saying, "Quintus Icilius was the tribune's name, your majesty."

The king, wishing to make sure, looked the matter up, and found that "Quintus Icilius" was correct. He had been mistaken. "Well, Guichard, you were right, and, as a reward, you shall be called 'Quintus Icilius.'"

Guichard thought at first that the king was jesting, but he soon found out to his disgust that there was no fun in it, for the name clung to him in spite of his prayers. "Quintus

Icilius" he remained, and his real name was forgotten.

Guichard did not lose favor with the king on account of this incident, for his majesty still loved to engage the major in a brilliant war of words, and now commenced his favorite amusement, the whole company turning to listen to the friendly banter and earnest discussion that followed. Reutlingen was charmed by the wit and fire that flashed from one to the other, inspiring even the hearers. What cared he for the past or future so long as he could serve so brilliant a monarch?

Reutlingen left Freiberg intoxicated by the recollection of the hours just passed, his soul filled with an enthusiasm bordering on adoration. The long lonely ride through the cold winter air was a pleasant time for thought, enabling him to strengthen and confirm his impressions, and giving him a chance to collect his wandering thoughts.

During Reutlingen's absence Ulrike waited for two fearful days and sleepless nights to learn her fate. She was grateful to Wolf von Eickstadt for his kindness to her, for his courtesy and attention had shortened many of the lonely hours. He made her go out into the cold winter air with him, and as he walked by her side spoke warmly of his friend's splendid qualities, saying that he had known Reutlingen since his boyhood, and that he was sure she would never regret having consented to marry him. Still his words were all to no purpose, for he could see how she feared becoming the wife of the wild Reutlingen. Her one prayer was that the king would refuse his consent, and she clung to this hope in despair, convulsively forcing from her mind the thought of what would become of her should Reutlingen be unable to help her.

Suddenly, on the third day, she was startled by hearing the captain's voice ringing above the bustle of the old cloister, now converted into a bustling barrack, and she knew that he had returned. She did not have long to wait until she heard his quick step and knock; the door flew open and he stood before her, his eyes shining in the half-darkened room. Ah, it was unnecessary to ask if his journey had been successful! He bowed low before her.

"My dear young lady, his majesty the king has most graciously given his consent; there is now nothing to prevent our marriage. To-morrow evening or the following morning, the old chaplain will be here, and I will have the honor of making you my wife. Have you any commands for me before that time!"

Ulrike did not answer, but stood before him as motionless as a statue. Reutlingen looked at her, and his heart filled with pity.

"Have n't you reconciled yourself to the marriage; I had hoped that you would have done so: everything went so well on my journey that I trusted it might have been the same with you."

Ulrike shook her head in silence.

"Do n't be so anxious, little one," he continued gently. "You have nothing to fear from me. Do n't forget that I shall keep my promise; I will not claim any privileges that you do not grant me willingly. Are n't you satisfied with that?"

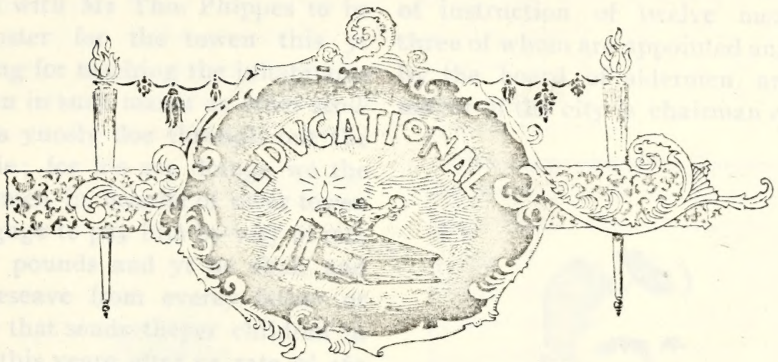
Ulrike bowed her head in unwilling assent. She longed to overcome her

fear and speak to him, but she could not.

"I thank you, my dear young lady. I have made all arrangements, and we must leave Langenrode on the day after our wedding. You will ride in a sleigh with Annette, and I will do all that I can to make you comfortable. If you have any wishes or commands I am always at your service. For the present I beg you to excuse me."

He was gone, and Ulrike had not uttered a single protest. She was heart-broken, for another chance had gone, the door of escape was again closed, and she had lost her freedom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE SCHOOLS OF PORTSMOUTH.

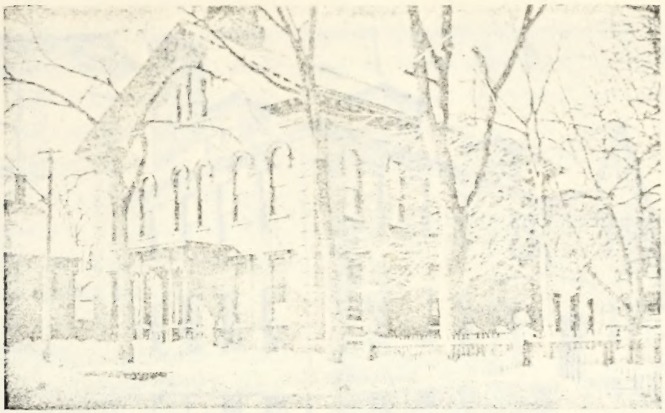
By J. C. Simpson.

Turning to Brewster's "Rambles," as one must do who would know the beginnings of things in Portsmouth, we find that he has unearthed from among the records of the March meeting of 1696 the following vote, presumably the first bill of school legislation in New Hampshire:

"That care be taken that an abell scollmaster be provided for the towen as ye law directes, not visious in conversation; and yt Mr Joshua Moody and Mr Sam'l Penhalow be desired in behalf of the towen to treat with some mett persons for yt servis, that thirtey pounds mony pr anum be allowed sd scollmaster as a sallery to be raised as ye law diretes."

Could we to-day more tersely sum up the essential qualifications of "an abell scollmaster" than that he be "not visious in conversation"?

In the next year the records tell us the following story:

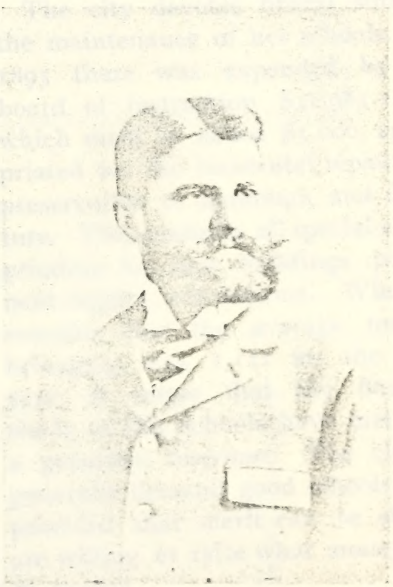


High School, Daniel Street.

"At a meeting of ye sellecttmen agreed with Mr Tho. Phippes to be scollmaster for the towen this yr insewing for teaching the inhabitants children in such maner as other scollmasters yuosly doe through out the countrie; for his soe doinge we the sellecttmen in behalfe of ower towen doe ingage to pay him by way of rate twenty pounds and yt he shall and may reseave from everey father or master that sends theyer children to school this yeare after ye rate of 16s for readers, writers and cypherers 20s, Latterners 24s."

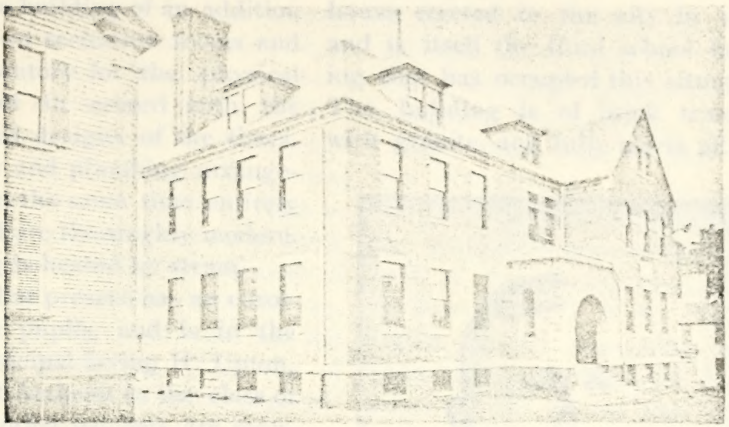
And so began with Mr. Thomas Phipps that long succession that for almost a double century has toiled with varying success and failure to keep in the path of knowledge and duty the constantly replenished swarm of readers, writers, cypherers, and Latterners, and by no means sleeping in the musty records, but still keenly alive in the hearts of the people is the determination that old Strawberry Bank shall have "abell scollmasters" who shall teach as others "yuosly doe throughout the countrie."

Under a law passed in 1887 the control of the schools in Portsmouth at the present is vested in a board of instruction of twelve members, three of whom are appointed annually by the board of aldermen, and the mayor of the city is chairman *ex officio*. The office has never been considered political, appointments being made without regard to party strife, and generally excellent selections and long tenure of office, sometimes



Irving H. Upton Principal of the High School.





Farragut School, High Street.

to fifteen years, have been the result. The *personnel* of the present board is Charles P. Berry, chairman *ex officio*, Calvin Page, Alfred Gooding, Ira Seymour, Andrew Wendell, Richard I. Walden, William F. Conlon, Chauncey B. Hoyt, John Pender, Charles A. Sinclair, Albion M. Littlefield, William H. Sise, and David Urch. Since 1886 a superintendent of schools, who acts also as secretary of the board, has been employed. Charles H. Morss held the office for six years, and was succeeded by the present incumbent, J. C. Simpson.



Nellie F. Pierce, Principal of the Farragut School.

The city devotes liberal sums to the maintenance of her schools. In 1893 there was expended by the board of instruction $31,983.11 to which must be added $3,000, appropriated for the incidental repair and preservation of buildings and furniture. This excludes all special appropriations for new buildings, permanent repairs, and interest. When we consider that the average number belonging was 1,111 for the same year, it seems that the financial needs of the schools have met with a generous response. The citizens generally demand good schools, and, provided that merit can be shown, are willing to raise what money may be needed.

The schools of Portsmouth are housed in a High School building, three large grammar schools, two detached primaries, and three suburbans. The present High School building was occupied in 1853. In 1892 extensive repairs were made,

including the building of an addition containing two recitation rooms and a large laboratory for the physical sciences built in accord with the best approved designs of the times. The sanitary and plumbing arrangements were at the same time entirely changed, and are thoroughly modern. The building is heated by steam.

The school at present has an enrolment of 196 pupils, and is in the charge of Principal Irving H. Upton, a graduate of Amherst in the class of 1885. Five other teachers are regularly employed. The school offers three courses, Classical, Latin, and English, each of four years, and its graduates find ready entrance and maintain good standing in Harvard, Dartmouth, Amherst, Smith, Wellesley, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Especial attention is at present being devoted to the extension and improvement of the courses in the English language and literature, and it is the desire of those in charge to make this a feature of the school.

The Farragut grammar school was made ready for use in 1889. It stands on the site of the third schoolhouse erected in the city in 1751, and is itself the third school building that has occupied this situation. The building is of brick trimmed with granite, and fully meets all the



Wendell P. Brown, Principal of the Whipple School.

requirements of a modern school. The principal is Nellie F. Pierce, whose varied experience and executive ability render the management highly successful. Two hundred and



Whipple School, State Street.



fifty scholars appear on the records of this school. The lower four grades constitute the training-school at present under the charge of Florence A. Ham, assisted by nine pupil teachers. The course for the training class is one and one half years in length, and consists of actual practice in each grade under the criticism of the principal, together with instruction in psychology, methods, and the history of education. The aim of the school is to combine the theoretical and practical sides of teaching into a well developed whole. Its graduates are generally employed in the schools of the city or the surrounding towns, though Brookline, New Bedford, or some other Massachusetts city occasionally tempts one away with the prospect of a larger salary.

The Whipple school is also of brick and granite, and was dedicated in 1889. It stands in a commanding situation near the centre of the city, and has a remarkably attractive interior. Like the Farragut this building is heated and ventilated by the Smead system, and the sanitaries are of the same pattern. Despite some criticism to the contrary, this system has given good results when under competent management.

The school bears the name of William Whipple, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In the principal's room hangs a fine portrait of the old statesman presented by Storer Post, G. A. R. This organization at the same time placed a companion portrait of the sturdy admiral in the school that bears his name.

Principal Wendell P. Brown and ten teachers have under their charge four hundred pupils. The school is crowded and the next move in the erection of buildings will be to provide further accommodation for the pupils of this section.



Haven School, South School Street.

The first public "scool howse," as the records quaintly put it, seems to have been built in the year 1708 upon the lot now occupied by the Haven school. Brewster notes, by the way, that the educational advantages presented by these early school-houses seem to have been improved, for the records of succeeding years

show marked improvement in spelling. The present Haven school has, during the past summer, been completely remodelled at a cost of about $12,000. The heating and ventilating are of the Smead patent, and the rooms are cheery, well lighted, and healthful. John H. Bartlett is the principal. Here are found daily two hundred and fifty bright-eyed youngsters striving to climb the slippery mount of knowledge.

The discipline of the schools is kindly but firm. Parents generally recognize the reasonableness of the school demands and cheerfully lend their aid to the teachers. Corporal punishment has almost fallen into disuse, but fifteen cases being recorded last year against six hundred and eighty-six nine years ago. In courses of study the purpose is a conservative progress. Algebra and physical geography have been for four years a part of the programme in the grammar schools. Geometry in the last three years of the grammar school is now in the second year of its existence. Simple experiments in physics and chemistry are made an integral part of the work of the last four years of elementary school life, while botany, zoölogy, and mineralogy, under the popular name of nature study, are subjects of investigation from the first year. It must not be inferred, however, that these subjects, with the exception of algebra and physical geography, form separate entities of work. They are, rather, so connected and interwoven with the traditional subjects of the curriculum that under the influence of the inspiration they afford, better results in every way are obtained, and the growing mind is furnished food proper for its development rather than cloyed with the empty husks of the purely formal studies.

Drawing, music, penmanship, and sewing are in the hands of special instructors. The schools are well unified throughout the fourteen years, and while, of course, many who start do not finish, there is no one point where more drop out than at another. Promotions are made in all cases to depend upon the judgment of the teacher rather than upon examination by outside authority, and while generally occurring at the end of the year, are made freely at any other time when the need of the child seems to demand. One kindergarten has already been established and others will follow as opportunity permits.



John H. Bartlett, Principal of the Haven School.

Education has changed radically in plan and purpose in the last twenty years, and has hardly yet filled out the period of readjustment, but Portsmouth proposes, I am sure, to face always to the front.

NECROLOGY.

EX-GOVERNOR BENJAMIN F. PRESCOTT.

Benjamin F. Prescott was born in Epping, February 26, 1833, and died at his home in that town, February 20. He was educated at Blanchard academy, Pembroke, Phillips Exeter academy, and Dartmouth college (A. B., 1856), and read law with Hon. Henry A. Bellows, and was admitted to the bar in 1859, and opened an office in Concord. For five years from 1861, he was editor of the *Independent Democrat;* for three years from 1865, special agent of the U. S. treasury department for New England; for four years from 1872, secretary of state; was twice elected governor, in 1877 and 1878; for six years from 1887, a member of the state board of railroad commissioners. Mr. Prescott was active in the Republican party from the day of its birth; from 1858 to 1877, secretary of the state committee of the party; in 1880 he was a delegate to the Republican national convention at Chicago, and in 1884 was president of the state convention. Governor Prescott was a most loyal son of Dartmouth college, and secured for its art gallery portraits of many distinguished graduates. He was elected a trustee in 1877, and held the position at the time of his death. He had also been a trustee of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts since 1874. He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical society, a fellow of the Royal Historical society of Great Britain, an honorary member of the Marshfield club of Boston, and president of the Bennington Battle Monument association. Governor Prescott married, in 1869, Miss Mary L. Noyes of Concord, who survives him, with an only child, Benjamin F. Prescott, Jr., born in 1879.

ROBERT R. HOWISON.

Robert R. Howison was born in Kingsey, P. Q., and died at Milford, February 3, aged 79 years. From 1843 to 1868 he owned and operated the stage lines between Peterborough and Wilton, and for twenty years was in the express business between Boston and Wilton. He was president of the Souhegan National bank from 1876 to 1883, and since 1875 has carried on a large lumber and real estate business. He leaves a family.

REV. HENRY A. COIT, D. D.

Rev. Henry A. Coit, D. D., LL. D., rector of St. Paul's School, died February 5, after an illness of two weeks. He was born on January 20, 1861, and was educated at the University of Pennsylvania. He entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church, and on the foundation of St. Paul's School in Concord by Dr. George Shattuck was chosen its first rector. An appreciative sketch of Rev. Dr. Coit will appear in a future number of this magazine.

ALMON J. FARRAR.

Almon J. Farrar was born in Gilmanton, and died in Laconia, February 8, aged 51 years. He was a veteran of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers and was severely wounded at High Bridge, Va., April 7, 1865. He was quartermaster-general on Department Commander Thomas Cogswell's staff, and was commissary of the New Hampshire Veterans' association at the Weirs for sixteen years.

REV. JOSHUA E. AMBROSE.

Rev. Joshua E. Ambrose, said to be one of the oldest preachers in the Baptist denomination, was born in Sutton in 1810, and died in La Grange, Illinois, February 10. He went to Chicago in 1834, and was the last of the famous circuit riders who did so much to develop the Northwest. During his life he established between thirty-five and forty churches.

HON. E. CARLTON SPRAGUE.

E. Carlton Sprague was born in Bath, November 22, 1822, and died in Buffalo, February 14. He graduated from Harvard college in 1843, and was one of the leading lawyers of Buffalo. He leaves a family.

JAMES H. MATHEWS.

James H. Mathews was born in Swanzey in 1840, and died in Medford, Mass., February 15. He served three years in the 9th N. H. Volunteers in the War of the Rebellion, and was successfully engaged in the hotel business in Marlow and Hinsdale, Brattleboro, Gardner, and Medford, Mass.

SIMEON ABBOTT.

Simeon Abbott was born in Concord, August 3, 1807, and died, February 22, on the homestead where his entire life had been spent. He was an extensive farmer, and in early life was a successful teacher. He leaves a widow, to whom he was married in 1837, and three sons and four daughters.

HENRY K. W. TILTON.

Henry K. W. Tilton was born in Manchester, and died in that city, February 22, aged 74 years. He was a California pioneer of 1849. He was one of the first card-grinders employed in a Manchester mill, and inserted into the machinery the first piece of cotton that ever went through the mills of that city. He served for a time as paymaster of the Langdon corporation, of Manchester.

GEORGE LITTLE.

George Little was born in West Boscawen, August 23, 1825, and died in Webster, February 23. He was educated in the academies at Pembroke and Meriden, and was extensively engaged in farming for several years. For the last twenty years he had conducted a general store and transacted a large amount of probate business. Mr. Little was representative to the legislature in 1864 and 1865, and had served many years as a town officer. He is survived by a widow, two sons, Henry L., of Minneapolis, and Luther B., of New York city, and a daughter, M. Alice, unmarried.

ANDREW J. MERSERVE.

Andrew J. Meserve was born in Milton, January 3, 1815, and died in Roxbury, Mass., February 24. His father, Col. John Meserve, commanded a New Hampshire regiment in 1812. The son studied chemistry, and was the first employé of Dr. J. C. Ayer, with whom he remained many years. In 1865 Mr. Meserve engaged in the soap-stone business in Boston. He is survived by a son and three daughters.

WALTER H. BEAN.

Walter H. Bean, a native of Warner, died at his home in that town, February 26, aged 50 years. He was a veteran of the First New Hampshire Sharpshooters, and was severely wounded in battle. For twenty years he was a postal clerk on the Concord & Claremont Railroad, and later was for several years proprietor of a hotel at Claremont.

GEORGE W. SNELL.

George W. Snell died at his home in Pittsfield on March 1, aged 89 years. He was a native of Barnstead, and had resided in Pittsfield for fifty years. At the age of 56 he enlisted in the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was a brave soldier in the Louisiana campaign and at Port Hudson. At the close of the war he settled on a farm in Pittsfield where he was a respected citizen. In his early life he was a brick-maker, and was one of the ring-leaders in the sacking and burning of the Charlestown nunnery. During the last years of his life he lived within about a mile of the chief of that mob, John R. Buzzell, who died last fall at the advanced age of ninety-four years. The other of the three principal movers in that outrage was Clement Snell, a brother of George, who also died in Pittsfield a few years ago. Buzzell was the only one of the trio who was brought to trial, but the Snell brothers thought it well to keep out of the eye of the public until Buzzell was acquitted.

GEORGE W. WINCHESTER.

George W. Winchester was born in Westmoreland, February 25, 1804, and died recently in Springfield, Mass., aged 91 years. He taught penmanship in New Haven and Philadelphia, and published several successful works on penmanship and book-keeping. From 1848 until 1892 he was auditor and head bookkeeper at the United States armory at Springfield.

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THREE NOTABLE VOLUMES.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

ited by Homer B. Sprague, A. M., PH. D. 12mo. Cloth. Frontispiece. 224 pp. 55 cents. Introductory price to schools, 48 cents.

This edition of the famous classic has features of special value. Its notes are intended to stimulate rather than persede thought, and give the results of latest researches and the opinions of various commentators. It has a ronological table of Scott's life and work, suggested topics for essays, maps, etc.

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By Henry C. Vedder. 12mo. Cloth. 326 pp. $1.50.

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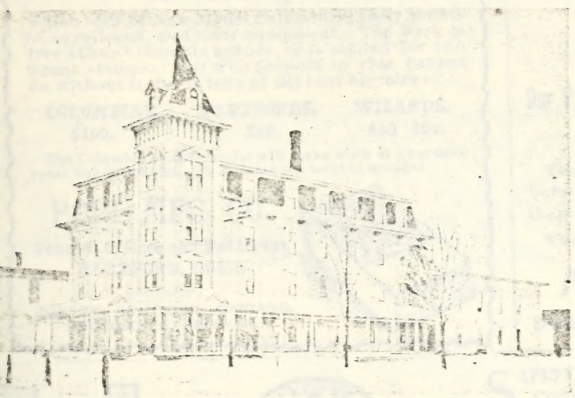
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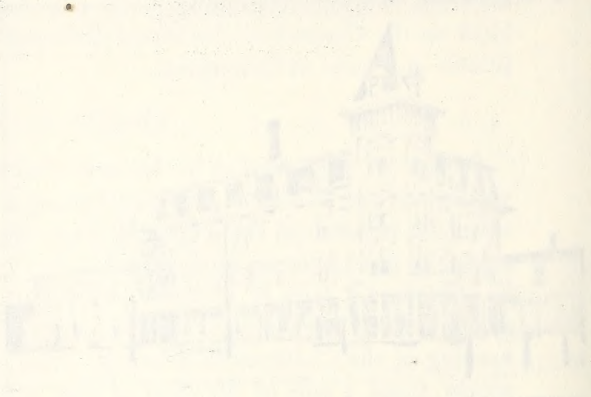
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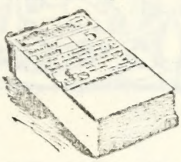
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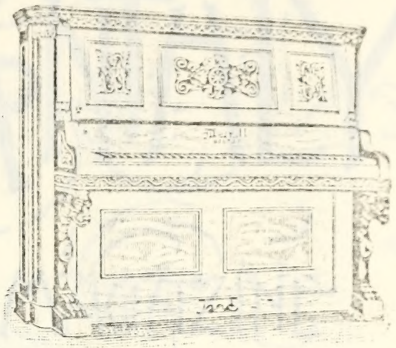
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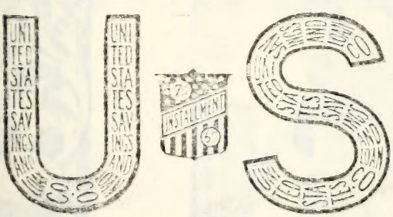
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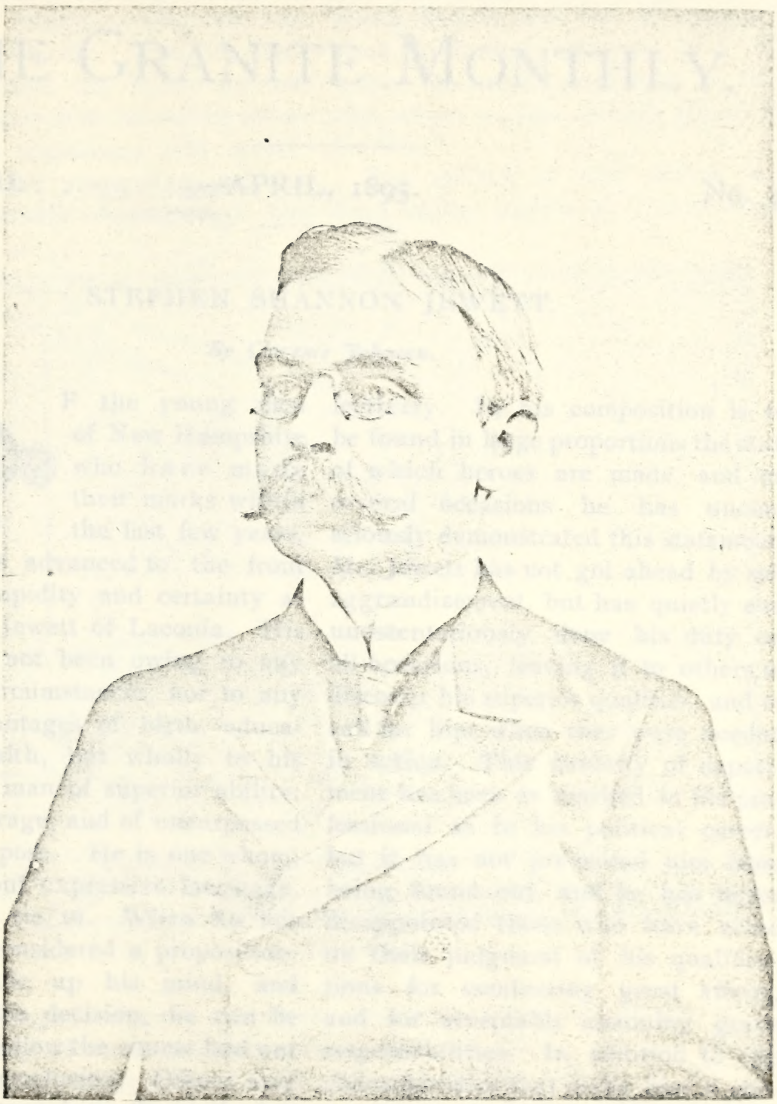


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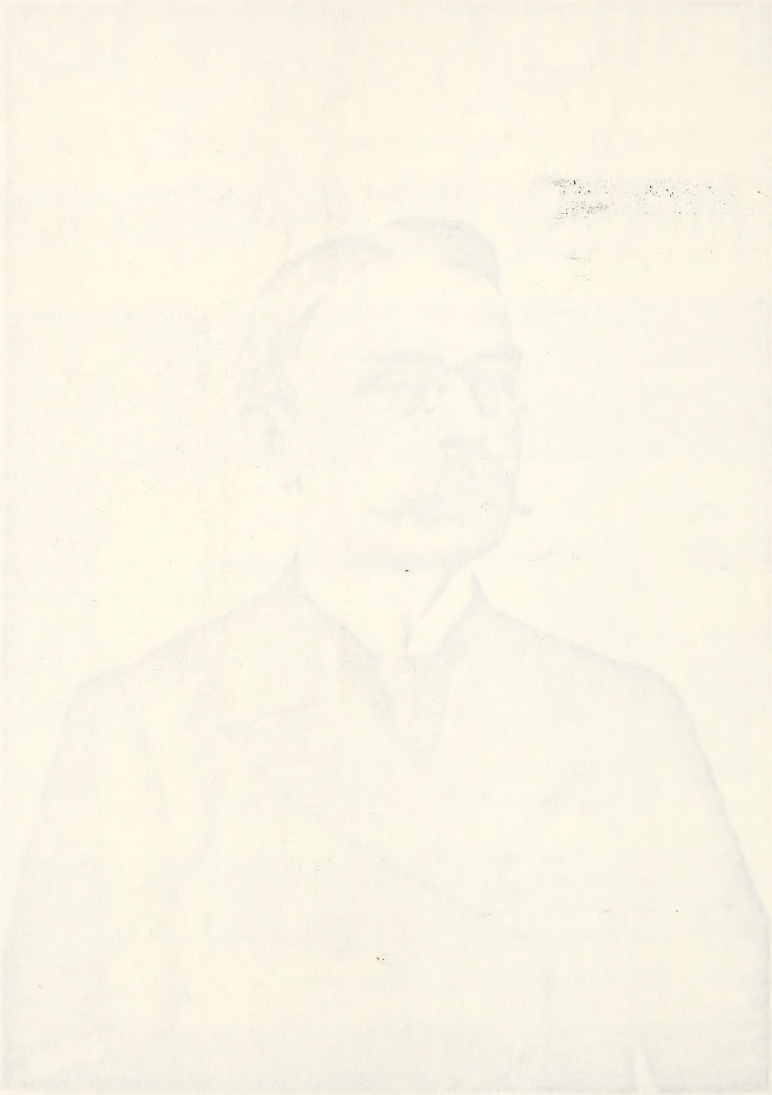
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1895



Hon. Stephen S. Jewett.



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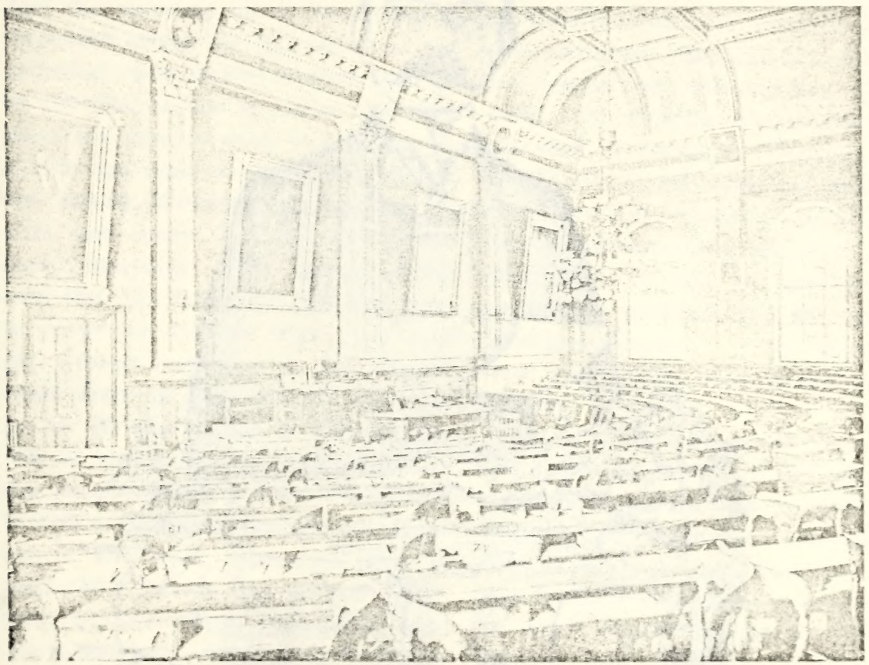
VOL. XVIII. APRIL, 1895. No. 4.

STEPHEN SHANNON JEWETT.

By Clarence Johnson.

IF the young men of New Hampshire who have made their marks within the last few years, no one has advanced to the front with such rapidity and certainty as Stephen S. Jewett of Laconia. His success has not been owing to any fortuitous circumstances, nor to any special advantages of birth, education, or wealth, but wholly to his merits as a man of superior ability, of great courage, and of unsurpassed fixity of purpose. He is one whom, in homely but expressive language, it is safe to tie to. When he has thoroughly considered a proposition, and has made up his mind, and announced his decision, he can be relied on to follow the course laid out to its final conclusion. Others may waver and stray from the path, but Mr. Jewett never. And he is as fixed in his friendships as in his purposes. He is to be relied on by his friends at all times and under all circumstances. There is never any hesitation on his part when friendship calls. He responds at once, and effectively. In his composition is to be found in large proportions the stuff of which heroes are made, and on several occasions he has unconsciously demonstrated this statement. Mr. Jewett has not got ahead by self aggrandizement, but has quietly and unostentatiously done his duty on all occasions, leaving it to others to discover his superior qualities, and to call for him when they were needed in action. This modesty of deportment has been as marked in his professional as in his political career, but it has not prevented him from being found out, and he has never disappointed those who have acted on their judgment of his qualifications for conducting great affairs, and for acceptably assuming grave responsibilities. In addition to the characteristics that make him a successful lawyer and politician Mr. Jewett is a lovable companion and a courteous gentleman. He possesses extraordinary tact in attaching people to himself, and ever has a kindly word for the absent and for those in trouble. He is especially charitable in his judgment of the mistakes of

others, and is more ready to excuse than to accuse. It is seldom that a man is found who possesses at the same time, and in so large a degree, firmness of character and the elements of popularity. That Mr. Jewett does possess the latter, no one who has talked with his fellow members of the legislature will doubt. He guides the proceedings with a firm yet kindly hand, and has thereby gained the respect as well as the friendship of every member, and in every locality throughout the state he can count his friends by scores.



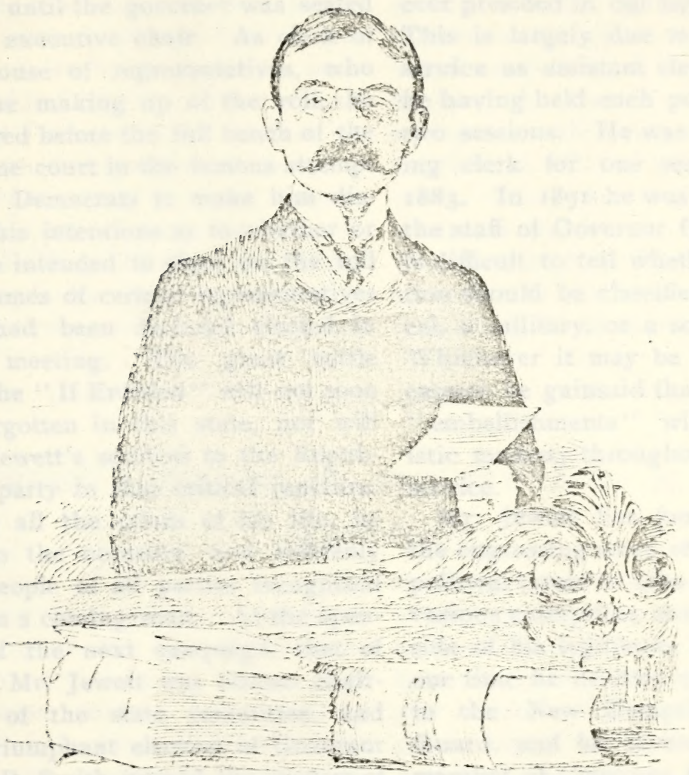
Representatives' Hall.

Stephen Shannon Jewett is the son of John G. and Carrie E. (Shannon) Jewett, and comes of English stock, his great-grandfather, Samuel Jewett, having been a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and a participant in the Battle of Bunker Hill. He formerly lived in Hollis, but went from there to Laconia with his brother, they being practically the first settlers of that town. Mr. Jewett's grandfather, Smith Jewett, was one of Laconia's most respected citizens, and his father is equally esteemed in that city, where he has resided almost all his life.

The subject of this sketch was born in that portion of Gilford which now forms a part of Laconia, on September 18, 1858. He was educated in the public schools of the town, and by his father, who was an old school teacher, and fully competent for the task. At the early age of seventeen he began the study of law with Hon. Charles F. Stone, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1880, after a four years' course. He was fully prepared for examination the

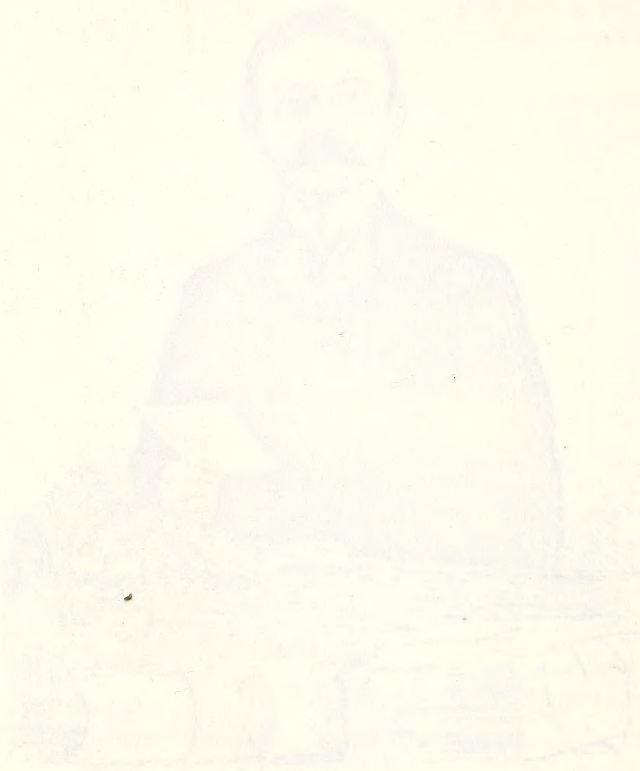


year previous, but as he was then only twenty years of age he was obliged under the law to wait one year more. Immediately upon his admission he began the practice of the law at Laconia, conducting his business alone until 1889, when he associated with him William A. Plummer, which partnership continues to the present time. During the fifteen years of his active practice, there has hardly been an important case on the Belknap county docket in which his name has not appeared, either for plaintiff or defendant. His most noted case of recent years was the celebrated crim. con. suit of Wilcomb against Wilcomb, in which Mr. Jewett appeared for the plaintiff. He was for a short time in 1884 clerk of the supreme court for Belknap county, but he accepted the position only as an accommodation, to suit the convenience of the court. He drafted and secured the passage of Laconia's city charter, and was selected as its first city solicitor, which position he has ever since held.



Speaker Jewett.

Mr. Jewett became actively interested in politics as a Republican in 1876, when a mere boy, and soon became a leader. In 1880 he took charge of the town committee, and conducted its affairs until 1890, when he was elected secretary of the state



committee, he having been a member of that body since 1884, and of the executive committee since 1886. His first experience as secretary was the famous Tuttle campaign—the hardest fought political battle ever known in New Hampshire. In that campaign Mr. Jewett's service to the party did not stop with the close of the polls on election day, but continued until the governor was seated in the executive chair. As clerk of the house of representatives, who had the making up of the roll, he appeared before the full bench of the supreme court in the famous attempt of the Democrats to make him disclose his intentions as to whether or not he intended to place on the roll the names of certain representatives who had been declared elected in town meeting. The great battle over the "If Entitled" will not soon be forgotten in this state, nor will Mr. Jewett's services to the Republican party in that critical juncture. As in all the crises of his life, he rose to the occasion, and suddenly the people of all parties recognized in him a coming man. At the opening of the next campaign, that of 1892, Mr. Jewett was chosen chairman of the state committee, and the triumphant election of Governor John B. Smith proved the wisdom of the choice. In 1894 he was again put at the head of the great organization, and with the experience of two years before to guide him he secured the election of the candidate, Governor Charles A. Busiel, by the unheard of majority of 10,000 votes. At this election he was himself elected to represent his ward in the legislature, and his name was at once put forward by his friends as a candidate for speaker. With the tremendous prestige which he had attained as leader in the great Republican victory in November, no candidate could stand up before him, and he was nominated for speaker in the Republican caucus, by a vote of two to one over his only competitor. He was elected as a matter of course, and has made as good a speaker as ever presided in our legislative halls. This is largely due to his previous service as assistant clerk and clerk, he having held each position during two sessions. He was also engrossing clerk for one session, that of 1883. In 1891 he was a colonel on the staff of Governor Goodell, but it is difficult to tell whether this position should be classified as a political, a military, or a social triumph. Whichever it may be considered, it cannot be gainsaid that he wore his "embellishments" with characteristic modesty throughout his term of service.

Mr. Jewett has found time from the engrossing cares of his legal and political career to take an interest in various enterprises and pursuits outside of his legitimate business. At one time he devoted much attention to the New Hampshire National Guard, and for several years was a member of Company K, Third regiment, of Laconia. He has taken all of the Masonic degrees up to the 32d, and has been master of Mount Lebanon lodge, high priest of Union chapter, master of Pythagorean chapter, and commander of Pilgrim commandery, all of Laconia, and is now an officer of the grand council of New Hampshire.

His business connections outside of his law partnership include direc-

torships in the Laconia Building and Loan association, the Laconia National bank, the Laconia Land and Improvement company, the Standard Electric Time company, the Weirs Hotel and Land company, and the Laconia Masonic Temple association. He is also a member of the various bar associations, and of the Republican National League.

In the domestic circle Mr. Jewett is the same courteous, kindly man that he is known to be in his business and political life. He was married on June 30, 1880, just as he started in the practice of the law, and before even a small income was by any means assured, to Annie L. Bray, of Bradford, England, and he proudly says that such success as he has attained is due much more to her than it is to himself. They have one child, a son, Theo S., of whom they are both fond and proud. They have a beautiful home at Laconia, where they entertain their friends with generous hospitality.

No safer prediction can be made than that Mr. Jewett has only begun his career. The future, if his life is spared, contains great possibilities for him, and his past record is a sufficient assurance that he will miss no opportunities, that he will meet every emergency with ability and courage, and that he will rise superior to every crisis. His party recognizes him as a capable leader and representative. The state of New Hampshire looks upon him as one who will be added to her long list of illustrious sons.

MUSIC AND LIFE; OR, THE ETHICS OF MUSIC.[1]

By Milo Benedict.

I.

Having been asked to contribute something in the form of literature by way of variety for our musical programme to-day, and realizing somewhat the interest which centres here in this essay-loving club, upon all objects of intellectual pursuit, I have thought the reading of a little essay in connection with the few brief notes I have written for the musical numbers might be heard with appreciation.

It is impossible in so short a space to amplify the few thoughts I have brought forward. The subject has appeared to me with many ramifications, but I have not had the courage to attempt anything like an orderly or methodical presentation of it. I have simply set down at random the gist of the reflections which have grown out of my daily experience. And lest it be thought by some that I have intended to exert an influence tending to hinder rather than advance the art of music, I must say that my concern is not so much with the art, which will take care of itself, as with the artist, who is so often going wrong. I am confident it will be seen by those who see the ultimate end of my reasoning that I mean enlargement of the art, to be

[1] Read at a meeting of the Woman's club, Concord, N. H., March 26, 1894.

attained, however, by helping the artist, if possible, to a livelier sense of the richness and significance of life, to make him less anxious for praise, to set up for his emulation masters like Bach of the eighteenth century, or like Brahms of the present day, or, to mention a name on this side of the water, John K. Paine.

It is hard to explain why so little has been written on music, from the basis of a broad criticism such as is applied to literature, painting, and sculpture. It is certain that much that has been written on the art has come from no deeper reflection than that which is expressed and satisfied in a burst of ecstasy or adulation. So far as my observation goes, music has had less earnest criticism than any of the fine arts. Its influence on life, thought, and character, seems to have been largely ignored by critics, and musicians seem naturally disinclined to think about their art as the literary man or the painter thinks about his.

The musical critics on our newspapers too often lose themselves in their individual likes and dislikes, in their forced perceptions of what is good or what faulty in musical performances; and from what we read in the columns of gossip over the movements and doings, the failures and successes of professionals and amateurs, it would be easy to imagine that there is no higher incentive to the study of music than the encomiums of praise, and the titles to distinction it throws in our way.

Further, we may remark that books about music written under the light of science, or in the form of criticism, are not destined to much popularity for reasons obvious enough; and literary workers are not greatly attracted to the art, because it offers so little ground for them to walk upon, being so remote from the world of realities. Indeed, we may say that the art of music furnishes directly no material for the literary man, pure and simple. Simply the analysis of musical compositions, or the telling of what is good or bad in the performance of an orchestra or a singer, or instrumentalist, cannot be literature, in a high sense, any more than a report of the rulings of the House of Lords, or a treatise on methods of book-keeping, can be literature.

Music, it may be said, occupies a world of its own, and needs no ancillary art to explain or diagnose its effects; nor can its effects be strengthened by literature. It speaks its own beautiful language, and if one can feel no thrill of pleasure in listening to music, no amount of analysis will aid one's sensibility. A purely intellectual understanding of the art is of little account if one does not respond to its magic charm and moving power.

I must admit that a good deal of the writing I have seen on musical criticism, biography, and history, I have found not only unentertaining, but to a great extent unprofitable. In this class of literature there is a singularly prevailing love of the artificial. The authors are persons who have sought art solely in a spirit of selfish, sensuous pleasure, and their work conveys the impression that their subjects were not real men and women, full grown and self-possessed, but rather the fabulous denizens of an enervated planet, abounding in cultivated gardens, with walks and bowers, and artificial lakes,

shabby theatres and card-board palaces, where art flourishes solely for its own sake, and where the inhabitants, all possessed of tender feelings, pass their life—if life it can be called—in constant seeking of pleasure and cloying delights, and obtain relief from their little tragedies in soothing airs, and finally expire after a series of hectic dreams.

Then there is another sort, freer from strained sentiments and the faint air of perfumed words, yet hardly more to be desired, for they sin against the laws of proportion by attaching false value to certain powers, by holding distorted conceptions of greatness, by having lost the scale for weighing excellencies. "There are all degrees of power," remarks Emerson, "and the least are interesting, but they must not be confounded."

Happily within the past few years there have sprung up writers with larger ideas, broader and more catholic tastes, with sharp and penetrating intellects, who, with all the high mindedness needed, have pitched their tents in the very halls of music, and from their pens we have entertaining and deeply pondered essays, that are instructive and sensible, that lead us to recognize that all the fine arts are united in spirit, and have but one aim, to enrich and beautify life. Among such writers we may mention Mr. Henry T. Finck, whose critical work on Wagner and his art has received wide recognition for its justice and critical acumen; Mr. William F. Apthorp, now renowned as a critic and historiographer; and Mr. George T. Ferris, whose delightful series of musical essays on noted composers, singers, pianists, etc., arranged in several volumes, are a rich addition to the musical literature of the day. There are others I might mention, like Professor Paine himself, who are distinguished both as critics and masters, but it is hardly necessary to refer to men so widely known.

I am sure the best thoughts I have read on music have come not from the musical critics, but have appeared unexpectedly in the pages of writers whose themes have been as diverse as the aims of human life are various. Such eminent critics and writers as the German Lessing, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, P. G. Hamerton, John Addington Symonds, and the late Walter Pater, have thrown out such needed light over the realm of art that no reader can fail of getting legions of ideas from them respecting art in general, and with these he finds himself in some degree prepared to meet the problems he is not unfrequently propounding to himself. Having judgments unmixed with prejudice, and having above all, the power to admire rightly, such men do not set up one power as all-sufficient, but regard all powers in their true relation to each other.

I am entirely conscious that music seems to many, as it seems indeed to myself, never to have been adequately praised. There are moments when we feel that it is above language. But it is because it has for us such power of enchantment that we should be sparing of it. Walter Savage Landor said, "Music is both sunshine and irrigation to the mind; but when it occupies and covers it too long it debilitates and corrupts it."

In this deliberate utterance there is a singular truth which I would like to emphasize, and which I mean to make the kernel of my essay.

Music has no alloy. It is a concentrated sweet like honey, and like any concentrated sweet it is most relished in small or moderate quantities, and on auspicious occasions. To literally swim in it, as many do, is to vulgarize it and destroy it. One could not live on a ration of crystalized violet blossoms. There is a need of solids. The finer the organization, the more delicate and perfect its adjustment, the quicker will it feel the absence of any needed element in its food, or the superabundance of any element not required. It is not otherwise with the mind. The moment we sever our connections with natural forces we upset our harmony of parts. In general reckoning this elementary truth is left out. We expect to do great things by shooting the total sum of our energy into one narrow direction, and defeat follows because we allow our special power to rest on a narrow foundation.

A tree cannot have a great limb without having a great trunk, and it cannot have a great trunk without great roots. Its breadth and strength argue its strong hold upon the hidden sources of life. In the language of Herbert Spencer, "Whatever amount of power an organism expends in any shape is the correlate and equivalent of the power that was taken into it from without." We prefer to drive our roots into the air rather than into the ground. We would seek acquaintance only with things superfine. We would like to be brilliant and distinguished as diamonds. But real diamonds did not come into existence in a moment. It is the paste diamond that is created without honest toil, and it must be admitted that there is a great demand for the counterfeiting of whatever is genuine.

Throngs of young people today are striving to become specialists or experts in some particular field. Their incentive is chiefly in the hope of becoming distinguished for doing some one little thing, if it is no more than painting on the face of a clam shell, with defter skill than has heretofore been done in that particular direction, and when they have reached their goal we find they have merely sent up one little shoot over the heads of their fellows, while they as persons are below the average in that development of fine personal qualities which makes people useful and substantial.

II.

Music, let us say, is beauty of imagination made presentable. Through it we express in a degree our feelings—in a degree, because not by the combined power of all the arts can we express all our feelings. If a person could be born with such angelic comprehensiveness of mind as to possess an equal love and understanding of all the arts, he would be found saying: Give me your best expression, your highest feeling, and the wealth of your imagination, and you may use for your medium of expression any art in which you can say what is in you naturally and spontaneously. And if the artist by some limitation had not a bias for one mode of expression above another, he would never

think about his means, but would turn to his paints, or his chisel, or his pen, or his musical instrument, with equal facility and success.

Whitman has put the case for us beautifully in simple language. He says: "All music is what awakens from you when you are reminded by the instruments." What we enjoy is, in a sense, not the music but our own awakened sense of beauty and power. Some other agent than sound might stir the same feelings, reach the same inward springs of beauty and harmony. The power is within us and needs only to be called out. A poem or a sunset might serve as well, or a picture, or a friendly meeting.

The musician, without any question, suffers a limitation of feeling and sensibility from the preponderance he gives music as a vehicle of expression. He makes the world of music his environment, and consequently since a man must grow as he receives, he cannot transplant himself from one kind of soil and climate to another, figuratively speaking, without modifying his nature. By confining himself continually to the language of music the musician grows to understand only that language. And by the language of music I mean that which is built upon the seven tones of the scale, including the intermediate half-tones; for the music of nature, which falls not within a prescribed limit, but is adapted to a scale of interminable heights and depth, and of infinite graduations, may not have for the musician, as it has for the poet, a charm and significance, but transpose if you can this music into the category of tones and half-tones, and it immediately becomes to him intelligible and significant.

To be enlarged we must go first to nature, not to art. For we are not in the primal sense creators, but creatures, and clearly we do not grow by feeding upon our own creations. When we allow a sudden draft of enthusiasm to close the door between the world into which our one or two special talents have led us and the real and great world outside, we are likely to forget to return, and so lose our connections with the great centre of things. It is easy to make that common and fatal mistake of putting art first and life second. Let the artist but recognize that the arts exist for life, and not life for the arts, and there will be health and power in all his work, whether it be painting, poetry, or music.

In a recent conversation it was argued that music is the divinest of the arts, because it can express nothing bad, nor morally good, unless the beautiful can be called the good. At first thought this appears true, but at second thought untrue. If music is incapable of affecting people in ways both good and bad, then we may consider the art as one limited in range and power, and correspondingly inferior to both literature and painting, which exert incalculable influence upon the moral consciousness of men, and so not only serve beauty, but have a wide application to life itself.

Mr. Hall Caine, in some recent lectures delivered in Edinburgh, declares in reference to literature, that although the novelist may shut out all moral consideration in his work, he cannot help communicating, however indirectly, the quality and char-

acter of his moral nature. And we may carry the idea further, and say a man cannot hide himself in any of the fine arts. We read in music something of the character of the composers, though perhaps with less distinctness than we read the characters of writers in their books, or of artists in their paintings. Some people think that art is not moral, but Mr. Ruskin assures us that little else is moral. Those who are susceptible to the influence of music must feel that certain kinds of music, irrespective of their associations, cheapen and degrade the mind, while other kinds elevate and enlarge it. We get into very much the same frame of mind listening to the music of worthless composers that we get into reading the works of worthless authors.

So it can hardly be said that music can say nothing bad, if in its lower forms it does indeed cheapen and degrade the mind. Colors, also, in themselves can say nothing bad, yet the painter may put them on canvas in such a way as to make them say things that are very bad. Colors or sounds become good or bad as they pass through the imagination of the artist who has used them as vehicles of expression.

III.

The other day a musical friend in Boston, with an appreciable stroke of humor, sent me a neatly written page copied from some book or paper, which read as follows: "The painter may produce from his imagination scenes far more lovely in every detail than he has ever seen, but yet they must exist in some counterpart in nature. We can behold the artist only in the nearness of approach to the perfection of nature. Of himself he can show nothing but his name." Then the passage closes with these words: "Not so with the great musician; he can imagine and evoke strains no ear has ever heard, and impart to them not alone true value and meaning, as musical variations, but also his own conception of expression, and vary their sentiment until they express with the music they embody the player's very own personality. It is because of this that the art of music is grander, and nobler, and higher than all the other arts."

I quote this illogical passage because it expresses a fallacy now spreading, and offers opportunity for a word or two. It isn't necessary to expatiate upon the absurdity of the idea, that in his interpretation of nature and choice of subject the painter reveals no more of himself than his name on the canvas; but the idea which now appears to be rife among certain writers on musical topics, viz.: that the composer or player gives us in his work his very own personality, is one really to provoke mirth, if it did not make us sober by affecting some people so seriously. Some German philosopher (Schopenhauer, I believe) has said that music is the perfect expression of the will; and that I imagine is the seat of the whole trouble, the idea having spread and developed into various forms. Of course in music there are no obstructions; you may invent any form you choose, whatever suits your mood. But just how much of your personality is really expressed in your invention is something we cannot accurately

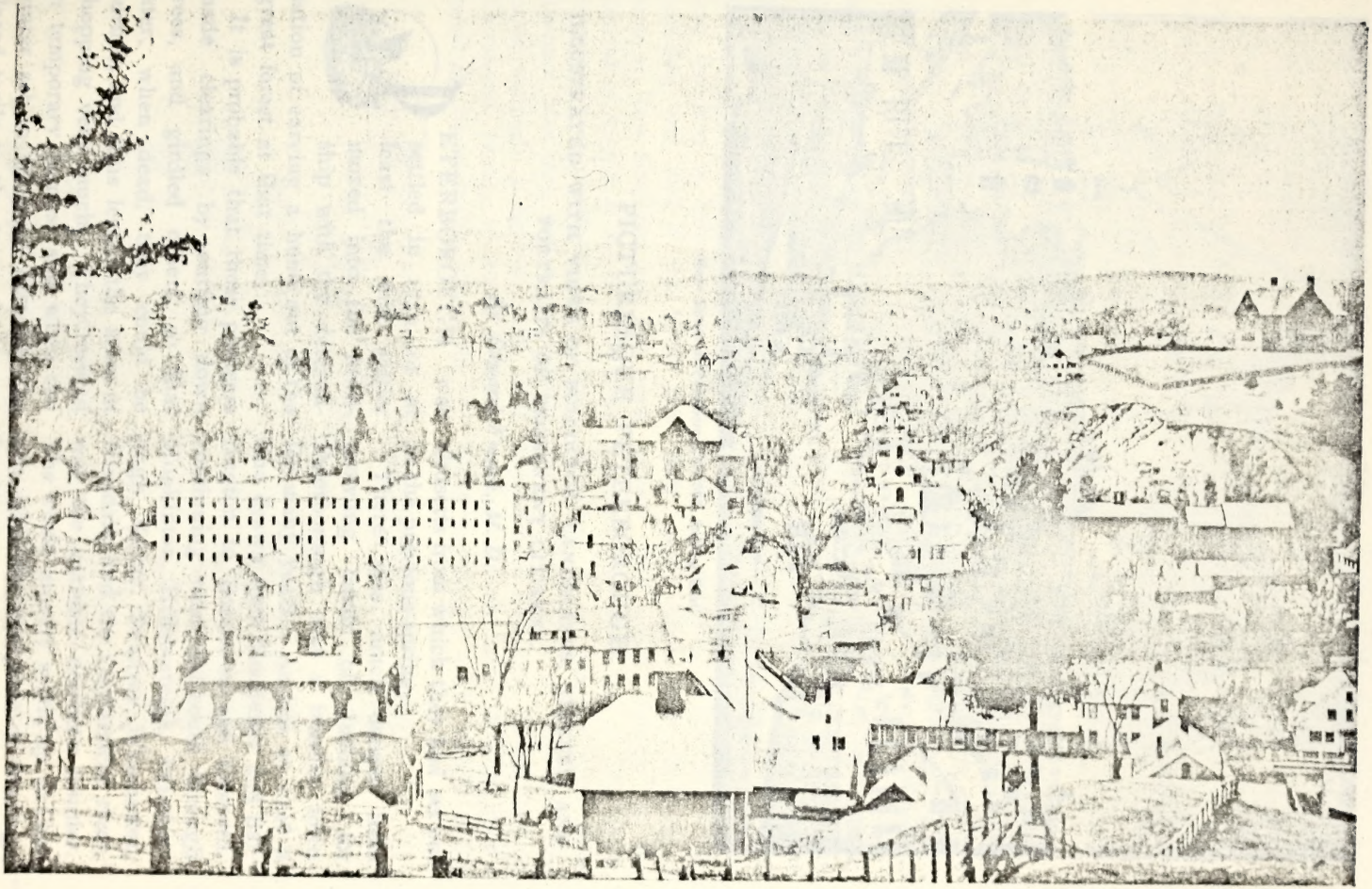
measure. It is evident that only a small part of it is expressed. For personality is above all polygonal and composed of many parts, and cannot be revealed or represented in forms of melody with more completeness than the history of the War of the Rebellion can be transcribed in ingenious arrangements of the prismatic colors.

Music tells that the composer has an artistic imagination, a sense of beauty, has sentiments and moods which he seeks to express, has sense of order and proportion, time, rhythm, and tune; pleasant fancies, and weak or strong passions. But these reports of his character are at most meagre. We do not know how he looked, or walked, or ate; what he liked or disliked, what he thought, what ideas he cherished, what books he read, what he believed, or how he would behave under various circumstances. We do not know the color of his skin or the quality of his voice, or the size of his hands; nor do we know the strength of his friendship, the weight of his honor, the depth of his hate or love, or the character of his ambition. So we must admit that though music tells us something about him, it tells but little, and that little somewhat indefinitely. The painter dealing direct with life and nature portrays much more of himself in his work, and the man of letters still more than all.

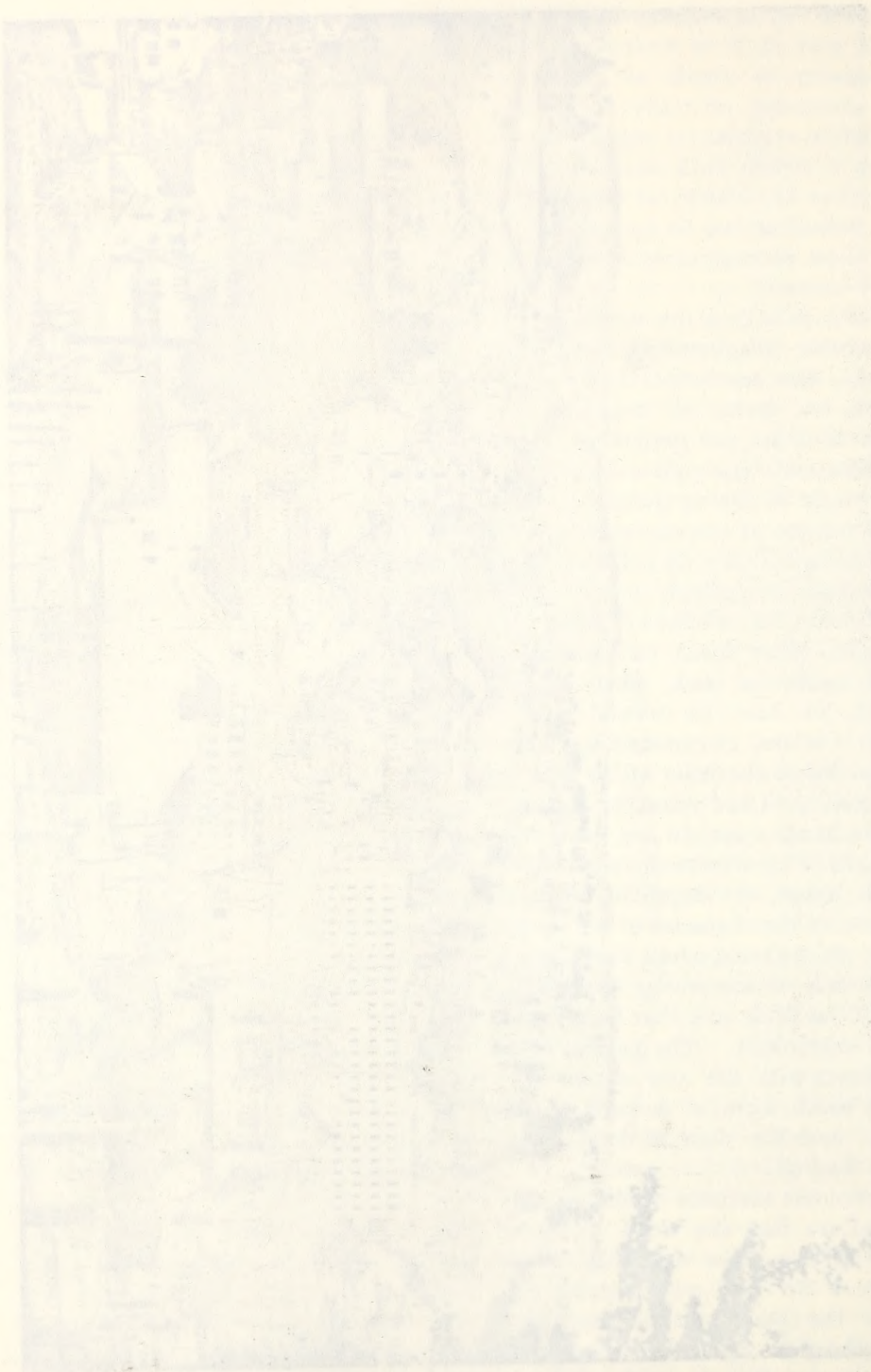
In the last sentence of the passage quoted we find the word "nobler" used, as it is often used, indiscriminately. No one who thinks can make the word noble compatible with the mere love of the beautiful. It is never dissociated from moral greatness of some kind. Pure, æsthetic enjoyment may be thrilling and captivating, or anything else, but not essentially noble.

Mr. Howells has recently written some thoughtful and timely words on this point, which have for us a special value, coming from one who has devoted himself so closely and faithfully to the study of life and of art. He says: "I may as well confess that I do not regard the artistic ecstasy as in any sort noble. It is not noble to love the beautiful, or to live for it, or by it; and it may even not be refining. . . . If you cannot look beyond the end you aim at, and seek the good which is not your own, all your sacrifice is to yourself, and not of yourself, and you might as well be going into business. . . . Hereafter, the creation of beauty, as we call it, for beauty's sake, may be considered something monstrous. There is forever a poignant meaning in life beyond what mere living involves, and why should there not be this reference in art to the ends beyond art."

In conclusion, however far we may cultivate art or lose ourselves in the depths and seeming realities of our own creations, it is best if we can always remember that there exist nobler ends above and beyond art, and as much as possible keep within us a spirit and attitude of mind such as I have found in a valued friend who seems to say to all persons, whoever they are: Show me that you cherish love and light, and live for truth, and I shall not often ask to see what things your hands have wrought, or what feats your intellect has performed.



Peterborough, from "East Hill." Grand Monadnock in the Distance.





Main Street of Peterborough, 1860, looking East.

PICTURESQUE PETERBOROUGH.

ILLUSTRATED WITH VIEWS OF BUILDINGS, LANDSCAPES, STREETS, AND PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT CITIZENS.

By Edward French, M. D.

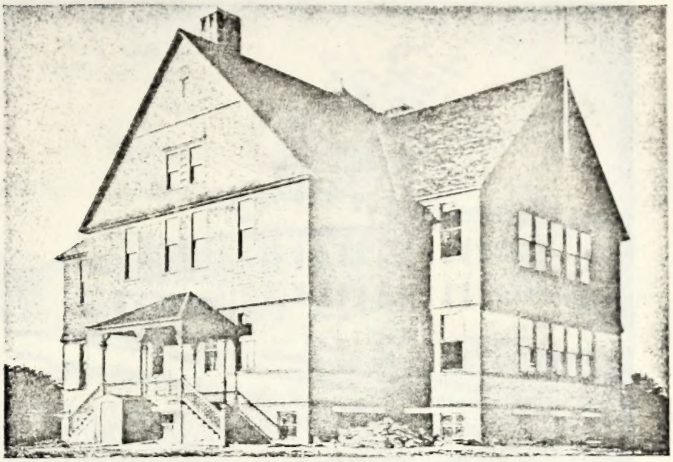


PETERBOROUGH was settled in 1739, or at least the first settler moved into the township with the determination of carving a home out of the great forest at that time.

It is probable that these pioneers made clearings by cutting down trees, and girdled others, so that later, when dead, they could be burned, and thus lessen the labor of chopping very much. They resided in temporary camps, and when the winter set in returned through the blazed trails to the towns in Massachusetts from which they had set out in the previous spring.

There was much danger from prowling bands of Indians, for Peterborough was a frontier town for many years. As late as 1746 a line drawn from Rochester and Barrington to Boscawen and Concord, continuing west and south through Hopkinton, Hillsborough, Peterborough, Keene, Swanzey, Winchester, Hinsdale, and the Connecticut river, was the extreme northern frontier. The whole country north, up to Canada, with the exception of clearings in Charlestown and Westmoreland,

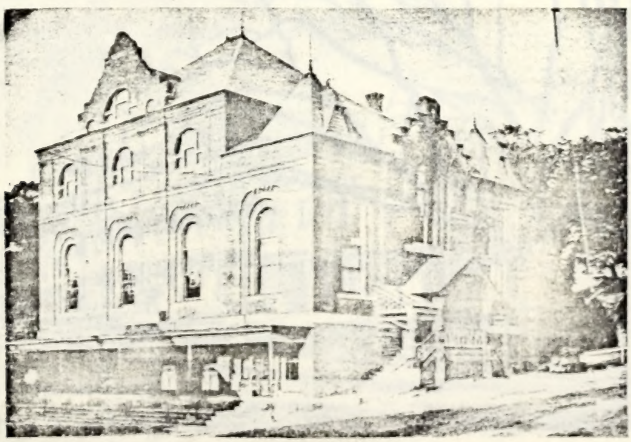




Peterborough High School.

was a dense forest, impenetrable, except in the beds of the small streams.

While all the sister towns of Peterborough suffered from the Indians, Peterborough always escaped. The only incident in history is a rather amusing one, and if the noble red man of New England had not been devoid of humor it might have been regarded as a practical joke. Capt. Thomas Morrison and a Mr. Russell came through a spotted path from Townsend, Mass., to make a settlement in the township where the village of South Peterborough now is. They built a cosy camp on the south side of a giant boulder, near a sweet spring, and prepared to clear up the land. They spent but one night, for in the morning, when they arose, they came upon two Indians, a squaw and child, fishing in the Contoocook—then full of big trout. Wishing to be friendly with them they invited them to breakfast, and the Indians accepted. When they returned to their camp at noon, after a hard morning's work, which would



Town Hall.





Woollen Manufactory of Joseph Noone's Sons' Company.

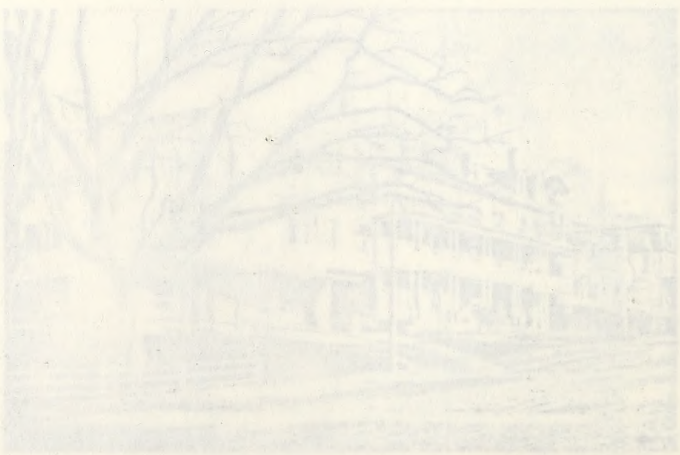
provoke a tremendous appetite, and expecting to find the pork which they had left boiling in the morning, they found the pot empty and every article of food gone. The Indians had stolen every particle of their scanty provisions, taking the pork from the pot, and even the pot with it. The valiant captain and his sturdy henchman had to go back through the woods to Townsend, between twenty and thirty miles, before they could satisfy their hunger.

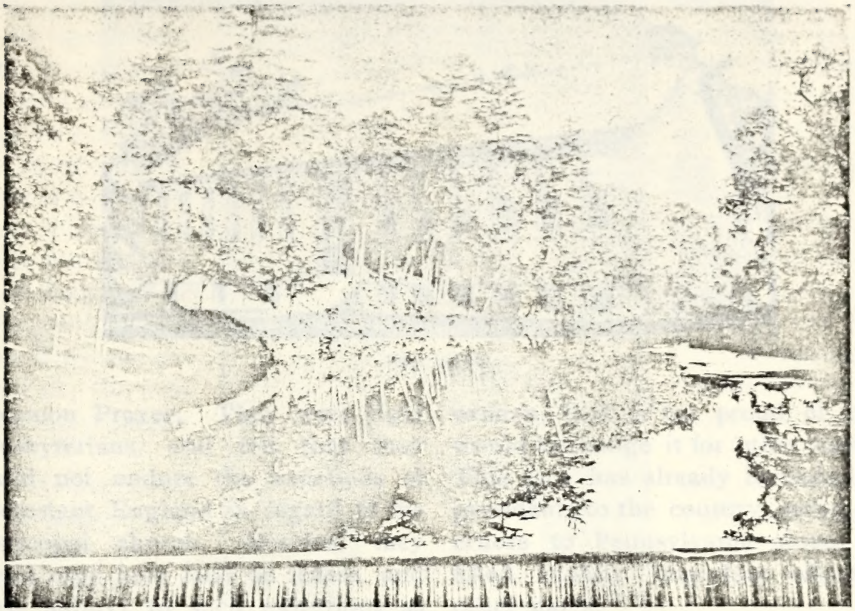
In later years the dreadful alarm that "the Indians are coming!" reached the young settlement one summer afternoon, and the men seizing their guns and tools, and their sturdy wives the children, they began a midnight retreat through the woods and over this same rough path back to Townsend. Nothing came of it, however, and they straggled back during the following weeks.

"The town was uncommonly fortunate in the character of its early



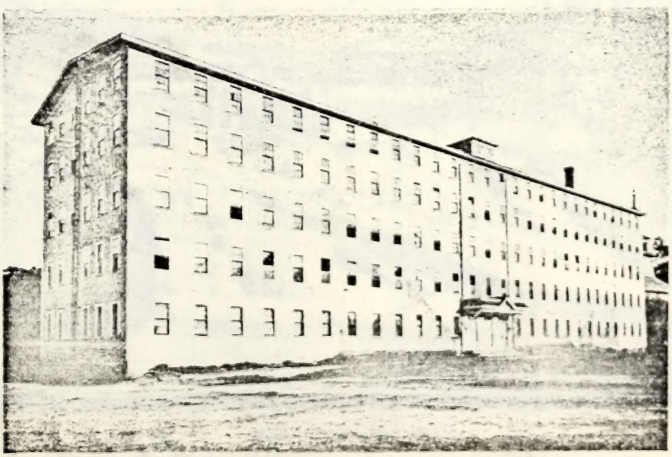
Tucker's Tavern.



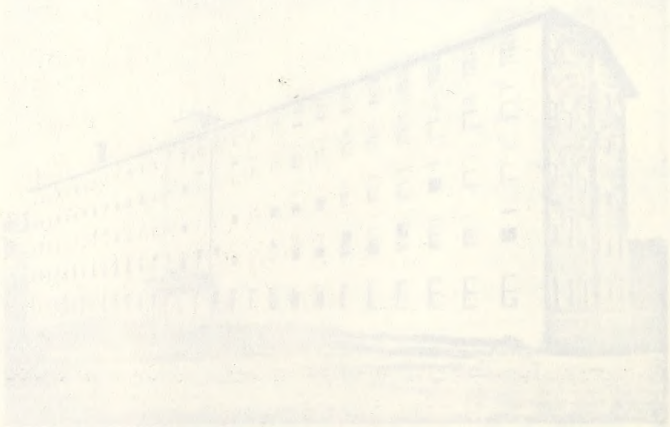


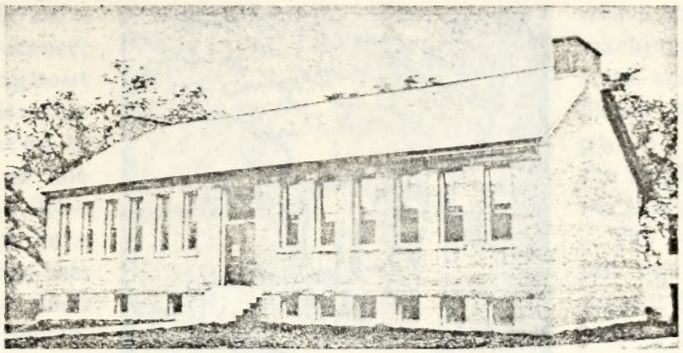
The Contoocook in the Village.

settlers. They were not a mixture of all nationalities, and languages, and habits, as in our new settlements of the present time, but were of that sturdy, remarkable race of Scotch-Irish, who themselves emigrated from Ireland, or were the immediate descendants of the same. They were not of the lower order of European population, but were of the middle class, men considerably educated, so that they were well qualified to understand the tyrannical and exacting course pursued by their government toward them, and to fully appreciate their civil and religious rights. They were not only heavily taxed, but they were often involved in difficulties from their determination never to conform to the Book of



Peterborough Improvement Company's Factory.

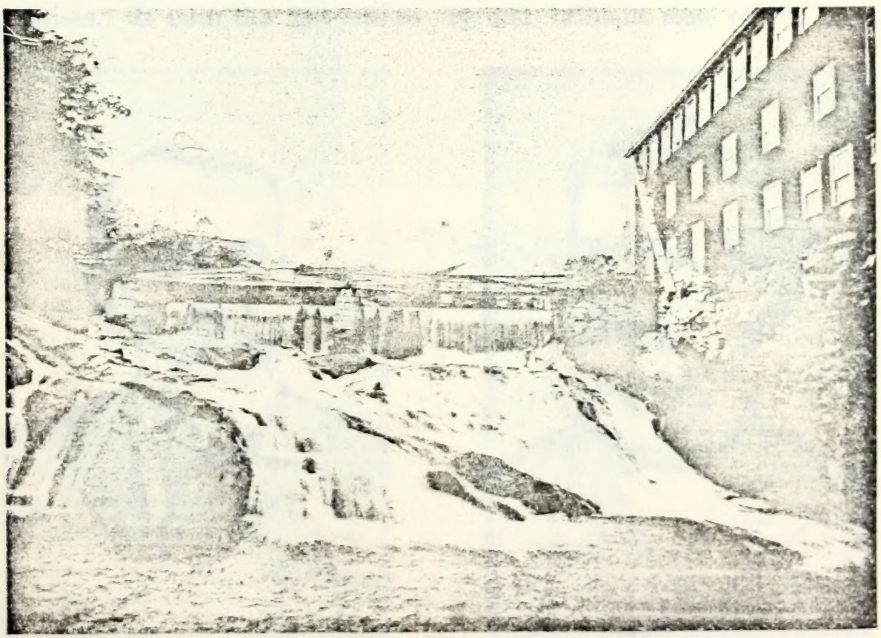




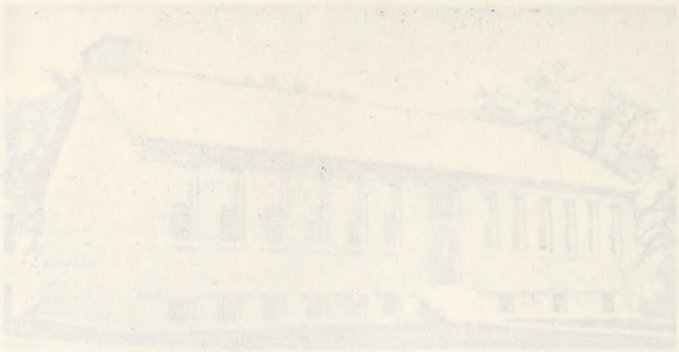
Town Library.

Common Prayer. They were rigid Presbyterians, and felt that they could not endure the exactions of Protestant England in regard to the Episcopal church. Besides, they could only hold land on leases, and were subject to such extortions as their landlords pleased. Over five millions of the people of the United States have this blood in their veins, and there is not one of them, man or woman, that is not proud of it, or would exchange it for other lineage. This race has already furnished six presidents to the country, seven governors to Pennsylvania alone, and filled equally important offices in other states."

"The first public voice for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came from a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian. A large number were signers



Rear of "Old Bell Mill."





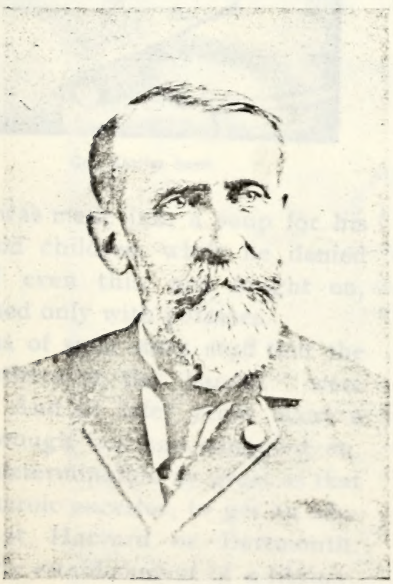
of the Declaration of Independence, and throughout the Revolution were devoted to the cause of the country. The cause might have failed but for this timely help. Such a thing as a Scotch-Irish Tory was unheard of; the race never produced one."



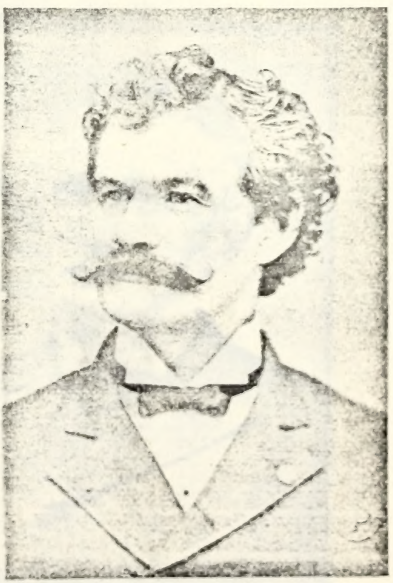
Soldiers' Monument, Putnam Park.

With such blood in its settlers it is no wonder that it proudly boasts of a long line of illustrious sons, and points with gratification to its priority in two eminently important enterprises. It built the first mill to weave cotton with machinery in this state, and it established the first free public library in the English speaking world.

The town did not receive its present name until some years after its incorporation. Admiration for the heroic deeds of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, led them to adopt his name for the new town. This eccentric nobleman, born in 1658, and dying in 1735, was, according to Macaulay, "the most extraordinary and brilliant man of his time."

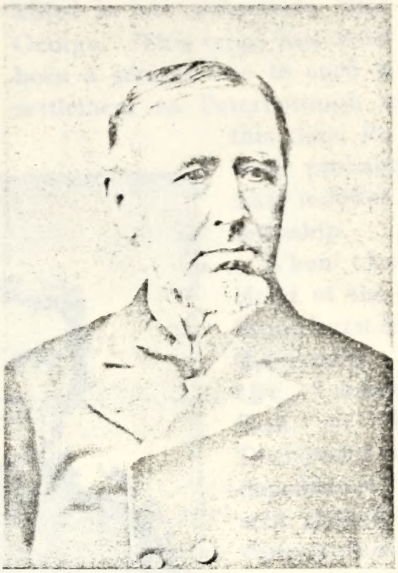


Capt. E. H. Smith.

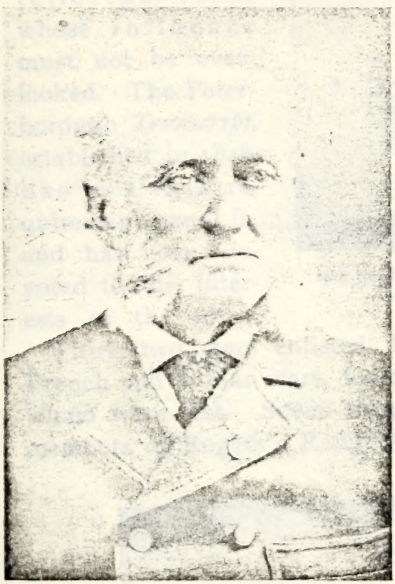


Gen. D. M. White.

They were a determined race, and on moral and religious questions were unswerving in the cause they thought right. This tenacity was shown in one of the ancestors of these Peterborough settlers at the siege of Londonderry, Ireland. He had been shut up in the town, and reduced almost to the point of starvation, but determined never to surrender. He bought for three shillings and sixpence a cat's head,



Charles H. Brooks.



Col. Charles Scott.

which was made into a soup for his wife and children, while he denied himself even this, and fought on, nourished only with potatoes.

It was of such stern stuff that the "forefathers of the hamlet" were made. And in later years many a Peterborough boy has struggled on, full of determination as great as that of his heroic ancestor, to get an education at Harvard or Dartmouth. The early establishment of a library, accessible to all the residents of the town, must have incited this ambition for an education. The Morrisons, the Smiths, and Scotts, families notable for the number of educated men they have sent out from this nursery, to do the work of



E. W. McIntosh.

the world, had the best qualities of this blood. The town has given three governors to this state, seven members of congress, three justices of supreme courts, many college professors, and a host of teachers, lawyers, doctors, and ministers. A good village paper is a moral and intellectual force whose influence must not be overlooked. The Peterborough *Transcript*, established in 1848, has met this requirement, and is, and has been, devoted to the interests of the town.



Miss Ella C. Abbott, Principal of High School.

Thirty-two men enlisted for the French and Indian wars, fourteen of whom were lost. Seven men, while members of Rogers's Rangers, were killed in one ambuscade, near Lake George. This large loss must have been a serious one to such a small settlement as Peterborough was at this time, for there were probably not sixty families in the township.

When the war cloud of the Revolution burst it found them ready. When the "Association Test," or "Virtual Declaration of Independence" was sent around to the various towns no town was found more patriotic than this town. Every able-bodied man in town signed it, and a Tory was never known. During this war, beginning with seventy-six men who enlisted for Cambridge and Lexington, the town fur-



Half-way House, Miller Park, on Pack Monadnock.





Summer Residence of Charles F. Pierce.

nished one hundred and forty-five men to the Continental army. There were twenty-three men in the Battle of Bunker Hill alone, some of whom never again saw the valley between the mountains which contained their dear homes.



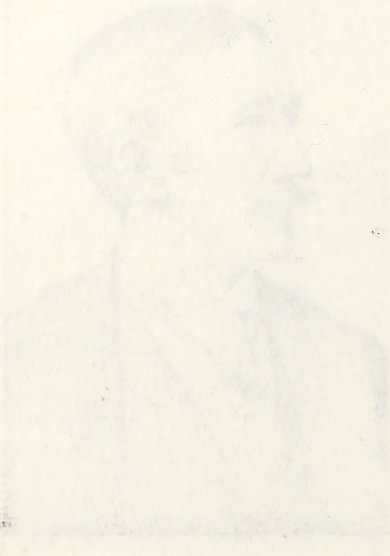
James F. Brennan.

Nor was the patriotism confined to the men alone. While Robert Wilson, a major in General Stark's command, was fighting at Bennington, his son, too small for the army, was, with others, driving cattle from Peterborough through the woods, for the subsistence of the army. This Wilson family was very notable in the affairs of the town and figures prominently in its early history. A good story is told of the late General James Wilson of Keene. His father was suspended



Frank G. Clarke.







Clover Ridge Farm.

from college and came home, much to *his* father's surprise. He was greeted with, "Well, my son, what have you come home for?"

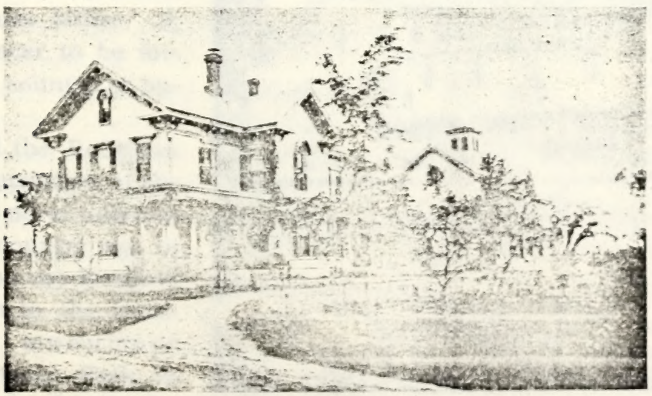
The young man said, "I got before my class, and the president let me come home until they caught up."

The ready wit pleased his father and his punishment was not severe. When his son, the late James Wilson of Keene, was in turn suspended, and came home, he was greeted with, "Hello, Jim, what are you here for?"

"Oh, I got before my class, and the president let me come home until they caught up."

The old man was some cut up and turned to a neighbor with, "How in the d——l do you suppose he ever heard that story?"

The War of 1812 gave an opportunity for one of Peterborough's sons to gain great distinction. At the Battle of "Lundy's Lane" he was told to storm and take a formidable battery, with a most desperate chance of success. His reply has become history—"I'll try, sir." He was breveted brigadier-general, presented with a sword by the governor, sen-



Residence of George W. Farrar.





Double Residence of F. G. Clarke and M. L. Morrison.

ate, and assembly of New York, and congress voted him a gold medal, with a representation of his heroic and memorable charge. He became the territorial governor of Arkansas, and was elected to congress, but resigned. Hawthorne called him, "New England's most distinguished soldier," and Gen. Lewis Cass said, "A more gallant soldier, or a purer patriot it has never been my fortune to meet."

He attended the centennial celebration in Peterborough, October 24, 1839, and was called out by the toast, "General James Miller. A brave man, never to be forgotten by his country or native town."

The War of the Rebellion aroused the patriotism of the old town, as it never failed to do when our country was in peril, and it sent two hundred and nine men to the front. The soldiers' monument erected in Putnam Park in 1869—one of the first in the state, records the names of forty-three "Peterborough soldiers sacrificed," and two women — wives of officers, who went to nurse their husbands.

The sturdy families of its early settlers have sent out generations of educated, energetic, and notable men. It is impossible in an article of this character to mention all of them, or to do more than single out here and there a few of its distinguished sons.

The Smiths, always strong and prominent in civic affairs, have given Chief-Justice Jeremiah Smith, of our supreme court, member of congress, and governor of the state twice; Dr. Albert Smith, professor in Dartmouth Medical college, and town historian. The Morrisons, always famous in educational matters and in theology, have produced many learned and devout men.

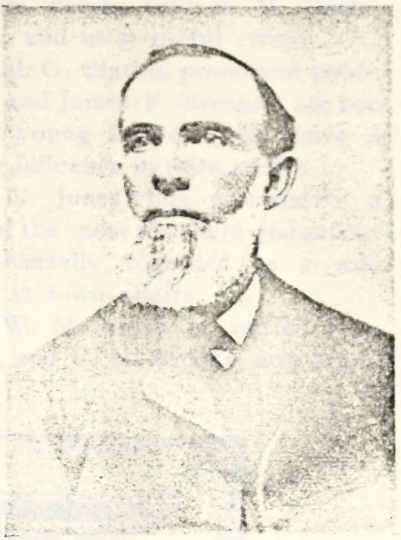


Charles Wilder's Thermometer and Barometer Manufactory.

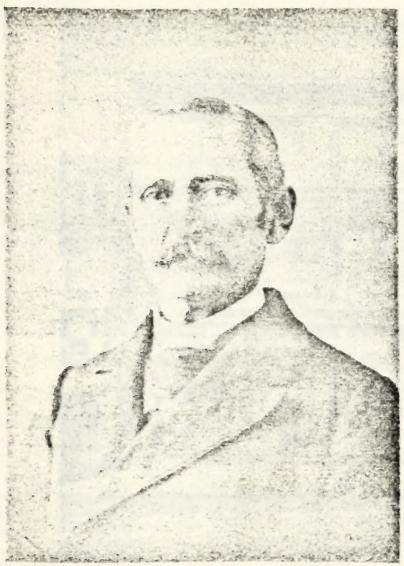
The Wilson family have given many lawyers, who have enjoyed political eminence. Mrs. M. E. Sherwood, the authoress, is one of this family.

The Holmes, of which family Judge Nathaniel Holmes of Cambridge is a representative, gave the sesqui-centennial address in October, 1889.

The McCoys, Nays (corrupted from McNee), Moores, Millers, Fields, Robbes, and Cheneys, have



Thomas B. Tucker.



John Scott.

illustrious sons and descendants in this and other states.

The Ames, Washburns, Hadleys, Swans, Steeles, and Wilders, are other prominent families.

The Whites have an able representative in Gen. D. M. White, a lawyer, late commanding the National Guard of the state, and United States consul at Sherbrooke, P. Q., prominent in the G. A. R., and a man bound to make a mark.

The Greggs, corrupted from MacGregor, Allisons, and Littles, are widely scattered.

The Kimballs, Langleys, Nicholses, Bruces, Frosts, Robbinses, and Forbushes are still numerous in the town, as well as other well known families.

The Scotts, at present and in the



M. L. Morrison.

past, have done good service for the town. The late Albert Scott and Kendall Scott were public spirited citizens who did much for the town. They seemed to have inherited a military prowess from an heroic ancestor. Capt. William Scott brought away five musket-balls in his body from Bunker Hill, afterwards escaping from a British prison-ship in Halfax harbor, and rounding out his career with rescuing eight people from a capsized boat in New York harbor. He fought with the elder Harrison at Tippecanoe, and finally ended a romantic career with a prosaic fever. His descendants, Col. Charles Scott, distinguished in the late Rebellion, with his brother, John Scott, editor of the Peterborough *Transcript*, are still citizens of the old town.

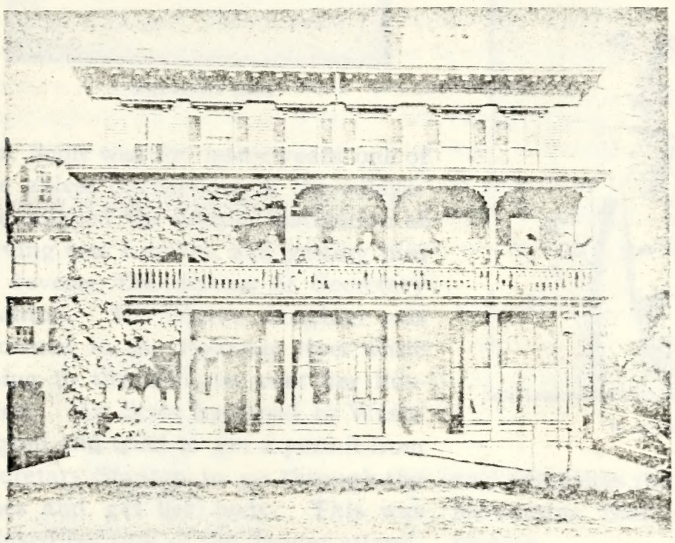
Another family of Smiths embraces several merchants; Capt. E. H. Smith, commander of the Soldiers' home; and E. M. Smith, lawyer and most useful citizen.

Frank G. Clarke, prominent politically, and James F. Brennan are two rising young lawyers who have a strong influence in town affairs.

E. W. Jones, late post-master, a man of the most excellent judgment, is universally regarded as a safe guide in town affairs.

E. W. McIntosh, a retired merchant, and C. H. Brooks, now representing the town in the state legislature, are prominent men. M. L. Morrison, cashier of the Peterborough Savings bank, and with an honorable war record, is another prominent citizen.

Miss Jennie Scott, a young lady of another Scott family, manages with a wise conservatism the large interests left by her father. Lands, buildings, and investments are ably handled by her with all the skill of her father, the late James Scott.



Brennan's Block and Marble Works.



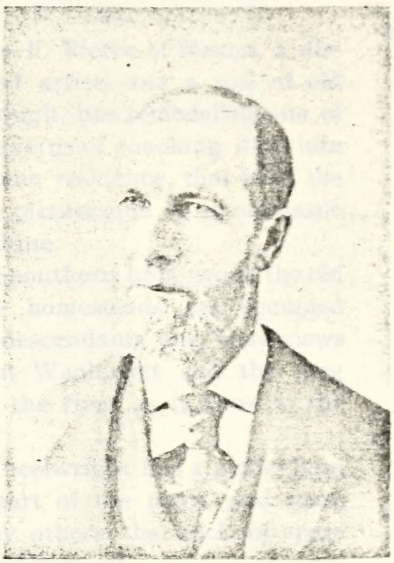


Miss Jennie Scott.

Mr. Scott was for many years one of the ablest counsellors of the village. He enjoyed the unique distinction of having met Lincoln, and getting him to reverse the dictum of Secretary Stanton. Mr. Scott's daughter was drowned in the Potomac river while going to the front to meet her husband. Mr. Scott hastened to Washington and tried to get a permit from Secretary Stanton to go through the lines and get her body. This was refused because of the danger attending such a pursuit. By his persistency he succeeded in getting to the president and winning the sympathy of his kind heart. He bore to the front a personal order from President Lincoln, and demonstrated to Mr. Stanton the "grit" and "stick-to-it-iveness" of a New Hampshire man.

The modern village of Peterborough is one of the most picturesque in southern New Hampshire. It is situated at the junction of the Nubanusit with the Contoocook river, and straggles up and down the valleys, through which these rivers have their course.

Built upon the western foot-hills of Pack Monadnock, "little father of rocks," it looks across a wide valley six or eight miles distant to Grand Monadnock. This great mountain forms a fitting barrier in the west,



E. M. Smith, Esq.

and completes the chain of encircling mountains that enframes this fair picture.

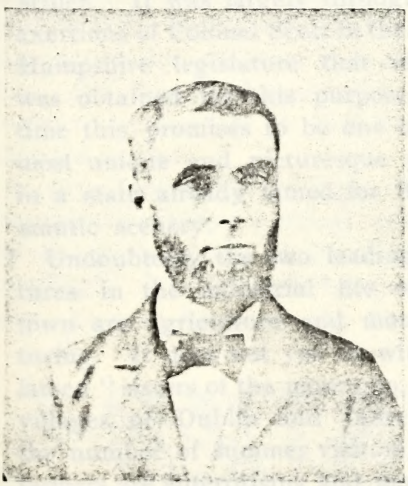
The Contoocook, that beautiful but eccentric stream, rises almost on the Massachusetts line and flows north its entire distance, and affords many beautiful scenes about the town.

The village has a handsome park, named "Putnam park," in honor of the lady who gave it to the town, in which is erected the soldiers' monument. It is shaded by large trees and borders on the Nubanusit, and it is safe to say that few towns of twenty-two hundred inhabitants have a pleasure ground as handsome and convenient as this.

The main street is up and down hill, but is unusually wide and long, and extends from a handsome, old stone bridge across the Contoocook to West Peterborough, two miles away.

The high school is on top of a high hill, and, though almost half a mile away if the streets are followed, it yet overlooks that busiest corner of this New England village, the town house.

Its two railroads from Boston connect it with the rest of the world, and make it accessible to that constantly growing class of people who migrate to the country every summer. It has always been a favorite place for these people, and several of the large, generous, old-fashioned farm-houses open



E. W. Jones.

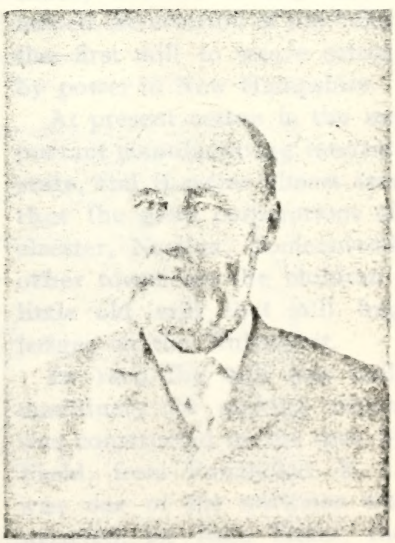
their hospitable doors every summer. These are numerous on the surrounding hills, and are sure to become, sooner or later, picturesque and health-giving summer homes. On the "east hill," the "old Wilson place," as it is familiarly called, is owned by the millionaire philanthropist, B. P. Cheney, Esq., of Wellesley, Mass. This has been greatly improved at great expense by H. K. French, and affords one of the most beautiful views in New Hampshire.

"Bleak House," the summer residence of the late N. H. Morrison, of Baltimore, is near this, and participates in the glorious view of the western valley and "Old Monadnock."

Charles F. Pierce of Boston, a distinguished artist, and a son of old Peterborough, has remodelled one of the old taverns of coaching days into a handsome residence, that from the rear is as picturesque as an old castle on the Rhine.

On the southern hills two of the old Morrison homesteads are occupied by their descendants and have views of distant Wachusett and the long valley of the river as it flows to the north.

Mr. Wheelwright has a model farm in this part of the town, and there are many others that lack of space forbids mention of.



Charles Wilder.



Cotton Mill and Boarding Houses at West Peterborough.

The summit of Pack Monadnock, partly in Peterborough and partly in Temple, has been laid out as a mountain park in memory of Gen. James Miller. It was largely through the exertions of Colonel Scott in the New Hampshire legislature that money was obtained for this purpose. In time this promises to be one of the most unique and picturesque parks in a state already famed for its romantic scenery.

Undoubtedly the two leading features in the industrial life of the town are agriculture and manufacturing. It does not yet vie with its famed "sisters of the mountain," the villages of Dublin and Jaffrey, in the number of summer visitors. Its farmers are enterprising and modern, and have a large grange, a splendid creamery, and many fertile farms and beautiful homes.

Clover Ridge farm is the property of W. H. Caldwell, secretary of the American Guernsey Cattle club, and lately connected with the state agricultural colleges of both Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; it has a registered herd of blooded Guernseys and Yorkshire hogs.

Many useful and eminent men have gone out from these beautiful old farm-houses and occupy prominent positions in the world's workshop.

Manufacturing was begun at an early date. In the history of the early inhabitants much is told of their skill and industry in weaving linen and woollen cloth. The wife of Deacon Samuel Miller paid for a farm for each of her four sons by weaving linens. The skill of these thrifty housewives may have determined the erection of the "Old Bell," the first mill to weave cotton cloth by power in New Hampshire.

At present cotton is the most important manufacturing interest in the state, and it seems almost incredible that the great corporations of Manchester, Nashua, Somersworth, and other towns are the children of the little old mill that still hugs the ledges on the Nubanusit.

In 1809 the mill was built, and machinery for making cotton yarn was constructed on the spot, by John Field, from Pawtucket, R. I. He was one of the workmen who constructed, for John Slater, the first cotton-mill in the United States.

In May, 1818, the first cloth was woven by water-power looms in this state under the superintendence of John H. Steele, afterwards governor of New Hampshire in 1844–'45.

There are now three other large cotton mills in operation—the "Phœnix," the oldest one, in the central part of the village, and two others at West Peterborough.

In 1824 John H. Steele began at West Peterborough the erection of a cotton-mill that cost $100,000—an enormous outlay in those days. Another mill has been built since, and the little village grouped about these two was created expressly for these mills. Mr. Steele was a native of North Carolina, and he built the "corporation boarding-houses" in the style of his native state, with big chimneys on the outside of each end. They still stand as specimens of Southern architecture in this little Northern hamlet.

In 1831 Joseph Noone began the manufacture of heavy woollens, roller and slasher cloths, etc., at South Peterborough. The business has prospered, because he made the finest goods obtainable in this line; and the present mill, managed by A. W. Noone, continues to be an active force in the industries of the town.

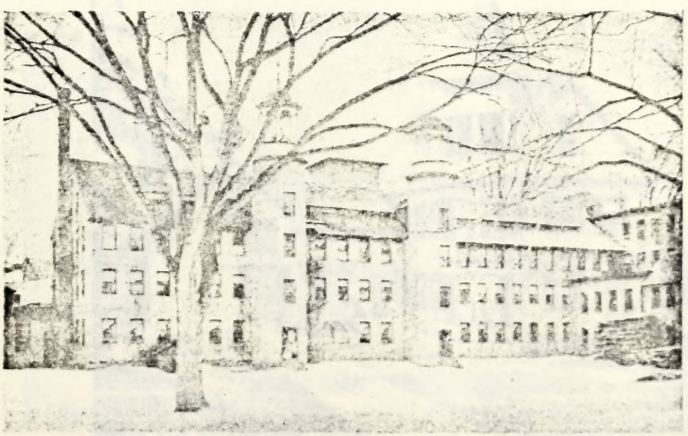
In 1860 Mr. Charles Wilder began to make thermometers and barometers in the old cotton-mill at North Peterborough. His instruments are the most accurate made in this country and are in use at the Smithsonian Institution and other U. S. government departments.

The making of trusses has been carried on many years by different firms.

Basket making was begun in 1854 and is now carried on successfully by Mr. Needham, who employs upwards of twenty men. Carriage manufacturing, shoes, lumber, electrical and other machinery, grist milling and windmills are other enterprises.

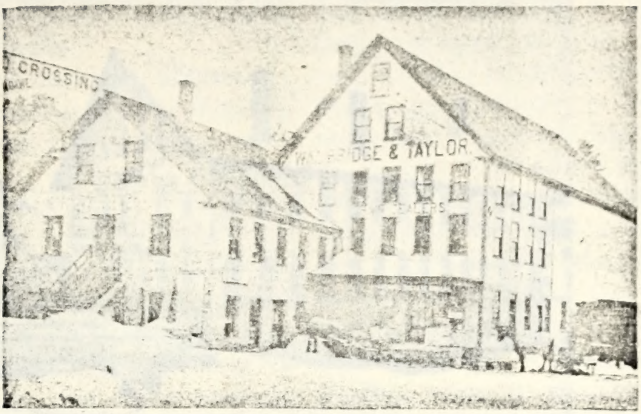
Formerly a good deal of paper was made by A. P. Morrison, ex-Senator P. C. Cheney, and J. J. Barker, Adams & Nay.

Hubert Brennan, since 1849, has done most of the marble cutting and monumental work in this section of the state.



Phœnix Cotton Mill.





Peterborough Transcript Office.

The streets and houses are well lighted by electricity made by water power.

One of the institutions of the town has been for many years the village inn. More depends upon this than is evident at first thought. The ordinary "transient" spends more time than he often intends in a village whose inn is excellent, and thus becomes more or less interested in the town. "Tucker's Tavern" was famous for many years. Mr. T. B. Tucker took it from H. K. French in whose family it had been for many years, and it is sufficient guarantee of its excellence that all the "Boston drummers" in this part of the country hasten to this Mecca of hospitality when they can possibly do so. Mr. Tucker has retired in favor of his son and has busied himself in developing his real estate interests.

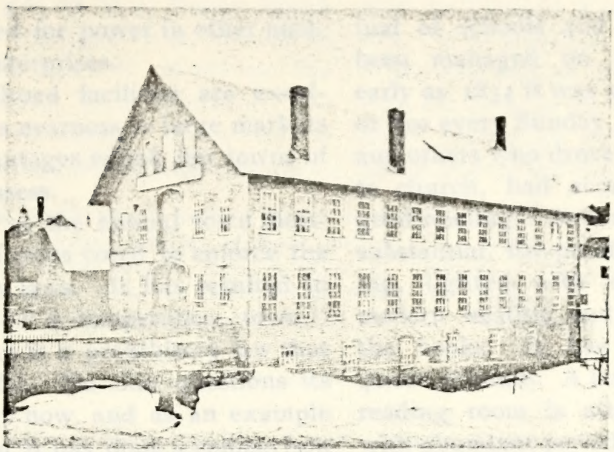
It is not uncommon for towns to offer financial aid or other induce-



Residence of Col. Charles Scott.





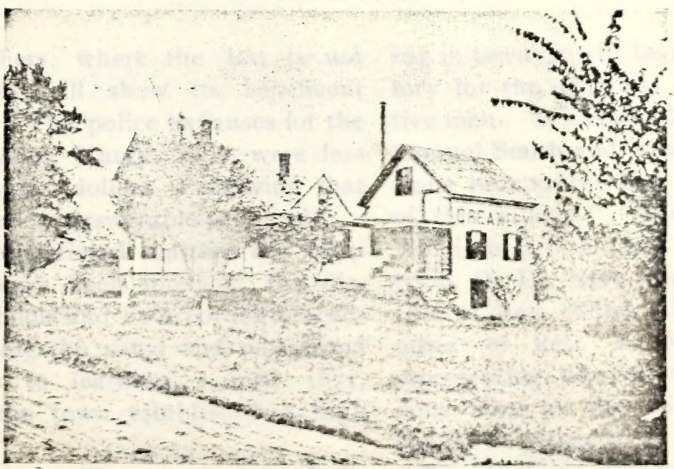


Carriage Manufactory of George W. Farrar & Sons.

ments to manufacturing concerns to locate in their midst. But it is seldom so much energy and money is laid out as has been by the prominent citizens of this old town. Their first enterprise was the building of the big shop of the Peterborough Improvement Co., located in the centre of the village. This was but a partial success, but did not discourage them, and another company has recently bought the "Old Bell Mill," and has now the Dickinson Ivory Co. located in it and materially adding to the resources of the town.

In a village, whose men have no large fortunes, there has been raised in a population of twenty-two hundred people over thirty thousand dollars, within ten years, to bring new manufacturing into the town.

Faith in the resources of the town has always been characteristic and strong in its inhabitants. It is but a question of time before many of the "water privileges," now unoccupied,



Peterborough Creamery.



will be used for power in other manufacting enterprises.

The railroad facilities are excellent and its nearness to large markets offers advantages which few towns of its size possess.

In 1882 at the annual town meeting, the citizens voted to enforce the prohibitory laws. It has resulted in producing "a temperance town," where there is a prohibitory law that *does prohibit*. No one questions its advisability now, and as an example of the good it has done a comparison of the police expenses of this town and others, where the law is not enforced, will show its beneficent results. The police expenses for the year ending March, 1894, were less than eighty dollars, a showing that makes an unanswerable argument.

In educational matters the town has always been foremost, the district schools and Peterborough Academy being the usual and recognized "roads to learning," until 1871, when the town established a high school.

The town library can certainly be considered as one of the most effectual of schools and it has always been managed on this plan. As early as 1834 it was opened an hour or two every Sunday, so that farmers and others who drove into the village to church, had access to plenty of good reading. It is now housed in a substantial, fire-proof, modern building, lighted with electricity, with modern heating and iron stacks for the books. It has a capacity for 40,000 volumes. A large, commodious reading room is attached, supplied with abundant periodicals.

As this is the only fire-proof building in town, it will be made a repository for the portraits of representative men. It already displays that of Samuel Smith and wife, whose tombstone pronounces him "the founder of this village." Those of N. H. Morrison, LL. D., and John H. Morrison, D. D., have also been hung. One of Rev. Abiel Abbott and another of Rev. A. M. Pendleton, representing the two men who have done most for this historic library, should be placed in it.

The building and furnishings cost nearly twenty thousand dollars and



Needham's Basket Shop.

were the gift of Mrs. Nancy Smith Foster of Chicago, Wm. Smith of Alton, Ill., Geo. S. Morrison, the widely known civil engineer, and citizens of the town. At its dedicatory ceremonies the address was delivered by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It is proposed to place a tablet in the east end of the building to record the facts in its evolution, and to make known its claim of being the oldest free public library in the world.

[Authorities drawn upon: Smith, "History of Peterborough"; Whiton, "History of New Hampshire"; Belknap, "History of New Hampshire"; J. Smith Futhey, "Address"; Bancroft, "History of the United States"; Macaulay, "History of England"; Keene *Sentinel;* Hawthorne, "Scarlet Letter"; Peterborough *Transcript;* Morrison, J. H., "Centennial Address"; Holmes, Nathaniel, "Sesqui-Centennial Address"; various letters.]

TO THE DISCOVERER AND FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—REV. MARY B. G. EDDY.

By Mrs. R. Emma Robinson.

Mother: No word but this can e'er express
Thy watchful care and tenderness,
Thy patient, ceaseless toil
For His.

Mother in Israel thou art,
And from thy tender, loving heart
Spring words of deep and precious worth
For His.

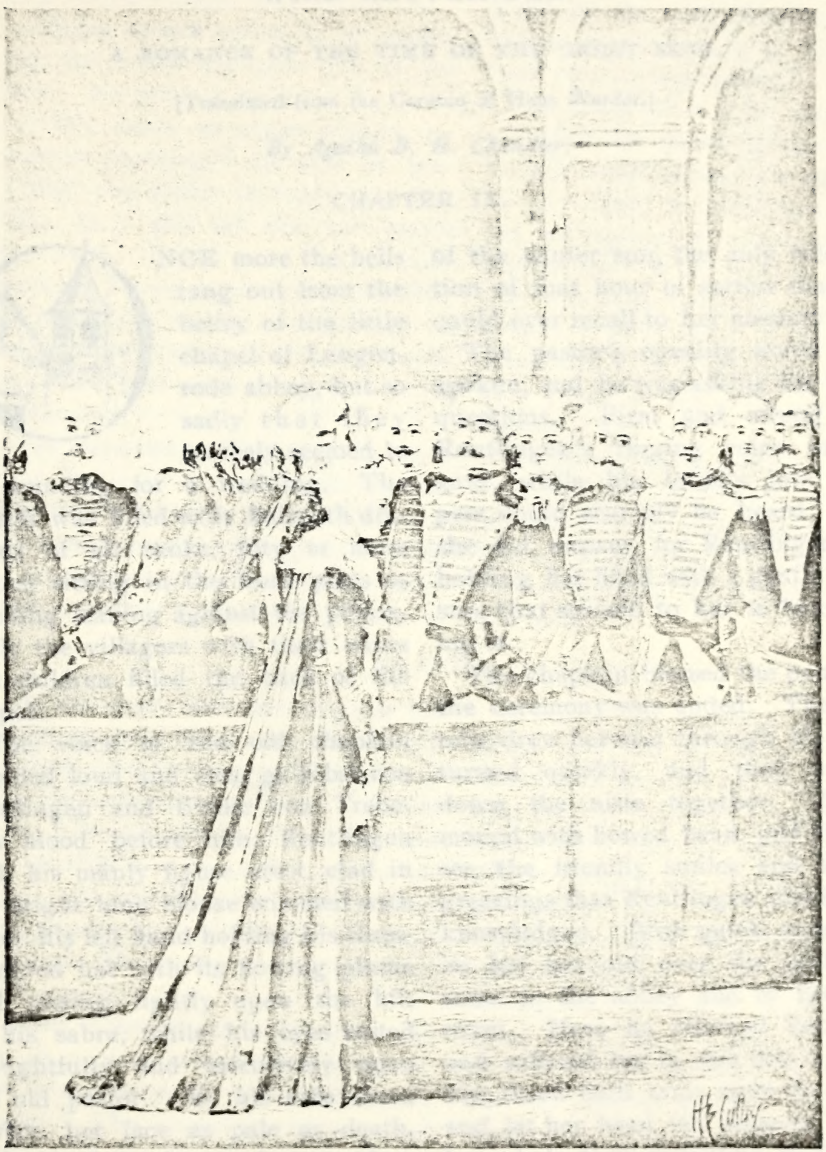
Mother: Unselfish, sacred is thy trust,
And faithfully, though bowed in dust,
Dost thou that trust fulfil
For His.

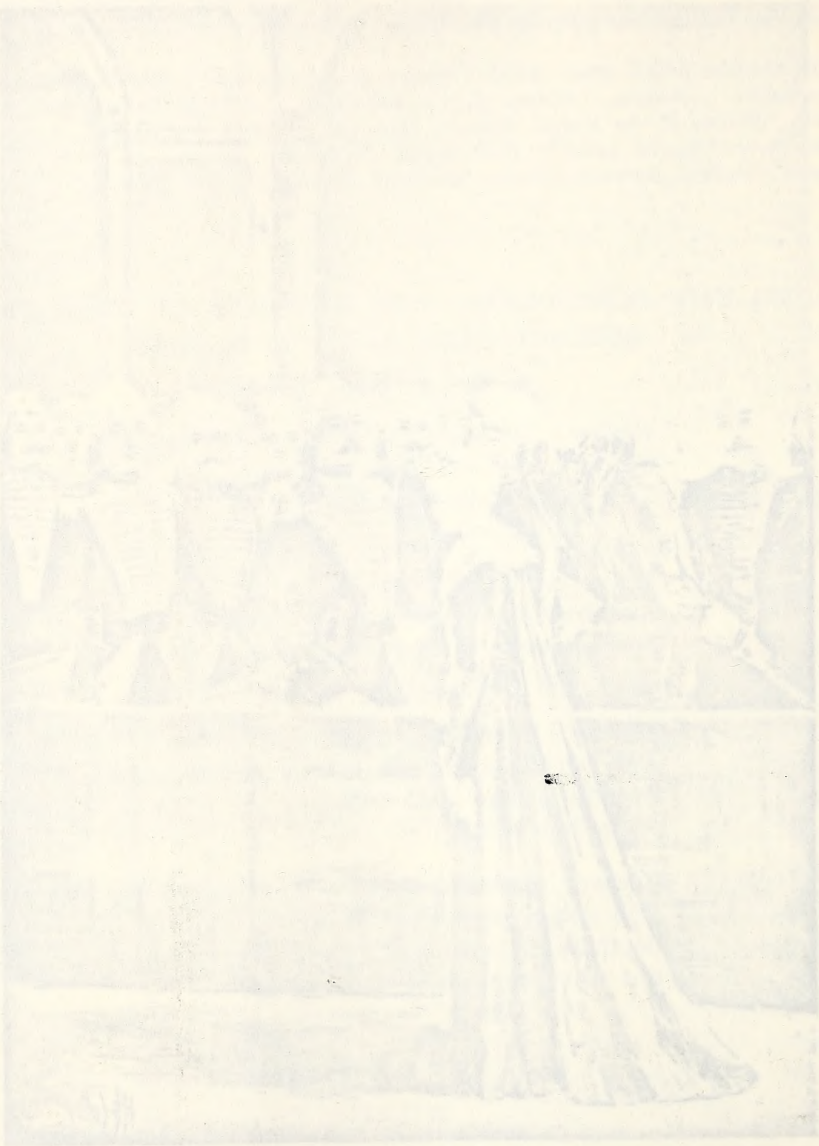
Mother: May Heaven-born glory crown thy brow
And Angel presence even now
Be thine, to wear and know,
For what thou doest
For His.

MUSIC.

By Adelaide Cilley Waldron.

The fulness of my joy thy measures swell,
And in my sorrow thou wilt comfort me;
What else unspoken is, thy tones shall tell,
And words divine shall meet response in thee.





WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

CHAPTER IX.



ONCE more the bells rang out from the belfry of the little chapel of Langenrode abbey, but so sadly that they scarcely seemed to be sounding for a wedding. The church was filled with Baireuth dragoons of all ranks, fifty or more officers sitting in the front pews or standing leaning against the pillars, while the villagers with their wives and children filled the back of the chapel.

The voice of the old chaplain sounded loud and clear as Jobst von Reutlingen and Ulrike von Trebenow stood before him, Reutlingen with his manly figure erect, clad in his bright blue blouse trimmed with silver, his left hand holding his three-cornered hat with its flowing plume and resting lightly upon the hilt of his sabre, while his eyes rested thoughtfully and attentively upon the old pastor. By his side stood Ulrike, her face as pale as death, clad in her dress of mourning, without a single ornament save the wreath of dark green myrtle in her silver blonde hair. Her stony gaze was fixed upon the altar window, through which beamed the deep red of the winter sun, the only recollection of that hour of sorrow that she could ever recall to her memory.

The pastor's opening words were spoken, and he was asking the usual questions. Firm and strong rose Reutlingen's ringing voice in answer, while his bride's low whispers could scarcely be heard. Still she did answer, for Reutlingen was holding her hand with a gentle pressure that seemed to her to be crushing it.

The chaplain blessed the pair, and the ceremony was ended. The captain drew her arm through his own, turned quickly, and they walked down the aisle together. Ulrike moved with bowed head, and did not see the friendly smiles and kindly greetings that Reutlingen silently acknowledged. With quick, sure steps he led her out over the sparkling snow to the abbey and to her own room. Here he released her arm, and suffered her to sink into a chair. She threw both arms upon the table, and let her head fall between them, her whole form trembling as though shaken by a chill.

Reutlingen stood watching her, a smile playing over his face, that half pitying, half victorious smile that he always wore when near her.

"Don't let your little head droop so sadly, my dear young lady," he said at last. "It is done, and not to be recalled; face your fate boldly, as a soldier's brave wife should do."

Ulrike raised herself as he spoke, but she could not look him in the face. He took up his hat.

"We leave at eight o'clock to-morrow morning," he said at last. "Will you please be ready, my dear lady, for I will not see you before that time. If you need help in your packing I must remind you that Ferdinand is as much your servant as he is mine; command him. Good-bye; we will meet at eight o'clock to-morrow."

He departed, whistling a barrack tune softly to himself while on his way to the refectory, where he found his friends assembled as usual. Most of the officers quartered in the castle had returned with their friends to the abbey after the ceremony to celebrate, as they called it, their friend's wedding. The captain was greeted with stormy cries, and they raised a cheer for the wild Reutlingen, who had at last taken upon himself the hard yoke of matrimony.

He returned a jolly answer, and with that the matter dropped, for, although covert jokes were still heard, he gave them to understand that he did not approve of comments on his actions, and so the topic of conversation was soon changed. It was esteemed a good thing in the corps to stand well with Reutlingen, and whoever would do that must bend to the captain's will.

Hertzberg alone quaffed a glass to him, and said laughingly, "I remember you told us once, captain, that it was not empty prattle when you said, 'What the wild Reutlingen wants he will take.'"

CHAPTER X.

In the clear, cold, morning air the dragoons rode away over the deeply packed snow to the martial strains of the Hohenfriedburg march. Ulrike now followed the sounds that had so terrified her but a few weeks before; she had become a member of the proud cavalcade which travelled through the country to the music of that march.

Well wrapped up in the furs she sat in a little sleigh with Annette, the chambermaid, while Ferdinand drove. The captain's servant had been with the Reutlingen family for many years, and since Jobst first saw the light of day he had been assiduous in his care of his young master, the thought of leaving that service never entering his head.

In rear of the regiment and of the sleigh in which the young Frau von Reutlingen pursued her solitary wedding journey followed a wagon-train, loaded with baggage, camp equipage, officers' belongings, and all kinds of provisions.

The departure from Langenrode, from the dear old abbey that had for so long been a home to Ulrike, was a thing of the past; it had been a moment of terrible suffering to her, but now she seemed scarcely able to remember it. She had left the house as in a dream, and as in a dream she rode away. Dissolving views of the last few eventful days and hours flew rapidly across her mind: could it be really true — this sleighride in the train of this dragoon regiment

to the crash of the Hohenfriedburg march?

Yes, it was undoubtedly true. She had to assure herself of it over and over again. She was married to him. It had really happened. The wavering and uncertainty of the past few days were now at an end; the deed, now beyond recall, was impressed upon her heart as though graven upon stone. He had overpowered her will. How had he overcome her determined opposition? A hot hatred of him awoke in her heart as now and then the sound of his manly voice came ringing back to her from the head of his troop, and the knowledge that, regardless of her wishes, she had fallen into the hands of this man, who was known to these fierce cavalrymen as the "wild one," burned in bitter mockery within her.

Soon he rode beside the sleigh.

"I hope you are not cold, my dear lady? If you wish for anything please speak; Ferdinand and Annette are solely to wait upon you; give them your orders, and I will see that they are carried out." Then he passed on again without receiving an answer, which, in fact, he hardly seemed to expect.

Annette, the pretty little chambermaid, followed him with an interested gaze. She could not understand the modesty and timidity of her mistress, and would have been delighted to have had such a journey in such grand company undertaken on her account.

During the noon hour a short halt was made, and by evening the regiment had reached a small country village, where they found inhospitable quarters, small, dirty, and uncomfortable. The ten troops were with difficulty lodged in the few miserable huts.

Wolf von Eickstadt lifted Ulrike from the sleigh and conducted her to to a small room in a cottage which Reutlingen had designated as her quarters. The captain welcomed her there with a formal greeting.

"It is impossible to find a room for you alone, my dear lady, for all the houses are terribly overcrowded; you will have to share this one for a few hours with Eickstadt, Hertzberg, and myself."

"Certainly; why not?" she answered, and then turned with a smile towards Wolf von Eickstadt, and continued, — "It is certainly warmer than the sleigh, and that is all I need for the night. I will wrap up in my furs, and perhaps you can find me a comfortable chair. However, we will see about that later, the first thing to think about is supper."

The captain left the room, and when he returned soon after with Hertzberg he found the two seated before a crackling fire in the midst of the cooking, apparently entertaining each other gayly. Ferdinand had arranged some straw as beds for the men, and had found a really comfortable chair for his mistress. Annette, with wonderful dexterity and cleverness, had adorned the rough board table with the few utensils they had brought with them, and the whole scene was brighter and more attractive than had at first seemed possible under the dismal circumstances.

The meal was served, and was very pleasing to the travel-stained little company. Ulrike allowed herself to enjoy it, although she was

still quiet and ill at ease in spite of Wolf's efforts to induce her to talk as she had done before.

It soon grew late, and they all retired to rest. Warm and cosey, well wrapped up in her furs, Ulrike sat in the easy chair before the flickering fire, while Annette crouched by her side. The maid was not as comfortable as her mistress, but her heart was far more free from care, and she soon sank into a deep sleep.

Thus the night came on, the pine torches were extinguished, and Ulrike now and then threw a piece or two of wood upon the fire to try and keep the cold, damp room habitable. Stretched upon his hard bed at her feet lay Reutlingen, covered with his riding cape and his head pillowed upon his arm. When the fire flared up its red light fell upon his dark, handsome face, and Ulrike's eyes were constantly wandering back to him. She tried to make herself look away, but could not—the fascination was stronger than her will, and soon she found a certain pleasure in gazing at him.

At last the flames died out, the light from the coals was extinguished, and black darkness filled the room and hid the slumbering captain from her sight. Soon her own head sunk back, and the much needed sleep closed her tired eyes.

She awoke at the sound of trumpets and found a dull gray light pouring into the room, and heard the clanking of the accoutrements of the rising soldiers. Soon after she sat once more in her sleigh while the Baireuth regiment and its long wagon-train moved on to the next stopping place, which was not reached until near evening. It was a small town near Groszenhayn, but was much roomier and more comfortable than their camp of the night before had been.

At this place Reutlingen searched for a room for his wife, and again Wolf was called upon to assist him. They very soon came back satisfied, and escorted Ulrike to a pleasant chamber where she could spend the time comfortably until the proposed departure for Steinhovel, for which preparations were already begun. Reutlingen had arranged everything for her comfort, even to a fire in the porcelain stove, and now surveyed his work with satisfaction.

"I hope you will be able to get along here, my dear lady," he said. "Annette will be here to serve you, and Ferdinand will have the small room just across the hall; if you want him you have only to call. I shall lodge below with Wolf and the people of the house. Have you any commands for me—if so you must speak quickly, for I have much to do?"

Receiving no answer he departed, and soon Wolf stood in the door. The chambermaid hurried to and fro caring for her mistress's things as Ulrike laid aside her furs and sat down upon the stiff little sofa.

"Take a seat, Herr von Eickstadt, and talk to me for a while," she said, and Wolf willingly complied.

"With pleasure, if I don't disturb you, my dear lady. I am such a good natured house dog and love company so much that it is very hard for me to get along without it."

"I doubt if you could ever disturb me," she answered. "It is so hard to be always alone without a con-

genial companion, and really I have none such."

Wolf gazed into her charming young face with an inquiring smile.

"Your words fill me with joy, my dear lady, but your husband will not feel flattered if you class him as nobody."

"Don't speak of him, Herr von Eickstadt," she cried, blushing, "for if you do you will drive away even my momentary peace and happiness."

He shook his head laughingly.

"What has the poor fellow done to you? Why, you have tamed him, our wild one, he is so quiet and modest, and then, you must acknowledge, he has done much more for you than most men would."

"Yes, I know it," she exclaimed impatiently. "What am I to do? Effusive thanks would come from me but heavily, if that is what he wants."

"He wants nothing of the sort. If you would only be your true self in his presence, as you are now with me—if he could only win one of these friendly glances. He asked me only to-day if I had heard you utter a single word since our journey began. He thought you had lost your tongue."

"Please tell him that his anxiety was groundless," answered Ulrike coldly. "Now let us drop the subject, Herr von Eickstadt. I don't think that you wish your conversation to pain me."

"Reutlingen, I can tell you that your wife is in full possession of her speech," said Eickstadt to his friend a short time later, "but I am afraid that she has made up her mind to make no use of that faculty as far as you are concerned."

"How do you know?"

"That was the impression I received. Just as soon as I undertook to sing your praises the frightened girl would get angry and forbid me to speak."

"Let her remain quiet, then. Don't speak to her of me again, do you understand?"

"Yes; but believe me, my good fellow, it is a very good thing to have some one spread a cloak of virtue over your youth and charms. It would be a priceless thing to you should she learn to look to you for shelter."

"That may be true," was the answer, "but I don't want it done, and you must stop trying, Wolf. She can think of me as she will; it makes no difference to any one, and I don't need her good will to keep me alive. That's what I mean."

CHAPTER XI.

The abbey of Langenrode still resounded as of old with the voices of soldiers, for the Baireuth dragoons had been replaced by a regiment of his majesty's artillery. The weather was still terribly cold, the snow was deep, and the ice was so thick upon the lake that one could safely travel over it in a sleigh; it was a hard winter, and the soldiers led a life of suffering.

Through the village street of Langenrode a wanderer came tramping, leaning upon his stick, with his head bent low, whether from weight of years or some other heavy burden it was hard to tell, for a broad-brimmed hat shaded his face, the lower part of

which was also covered by a beard. The stranger seemed in search of some one, but everywhere he went, into whatever house he peered, he saw only Prussian soldiers, and they seemed very unwelcome company, for he always lengthened his steps upon seeing them.

At last he reached the abbey; here also were soldiers, the clashing of arms, the stamping of horses, cries and curses. The stranger shuddered and passed on by the little chapel to the house at the edge of the churchyard where dwelt the old sexton and gardener of the abbey. The old man himself stood in the open door of his little home, his fur cap drawn down over his ears, a lighted pipe in his mouth, and gazed with troubled eyes over the snow covered garden to the winter landscape beyond.

"Good day, my friend. Are you being quartered upon, or have you a corner where a weary wanderer may find rest?"

"Those quartered here are not at home. Step in."

With this the old man turned around and left the door open for his guest to enter, which the latter thankfully did, seating himself on the offered place on the bench near the fire. He took the thick woollen gloves from his hands and rubbed his tingling fingers; they were the small thin hands of a person of rank, white, carefully cared for, and of youthful appearance. They did not suit his apparent position, and still less did they harmonize with his rough beard and shaggy coat. He did well to cover them in the long gloves, if he wished to pass as a bent old man.

Silently, with shuffling steps and slow and heavy movements, the old sexton got out two glasses, filled them with strong, dark brandy, and then placed a plate of bread and cheese upon the table before his guest. Then he seated himself at the other side of the table.

"Now eat and drink, and may it do you good," said the old man in a hoarse voice, and, clinking the two glasses together, he emptied his own at a draught.

The stranger returned the health, and sought to start a conversation, but seemed, nevertheless, to pay little attention to the old man's answers.

"I have been here before," said the stranger suddenly. "Then the abbess of the convent, Fraulein von Trebenow, was very ill; can you tell me, my old friend, if she still lives?"

"She is dead; she died soon after the soldiers first came. Her pall-bearers were dragoons."

The stranger had removed his hat from his head, and his dark eyes rested anxiously upon the speaker's wrinkled face.

"She had a niece with her, a young Fraulein von Trebenow; can you tell me, my good friend, what has become of her?"

"Gone with them," was the answer.

"Gone with them!" The face of the stranger paled, and his voice trembled. "With whom — where? I pray you, my friend, answer me quickly. I know the young lady, and wish to find her, if I can only learn how to do it."

"She has gone with the dragoons," continued the old man, without giving any information that would allay his guest's impatience.

"But, in Heaven's name, how could she go with the dragoons? What kind of dragoons were they? Were they called the Baireuth dragoons?"

"That may be—I think that was what the fellows called themselves."

"And can you not tell me who were quartered here in the abbey—what officers, I mean?"

"A captain and six or seven lieutenants."

"Don't you know a single name?"

"Herr von Reutlingen, the wild Reutlingen, the captain was called; the others I do not know. Our young lady married him, and has gone away with him."

"What," cried the stranger, starting from his seat as though struck by a bullet, "man, are you raving? Married, did you say? Fraulein von Trebenow to Captain von Reutlingen?" He had clutched the old man by the breast, and stood before him with fleeting breath, his brow wrinkled, and his black eyes flashing with rage.

"I am not raving; I lighted the candles and rang the chapel bell myself. The old chaplain, who first buried the aunt, afterwards married the niece. They were a handsome couple. It was too bad, though, that the young lady looked so pale and sad." The stream of the old man's words poured forth at last as he saw the interest he had awakened in his hearer, and he went on and told more fully of the wedding, of the departure of the dragoons, and of the little sleigh in which the "young lady," accompanied by Annette, had been driven away.

The stranger sank back upon the bench, and dumbly listened to the story, his face hidden in his hands, and his body rocking back and forth.

"O Ulrike, what have they done to you? If I had only taken you with me and protected you from this band of robbers!" He ran his hands through his hair and sprang up and paced the room as a wild beast might pace his cage. He muttered madly to himself and beat his clenched fists against his forehead, while the old sexton's troubled eyes followed him with a gaze of stolid sympathy.

"Who are you, sir? The story seems to touch you very closely," he asked at last. The old bearer of bad news arose and remained standing.

"It makes no difference who I am, my old friend. I am thankful to you for your news and your hospitality, but I must now be off." He left a coin in the empty glass, grasped his hat and stick, and went out again, assuming his bent walk as he did so.

He walked slowly through the church-yard and the abbey garden, where he passed a couple of artillery officers who did not molest him, and finally stopped at the entrance to the garden where a rustic fence separated it from the snow covered fields beyond.

Here she had stood and looked out upon the world so fearfully with her her soft, earnest, childlike eyes, as though she saw before her the dreadful future that she so feared, and yet from which she would not flee, preferring to hold on to the end there where love and duty held her.

"And I went away and left her unprotected!" he cried aloud. "Ulrike, Ulrike, my darling! What terrible anxiety and despair must have been your lot among those brutal street robbers! The wild Reutlingen,

and Ulrike his booty! Sacre Dieu! Was it my cowardice that allowed her to stay here? I could n't stay, I could not!" Again he beat his clenched fists upon his forehead, and his eyes roved eagerly about as though seeking something, finally resting upon a wild rose bush whose thorny stem stretched itself out from beneath the snow; he saw in memory Ulrike standing beside it as she broke off its red berries with her exquisite hand. Convulsively his own hand grasped it, caring nothing for the thorns that tore his flesh nor for the red drops of blood that fell upon the snow.

"If it costs me my blood and my life, Ulrike, I will not give you up! You would never willingly tear yourself away from me! I will learn how to rend you from this wolf's paws!" And, rashly raising himself to his full height, Benno von Trautwitz walked away in the rapidly falling winter twilight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

By M. A. C. C.

Good morning! pretty Mayflowers!
Peeping from your leafy bowers,
Filled with winning, magic powers,
Born to brighten lonely hours.

When your dainty robes appear,
Full of sweetness, full of cheer,
We your presence welcome here,
For you tell us Spring is near.

"Welcome! welcome!" we all say,
Herald of the lovely May,
Ere another flower or spray
Can be found as forth we stray.

All, your presence would secure,
With your breath so sweet, so pure.
To your haunts you each allure—
Would such sweetness might endure!

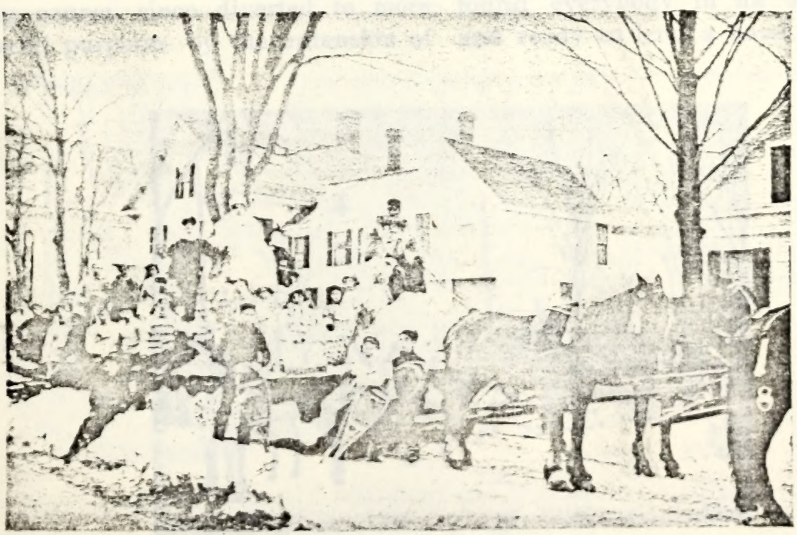
CONCORD'S MIDWINTER CARNIVAL.

By Edward N. Pearson.

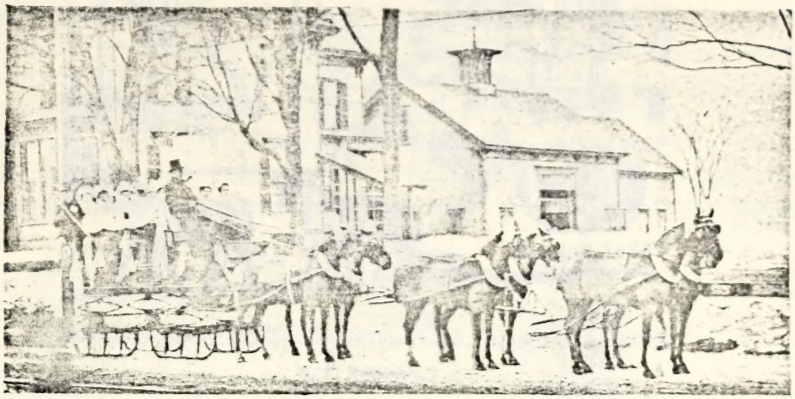
CONCORD, the capital of New Hampshire, the city of world-famed manufactures, and of granite with which some of the nation's costliest structures have been built, has earned a fresh claim to distinction within a few years, and by events of alternate winters, beginning in 1891, gained a new title, that of the Carnival City. Its fame in this new direction has not been won from sister cities, and none can claim the credit of having supplied an original for Concord to imitate.

Winter carnivals were not unknown when this city first essayed this form of diversion, but it was Concord's province to demonstrate that comparatively small cities could successfully indulge in midwinter festivities of a semi-Mardi Gras character. A city of wealth and refinement, possessing the handsomest business street on the continent and attractive residential portions,—the capital is peculiarly well adapted to the purposes to which it has thrice been put for pleasure's sake.

Concord's first carnival was held in 1891, and had its inception in public spirit created by efforts of the Commercial club, the counterpart of the boards of trade of many places. The especial purpose was to provide diversion for the city's legislative



Concord High School.



Best Six-Horse Team.

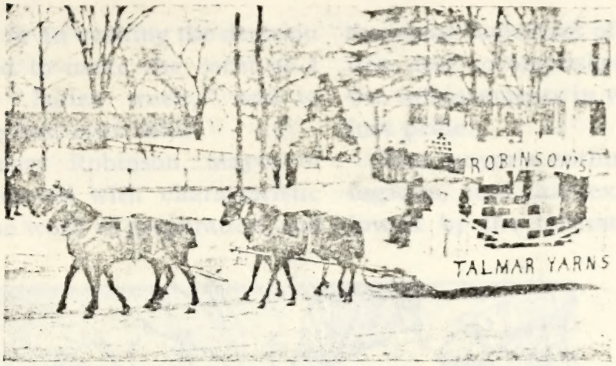
visitors, and the result was most satisfactory. An abundance of healthful out-door enjoyment was provided, including most of the features of the carnival of 1895, which will be spoken of more at length later on. James C. Norris, an energetic young business man, was the first carnival president, and set a high standard of efficiency for his successors in the office. The one unique feature of the first carnival was horse racing on the once famous South street speeding course, since diverted to more useful purposes by the extension of the electric street railway system. Ten thousand people braved zero weather to see "Arthur Wilkes," "Home Rule," and other fast ones in contests not soon to be forgotten.

The presence of the great and general court again in 1893 revived the carnival spirit, and the successes of two years before were repeated, with such improvement as experience in preparation and execution made easy. If there had been unbelievers in '91, they had seen new light, and '93 found everybody in for a carnival and ready to lend a hand. Ample



Six-Horse Team—Second Prize.

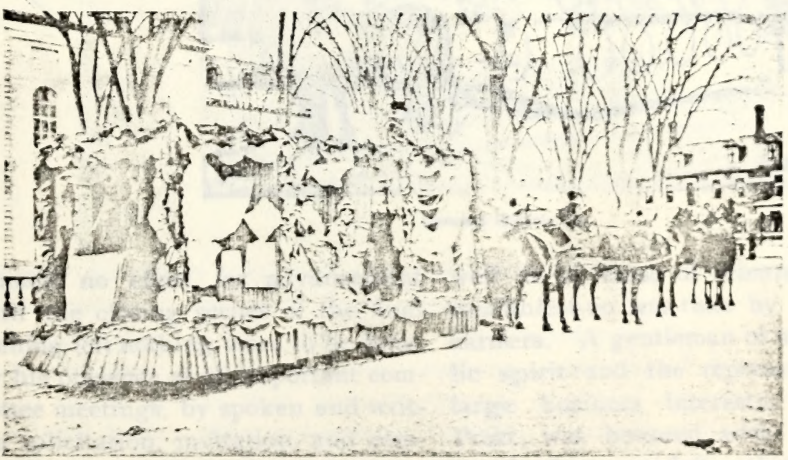




R. F. Robinson.

funds to meet expenses were secured without difficulty; participation in the parade, the sports, the keeping open house, was general, and a city filled with happy guests was the crowning glory of Concord's second carnival. Ex-Alderman John C. Ordway bore gracefully and well the president's honors on this occasion, and was sustained, as his predecessor had been, by the heartiest coöperation of business men, professional men, the ladies, and the boys and girls.

It was in order that this year's festivities should surpass those of the second carnival, as it in turn had outshone the first. That they did so surpass, is a matter of proud and satisfying recollection for many thousand people. Beyond an occasional space-filling inquiry in the local news columns, "How about a Carnival?" etc., no definiteness had been given to the necessary plans when the legislative committee on ladies' week sought the coöperation of the Commercial club officers and the mayor, in providing entertainment for the visitors of the fair sex whom it was proposed to attract to the capital. The suggestion quickly led to action,



Harry G. Emmons.

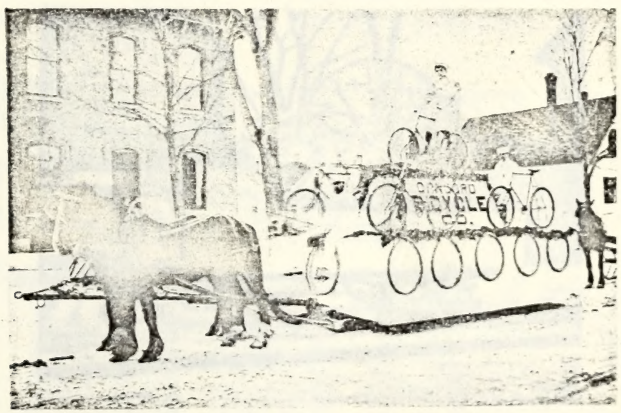
and almost in an evening the decision was reached to make the carnival a feature of "ladies' week," and to make it the best ever held.

Hon. Henry Robinson, mayor of the city, entered with characteristic zest into the work of preparation, and the most important of his official duties, and accomplished much toward the achievements in which all take a just pride.

The mayor's enthusiasm was contagious, and his example was followed by the busiest of citizens as



Northern Electrical Supply Co.

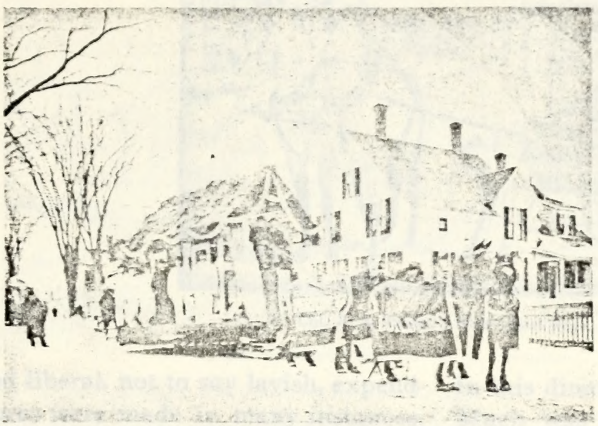


Concord Bicycle Co.

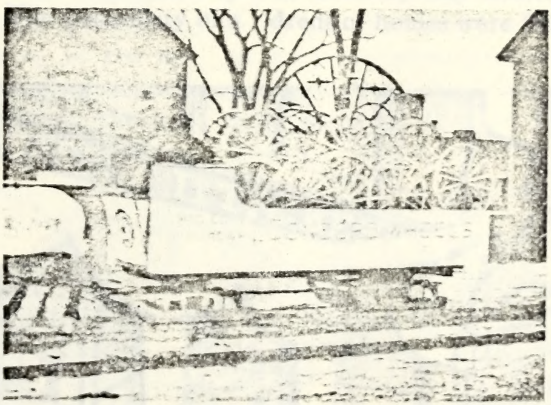
relaxed no effort for advancement until the closing scenes of the final evening left nothing more to be done. By his presence at all important committee meetings, by spoken and written solicitation, invitation, and commendation, his honor gave the interests of the carnival a place alongside well as by those of leisure, by the wealthiest no less than by the wage-earners. A gentleman of much public spirit and the representative of large business interests, Miron J. Pratt, was honored with the president's place, and left nothing undone that abundant executive ability and a

notable earnestness of purpose could suggest. Associated with him in committee work were a hundred of Concord's well known citizens, each with some important duty, and each ready to give his best endeavor to the work in hand.

the best possible illustration of the spirit which characterizes "the new Concord,"—a spirit which is making its hospitality of national renown; is attracting capital and citizens, and is a strong safeguard against a depression of local property values



Ferrin & Woodman.



Holt Bros. Mfg. Co.

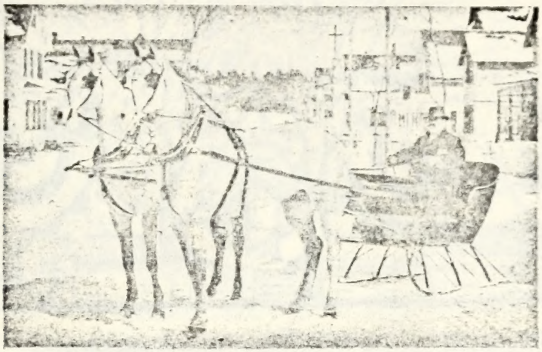
Appeals for funds met with the readiest response, and with $1,000 as the desideratum at the outset, the finance committee had the good fortune to count double that amount in available funds. The money was the voluntary contribution of local business houses and citizens, and is

and industrial and commercial disasters.

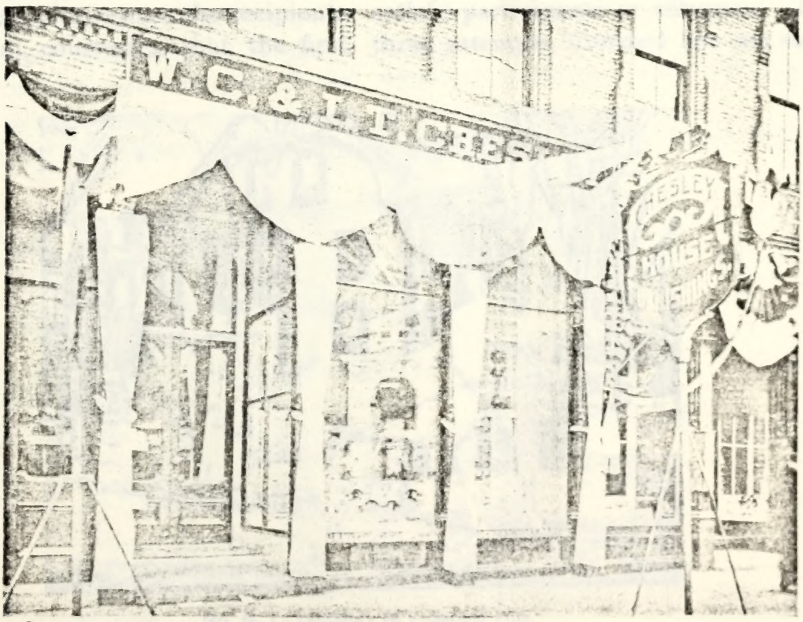
Five thousand dollars is not a large estimate, or an improbable one, of the amount expended directly and indirectly by Concord people for the midwinter carnival of 1895. The business portion of the city was made one



long line of color, practically every store being outwardly decorated, and many residences were beautified. Interior decorations, too, were made the objects of much good natured rivalry, and liberal, not to say lavish, expenditures were made in many instances, the result being as attractive show windows as are often seen in any business centre. The generosity of a former resident, Mr. John W. Drew, of Boston, in offering a costly silver trophy for the best decorated window, doubtless increased the competition; certain it is that all former triumphs in this direction were totally eclipsed. Much was done in preparation for the festivities to which justice cannot be done by any description. Hundreds of homes were filled with guests

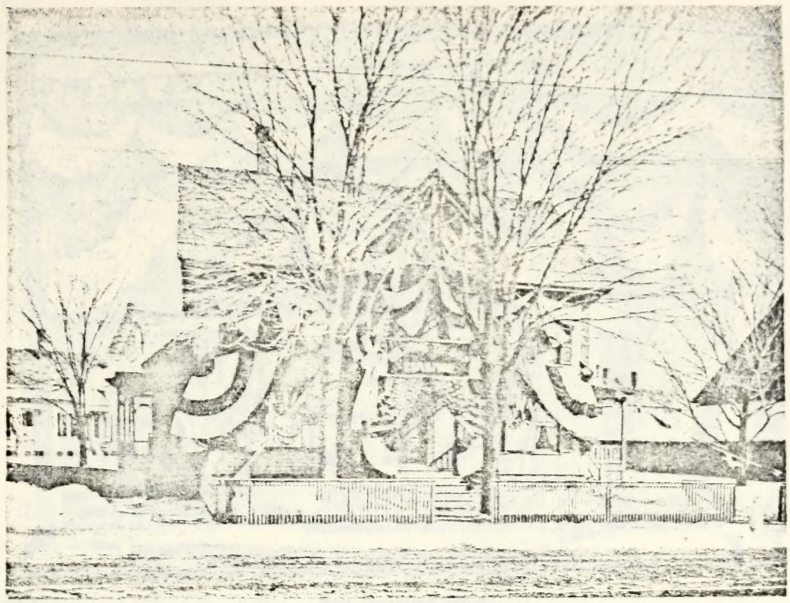


Col. F. A. Palmer's Pair—First Prize.



Best Decorated Store Window.





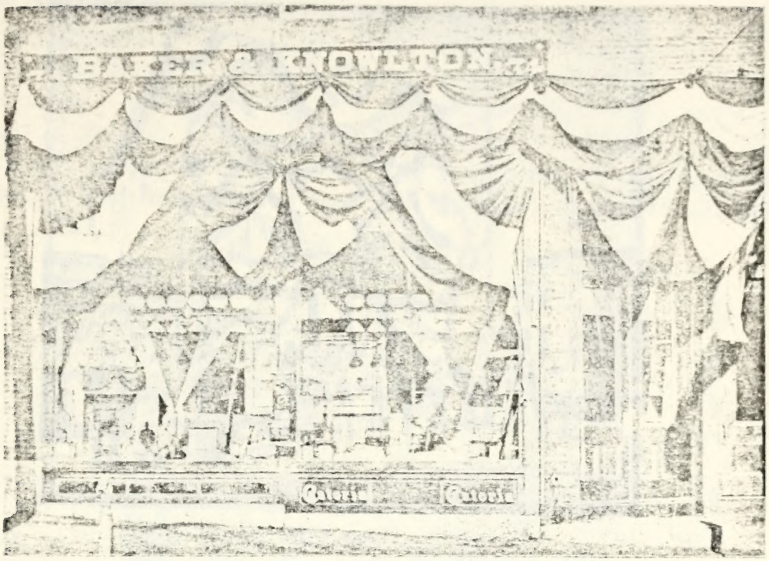
Best Decorated Residence—W. A. Thompson.

for whose enjoyment many attentions, aside from the public events, were conceived and executed most happily. The legislative visitors,—members, present and prospective, of the law makers' families,—were the recipients of especial courtesies, that the first "ladies' week" might lack nothing of completeness and success.

For carnival purposes good weather is the prime requisite, and without it all the preparation of weeks could not satisfy participants or witnesses. In three attempts, Concord has not suf-



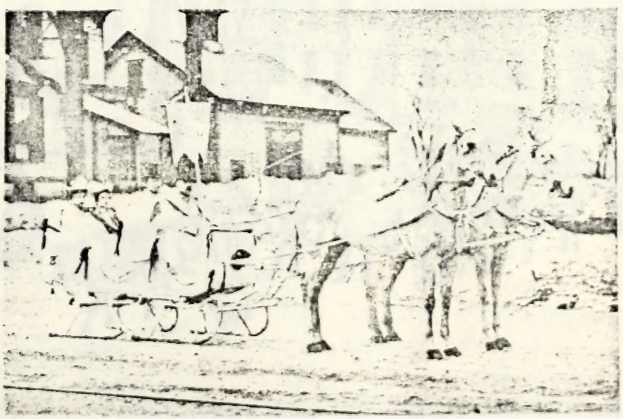
Mrs. G. L. Theobald's Pair—Second Prize.



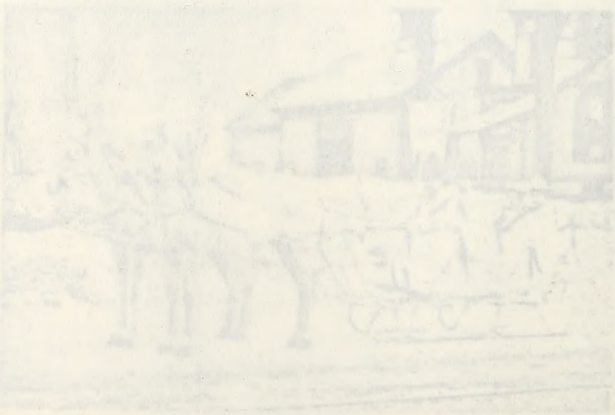
Best Decorated Store.

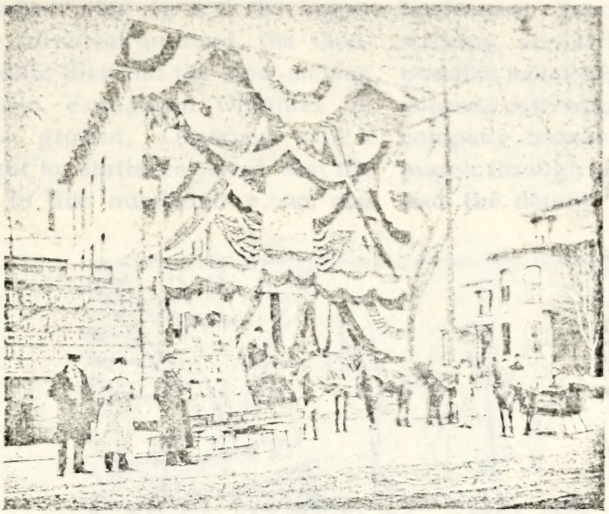
fered disappointment on this score. This year, two perfect days left nothing to be desired. To be sure, Main street's covering of snow was rather thin in spots, but the missing element was supplied from other streets where there was an abundance, and to spare, and the good sleighing so essential was not lacking over any part of the long route of parade. Given good weather, the next essential is a good crowd, and this, too, was in evidence from Thursday morning until Friday night. Concord never entertained more visitors at any one time than were here on the carnival's opening day. Main street for a mile on either side was crowded to the curb-stone with pedestrians while store and office windows contained other thousands of on-lookers.

There were other carnival features



Baker & Knowlton, Druggists.





W. F. Carr.

beside the sleighing parade, but none that approached it in interest. From all parts of the state, and from Vermont and Maine this year, the paraders came. How general the participation was can be understood when it is stated that the judges awarded prizes to a six-in-hand from South Berwick, Me., and to the Medical college team from Hanover, while Manchester carried off the honors in the double team class, and Nashua in the single drivers.

Enumeration of all the entries filled newspaper pages, and cannot be attempted here. The illustrations which accompany this article, if they could be extended twenty-fold, would scarcely do justice to the variety, the ingenuity, the beauty of the pageant.



"Darktown Fire Brigade"

The tiniest pony rig and the hippodromic seventeen-in-hand, the thousand-dollar flier and the slow-moving cart-horse, exchanged whinnies on common ground. Observers with a penchant for statistics stated that the horses in line numbered 2,000, and burlesques, fanciful tableaux, and striking eccentricities to vary any possible monotony. Three bands discoursed enlivening music as the great company traversed the long line of march through the principal streets, and the details of the parade were



E. B. Hutchinson Building Co.



The X-Zalia Trophy.



Concord Coal Co.

that above them, beside them, and behind them rode half that number of people. Showy and fanciful trappings and decorations lent picturesqueness to the long line far beyond what the same array would otherwise present, and there were not lacking bright the constant care of Chief-Marshal G. Scott Locke and a large retinue of finely mounted aids, picked from Concord's chivalry.

New to the carnival this year, and to the highest degree creditable, was the trades display, in which a large



share of the city's leading business houses were represented by expensive and elaborate exhibitions. Manufacturers illustrated their processes by actual operations; great loads of merchandise, most tastefully arranged, attracted attention now to this well known store, now that, and Concord's industrial and commercial resources were most worthily exemplified.



Cummings Brothers.

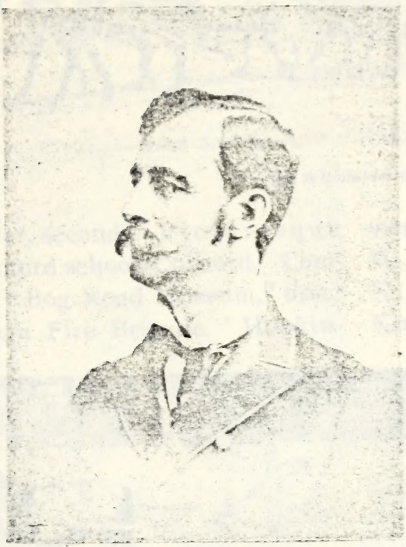


W. T. Bailey & Co.

To three members of the legislature—Col. Charles H. Greenleaf and Col. Oscar Barron, of hotel fame, and Mr. Lester F. Thurber, of Nashua—was entrusted the selection of those to whom the generous cash prizes and handsome trophies should be given, and their decision included:—Barge, Wonolancet club, first; Policemen's Wives, second. Six-in-hand, First National bank, Concord, first; S. P. Huntress, South Berwick, Me., second. Four-in-hand, Dartmouth Medical college, first; R. F. Robinson, Concord, second. Two-horse team, Col. F. A. Palmer, Manchester, first; Mrs. G. L. Theobald, Concord, second. Gentlemen's drivers,



The Seventy-foot Double-runner, "Uncle Sam."



Mayor Robinson.

Col. W. E. Spalding, Nashua, first; Hon. Frank W. Rollins, Concord, second. Ladies' drivers, Miss Bertha Dutton, first; Mrs. J. W. Sleeper, second—both of Concord. Tandem, W. F. Carr, first; J. E. McShane, second. Pony team, Miss Kenrick, Franklin, first; Miss McIntire, Concord, second. School team, Concord High school, first; Industrial school,

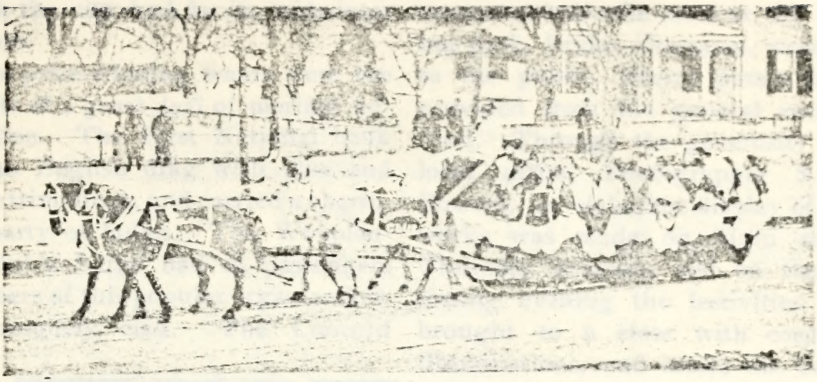


President Miron J. Platt.



David E. Murphy.





The Wonolancet Club.

Manchester, second. Picturesque float, Rumford school, Concord. Comical float, "Bog Road Museum," first; "Darktown Fire Brigade," Hopkinton, second. Comical team, C. W. Blay, first. First prizes in the trades procession were awarded,—Harry G. Emmons, dry goods; G. B. Emmons, meat and provisions; Northern Electrical Supply Co.: Second prizes,—E. W. Willard & Co., dry goods; Dickerman & Co., groceries; Mrs. F. C. Stratton, modiste: Third prizes,—D. E. Murphy, dry goods; H. C. Sturtevant & Son, grocers; R. W. Cate, horse-clipping. Prizes for best decorations were given as follows: Residences.—W. A. Thompson, first; Mrs. Nellie N. Merrill, second; stores,—Baker & Knowlton, first; Harry D. Hammond, second; store window,—W. C. & I. T. Chesley, the latter winning the Drew trophy, and containing over $500 worth of china, the draping being in heliotrope and white. Baker & Knowlton made a collection of antique articles an especial feature of their display and interested thousands of visitors. In a score of other instances much good taste and liberality were shown in the arrangement of especial window decorations, all of which added to the attractiveness

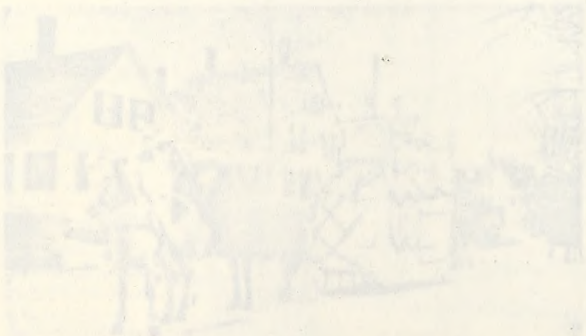


A Specimen Pony Team.



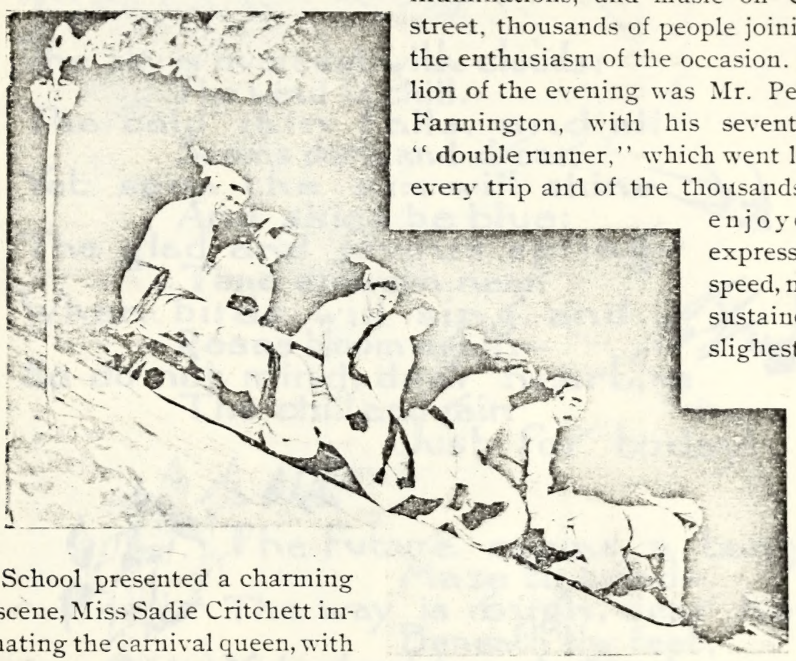
Eureka Headache Cure





which the city had for its midwinter visitors.

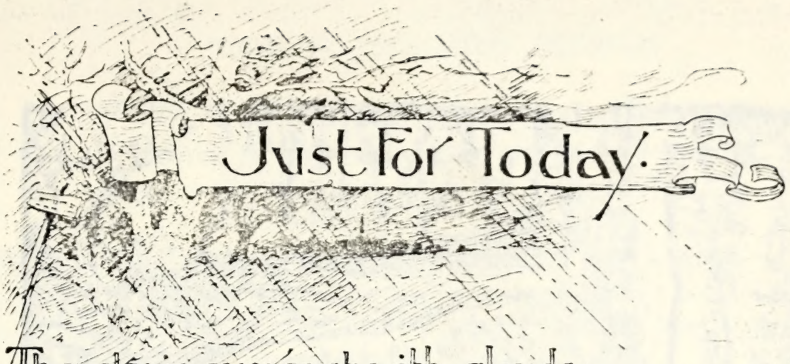
The prize-winning teams were the objects of a great deal of merited admiration. The First National bank had an English drag with blue and white trimmings, and carried a charming party of ladies. The Wonolancet club's barge had as passengers members of this popular organization, picturesquely clad. The Concord High School presented a charming court scene, Miss Sadie Critchett impersonating the carnival queen, with numerous attendants in costume. The party of students representing the Dartmouth Medical college displayed the green and white lavishly and had a hitch worth taking the seventy-five miles that separates the college and the carnival city.



A Coasting Party.

The parade was the centre of interest, but it by no means comprised all the carnival enjoyment. Athletic sports in the opera house Thursday evening, and in the open air on Friday, had many votaries, and brought out clever performances. Sharply contested half-mile races at the driving park, Friday afternoon, were free to the public, liberal purses being provided from the general carnival fund. Through the generosity of a local artist, Photographer S. A. Bowers, an elaborate display of fireworks was made on Main street, Thursday evening, and on the following evening the festivities were brought to a close with coasting, illuminations, and music on Centre street, thousands of people joining in the enthusiasm of the occasion. The lion of the evening was Mr. Pearl of Farmington, with his seventy-foot "double runner," which went loaded every trip and of the thousands who enjoyed its express-train speed, not one sustained the slighest injury. Other "doubles" besides "Uncle Sam," the monster, were there, scores of them, and the gracefully sloping hill was alive with sport and merriment for hours.

There will be other midwinter carnivals in Concord, but the mark set in 1895 will not be an easy one to pass in the number of visitors attracted hither and in the generous hospitality which was extended to all.



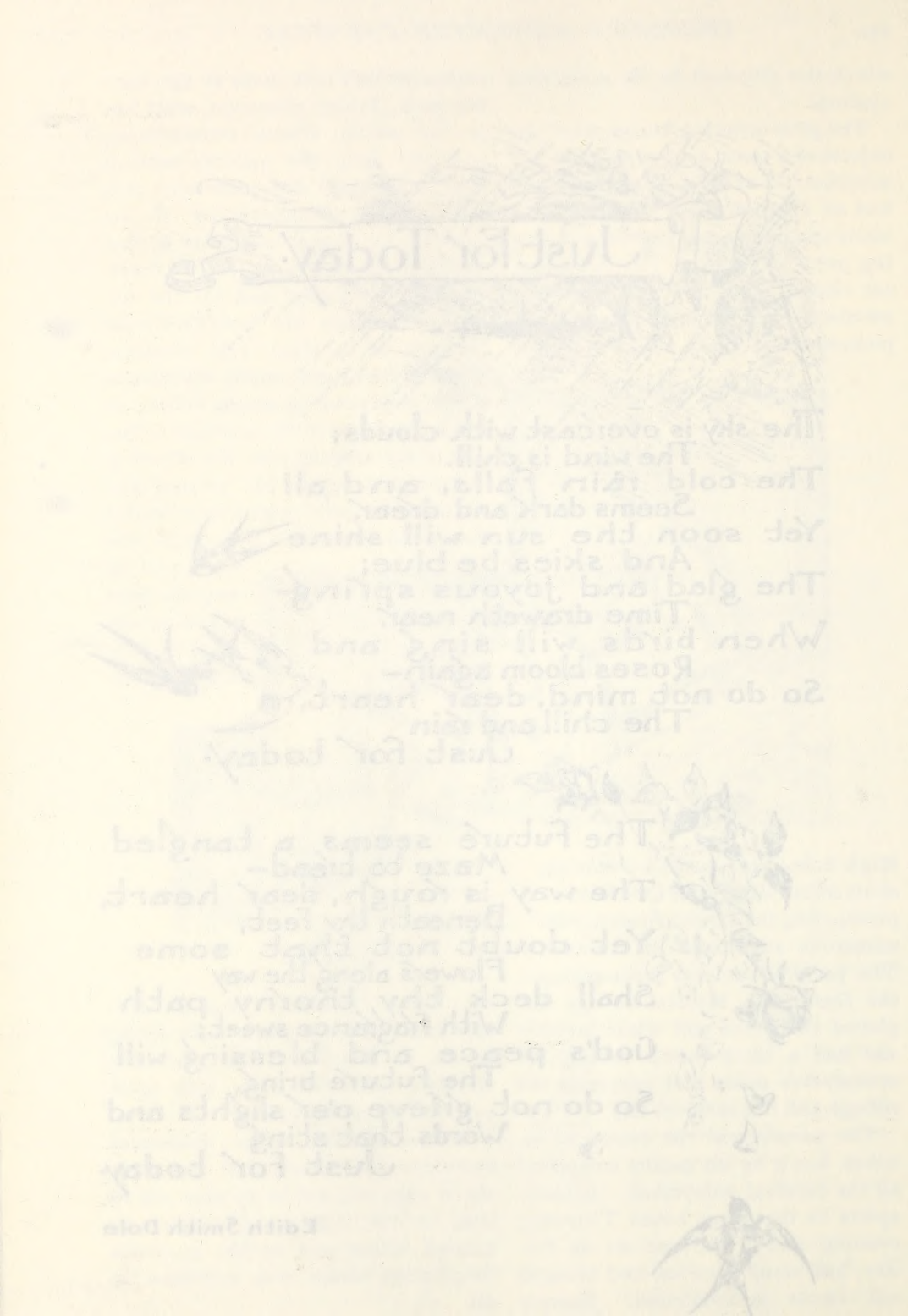
Just For Today.

The sky is overcast with clouds;
The wind is chill.
The cold rain falls, and all
Seems dark and drear,
Yet soon the sun will shine
And skies be blue;
The glad and joyous spring-
Time draweth near,
When birds will sing and
Roses bloom again—
So do not mind, dear heart,
The chill and rain
Just for today.

The future seems a tangled
Maze to tread—
The way is rough, dear heart,
Beneath thy feet,
Yet doubt not that some
Flowers along the way
Shall deck thy thorny path
With fragrance sweet;
God's peace and blessing will
The future bring,
So do not grieve o'er slights and
Words that sting
Just for today.

Edith Smith Dole







Original owned by the Boston Art Club.



NEW HAMPSHIRE PEOPLE.

CHARLES F. PIERCE—A NEW HAMPSHIRE ARTIST.

By Henry B. Colby.



NEW Hampshire has written many noted names upon the roll of Fame and her children are found in all the ranks of literature, art, science, and politics. Many of our best artists were either born here or have made their reputations by painting New Hampshire's scenery. The subject of the present sketch passed his boyhood in the village of Peterborough. Thrown upon his own resources he was obliged to hustle for himself and do what work and get such schooling as could be had in a country village in the forties. We can imagine the interest with which young Pierce watches the local artist in the village paint shop as he puts the finishing touches to one of those gorgeous landscapes, common to the sleigh dashers of the period; how he "wished he could do that," and then see him go home and in his boyish way try to draw something himself. He kept on trying, his failure to satisfy himself only spurring him on to repeated efforts, until at last he found that the devil of ambition had him by the throat, demanding that he give his life to Art. During these years he did the work that came to his hand—on the farm, in the stable or shop—any honest toil that brought the means of living, and when the village grew too narrow for him he removed to Boston, and there, in the store window of Williams & Everett, his longing gaze rested upon the first real painting that he had ever seen.

"I stood and looked at that picture," said Mr. Pierce, "and then went in and asked it there was anyone in the city who taught painting; they told me a class was being formed then, and that if enough students could be secured it would be placed upon a permanent footing. I gave them my name and soon became a member of the first art school in the city of Boston."





Years of conscientious study and work at home and abroad have brought their reward and today Mr. Pierce's pictures adorn the walls of the best galleries in the country. He painted many winter landscapes in his early days, but it is chiefly through his charming cattle pictures that he has made his fame and name as a painter.

The quiet life of cattle and sheep upon the rocky slopes of New Hampshire pastures, or by the side of some refreshing stream appeals strongest to Mr. Pierce's brush, and while his work is not characterized by any dashing technique, it is simple, earnest and truthful to the last degree. His landscapes are broad and somehow they always have a familiar appearance, like some old pasture where we roamed as boys, and yet they are not obtrusive, being simply frames for certain old red cows that are upon every hill in New Hampshire. The picture reproduced at the beginning of this article and which is owned by the Boston Art club is perhaps the best example of his work. His colors scheme is simple and quiet, and every picture has an admirable atmospheric quality. It may be remarked in passing that he has esescaped the taint of rabid impressionism which has infected so many good men of late.

That Mr. Pierce studies his cattle from life with the loving eye of a master, is evidenced by the two sketches printed herewith.

The first sign of spring sends him from his Boston studio to Peterborough, where he has refitted a beautiful home, and where his sleek and mild-eyed models chew the cud of content and attain to fame through the canvas of their talented owner and friend.



ELLA L. KNOWLES—A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER.

By Marion Howard.

The only woman who ever visited Washington as the accredited representative of a sovereign state, is Miss Ella L. Knowles, assistant attorney-general of Montana, a modest little woman, with deep set blue eyes, a fine brow, delicately chiselled features, and an altogether sensible woman who claims New Hampshire as her birthplace.

Ella L. Knowles was born in Northwood, Rockingham county, in 1861. She is the daughter of David and Louisa Bigelow Knowles, and direct descendant of Caleb Pillsbury, who held a captain's commission under King George, but who, when the word came from Lexington, threw it away and started to serve his country at the head of a band of minute-men. He was a noted man, so were his sons, four of whom fought in the Revolutionary war. The Pillsburys all are descended from William Pillsbury of Leek, North Staffordshire, England, who emigrated to America in 1640.

Miss Knowles's childhood life was passed at the fireside where she was taught the early branches of her education by her mother, who was a highly cultivated woman for her generation and who passed away when Miss Knowles was barely fourteen years of age. At fifteen she was graduated from Northwood seminary, and at sixteen from the State Normal school at Plymouth. While fitting for college Miss Knowles paid all her expenses, through teaching country schools and privately. She studied Greek and Latin during this time without any instruction. Miss Knowles entered Bates College, Lewiston, Me., in 1880, and was graduated with high honors in 1884, receiving the degree of bachelor of arts. Late that fall, she began the study of law with Messrs. Burnham & Brown of Manchester and continued until her health demanded a change of climate.

A position was offered her as professor of rhetoric and elocution in an Iowa college; her health, however, not improving, she went among the mountains of Montana in 1887, and took a position in the Helena schools. Feeling nearly well in a short time, she gave up teaching and resumed the, to her, fascinating study of law, but before she could practice, she put forth all her energies and introduced a bill into the territorial legislature,



Ella L. Knowles.

to permit women to practice law in Montana. After protracted discussion and strong opposition, the bill passed. The degree of A. M. was conferred upon Miss Knowles in the summer of 1888. She was admitted to practice before the supreme court of the state of Montana, Dec. 28, 1888, after passing a severe and protracted examination. Admittance to practice before the United States district court and the United States circuit court of the ninth judicial district was granted on April 28, 1890. Miss Knowles was also admitted to practice before the land offices and department of the interior.

On the 15th day of June, 1892, she was nominated for the office of attorney-general by the Populist party, and stumped the entire state, making nearly one hundred speeches. The Populist party had never before been organized until this plucky little woman went to work in the ranks and brought order out of chaos, and cheer to all hearts. She was everywhere treated with respectful attention and when the votes were counted, out of the total vote of 44,000, Ella Knowles secured 12,000. The other party won by a few votes and when its candidate, Hon. H. J. Haskell, was declared elected, he appointed Miss Knowles as assistant attorney-general—a most gracious compliment.

Miss Knowles has a very large law practice covering several counties, and the work done for the state is not clerical but such as is necessarily performed by an attorney at law. Just a year ago Miss Knowles was called to Butte City to settle a claim, and won the suit, together with a fee of $10,000, said to be the largest ever paid a woman lawyer.

During her visit Miss Knowles was seriously injured, the result of a carriage accident which necessitated an immediate cessation of professional duties. Miss Knowles left her home in Helena in October last for San Diego, Cal., where she is now residing with prospects of renewed health.

BERTRAND T. WHEELER—STREET COMMISSIONER OF BOSTON.

By John W. Pearson.

Good municipal government in the great centres of population and wealth demands the best endeavor of the best manhood of the time, and to be chosen to fill a place of responsibility in this branch of public life is an honor of no uncertain meaning. Such an honor recently came unexpectedly to a young native of New Hampshire, when Bertrand T. Wheeler was appointed street commissioner of Boston, at a salary of $7,500 per year. Mr. Wheeler was born in Lempster thirty-one years ago, the son of Daniel Bingham and Maria Thorpe Wheeler. He fitted for college in Cambridge, Mass., public schools, and graduated from the Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth College in 1884. Adopting civil engineering as a profession he entered the employ of the Old Colony Railroad upon leaving college, and under the skilled and painstaking chief, Mr. George S. Morrill, (also a New Hampshire

man), made rapid strides as an engineer. It was to the desk of this young engineer in the Old Colony office, that Mayor Curtis turned in his quest for the requisite ability, integrity, and independence to ensure a business-like administration of one of the most important of the city departments, and to Mr. Wheeler, unsolicited and free from all political entanglements, came one of the most responsible and lucrative public offices in New England. In the few months which have elapsed since he entered upon the duties of the office Mr. Wheeler has won the confidence of the public to a most gratifying extent, and has shown himself to be most emphatically master of the situation. Sweeping reforms have been inaugurated, whereby the taxpayers of the city will be saved many thousands of dollars at the same time that the public interests will be more carefully considered and the efficiency of the service increased. Mr. Wheeler is keen of thought and quick and bold of action, independent almost to a fault and absolutely fearless, a man of sound judgment, and in no respect imperfectly equipped for the place he fills. In private life he is one of the most agreeable of men, and his home at Dorchester is graced by a charming wife and enlivened by three promising boys. Those who know Mr. Wheeler most intimately, are those who are most confident that the recognition which



Bertrand T. Wheeler.

brainy, broad-gauge, and far-seeing Mayor Curtis of Boston gave the sterling qualities of the young engineer is but the beginning of a career which shall greatly redound to the credit of his native state.

HENRY W. LANE—THE YOUNG COLLEGE SAMSON.

The college men of two continents are talking of the achievements of the New Hampshire student at Amherst College, Henry W. Lane of Keene, a member of the class of 1895, who on March 5th broke all American college records for total strength. The test upon which the record is based was made at the Pratt Gymnasium at Amherst, in the presence of Dr. Hitchcock, head of the physical department, Dr. Seelye, his assistant, and Instructor Nelligan. Measurements were made according to the system adopted by the American Association for the Advancement of

Physical Education, the total strength being computed as follows:

One tenth of the weight is multiplied by the sum of the number of times the man dips and pulls up with his arms; to this is added the strength of lungs, legs, back, and forearms (or



Henry W. Lane.

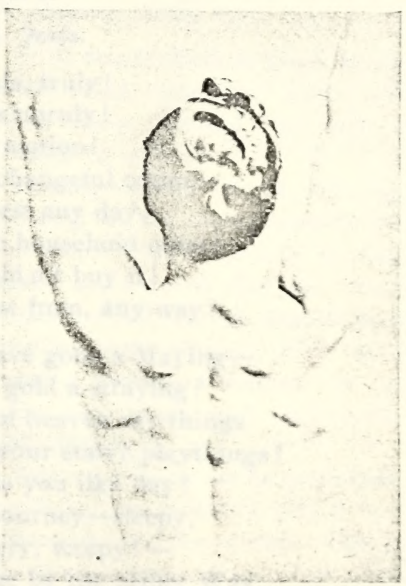
grip), and the sum of all gives the total strength. Lane's figures are as follows:—

Weight, 150.7 pounds, or 68.5 kilogrames; pull up, 48 times; dip, 45 times; strength of back, 326 kilograms, or 717 pounds; strength of legs, 620 kilograms, or 1,364 pounds; strength of lungs, 24 kilograms, or 53 pounds; strength of right forearm, 72 kilograms, or 158.4 pounds; strength of left forearm, 58 kilograms, or 127.6 pounds; total strength, 1,737.5 kilograms, or 2,823 pounds, or nearly two tons.

The previous record was held by E. Klein of Harvard, whose total strength is 1,445.6 kilograms, or 3,180.3 pounds.

Mr. Lane weighs but 150 pounds and stands 5 feet and 7½ inches in height. He is very compactly built, without an ounce of superfluous flesh. He has acquired his enormous strength by constant work in the gymnasium for an hour and a half daily.

Mr. Lane was born in Keene, April 2, 1871, the son of Hon. E. F. Lane, the prominent manufacturer and banker, and graduated from the Keene high school at the head of his class in 1889. In college he has stood in the very front rank in scholarship, and near the end of



Lane's Muscular Development.

junior year was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa society, ranking among the first three men of his class. He is an active member of the Young Men's Christian association and of the Theta Chi fraternity, and is very popular among all his fellow students.



O GEMINI.

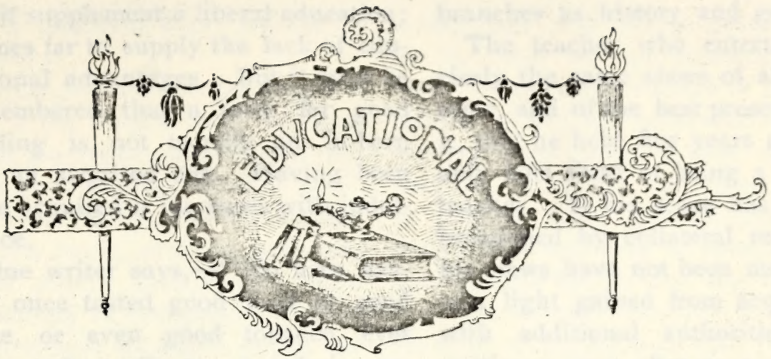
By Edward A. Jenks.

A precious pair of rascals, truly!
Up to all sorts of pranks unruly!
Fun and frolic in every motion!
As many moods as the changeful ocean—
Sunshine and tempest any day!
What has become of the household quiet?
Gone!—and ducats could n't buy it!
Where did you come from, any way?

Does Leda know you have gone a-Maying—
Gone, from the fields of gold a-straying?
Did the watchful hosts of heaven say things
When you threw away your starry playthings?
How they must miss you ilka day!
And such a long, dark journey—sleepy,
And all alone, and hungry, weepy!—
You must have come by the Milky Way.

The world is brighter since you love us;
But the fields of gold are dark above us,
For now, at night, when you are calling,
The glist'ning stars, like tears, are falling—
Falling for their lost Gemini:
But though the weeping heavens miss you,
And Leda longs to hug and kiss you,
We cannot spare you—Clem and I.





Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

READING FOR TEACHERS.

By Channing Folsom, Superintendent of Schools, Dover.

[Paper read before the State Teachers' Association, October, 1894.]

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man."

The reading of teachers may readily be classified under three heads:

1. Reading for recreation and general culture.

2. Reading relative to the subject matter of the several branches to be taught.

3. Pedagogical reading.

No one of these lines can properly be held up to a body of teachers as the *most* important; no one of them should be recommended to the exclusion of the others.

The belief that many of us neglect them all, and the fear that the advocacy of one line would be construed as its exaltation in importance above the others, have led me to discard the assigned topic, viz., "Professional Training of Teachers in the Reading of Educational Works," and to select the one which I have announced.

1. It would seem to need no argument, that teachers, above every other class, should be men and women of culture.

Having charge of the intellectual training of the rising generation at the most impressionable period, it seems self-evident that the teachers of our public schools should be persons of such literary taste as will have a lasting influence for good upon the minds and characters of their pupils.

But reading must be practised as much for the teacher's self as for its influence upon the school. The good teacher is always a growing teacher, and intimacy with the makers of the world's literature is essential to the broadening of the teacher's intellectual horizon. Many of the most cultivated people of every community have become such from their reading habits; this is true as applied to teachers as well as to those of other ranks. Not only does the reading

habit supplement a liberal education; it goes far to supply the lack of educational advantages. But it must be remembered that a taste for good reading is not usually an in-born but an acquired one. Having been once acquired it increases with indulgence.

One writer says,—"No man having once tasted good food or good wine, or even good tobacco, ever turns voluntarily to an inferior article." In general, this is equally true as applied to our habits of reading.

Every teacher should aim to acquire a taste for the best literature that mental growth may be constant, and that culture and power be ever increasing.

The private library of the teacher should receive some accession every year. The public library is invaluable, but it can not take the place of your own collection, however small it may be, of the books you love.

This general or miscellaneous reading for which I plead may follow the taste and inclination of the individual. Most of us find a satisfaction in following some particular line of study. But whatever be the preference, science, history, politics—do something systematically. In this course you will find pleasure, recreation, and growth.

2. I have indicated as the second line of reading calculated for the improvement of teachers, the reading of works relative to the subject matter taught.

Too often teachers are satisfied with the meagre knowledge of a particular branch of study that may be gained from the use of the text-book. This is specially noticeable in such branches as history and geography.

The teacher who entertains precisely the same views of almost any topic, and of the best presentation of it, that he held five years ago, probably falls short of being a first-class teacher. If his scope has not been broadened by collateral reading; if his views have not been modified by new light gained from acquaintance with additional authorities; if he continues year after year asking the same questions and content with the same answers; he is probably more machine than teacher.

"Reading maketh a full man." And the teacher, above all others, must be "full." To teach any subject well, he must know vastly more of that subject than he expects or even desires to teach. Not only is this knowledge necessary to insure successful, enthusiastic teaching, but it must be an ever-increasing knowledge. Thorough knowledge of a subject on the part of the teacher is the first requisite for a proper presentation of it to the pupil.

This line of reading, then, is inferior to no other as an influence for improvement in teaching. If my position is correct, that a taste for good reading is an acquired one, it follows that teachers should have such knowledge of books as will enable them to inspire their pupils with a desire to read the good, and to guide them in their selection. You may destroy the "dime novel" of which you have dispossessed its stealthy reader, but unless you substitute something better, and train him to a liking for it, your lecture on cheap literature will be wasted. Now that our public libraries are working in close sympathy with the

school, it behooves every teacher to know books.

Enlarged privileges to the pupils in the use of the library bring enlarged duties to the teacher in directing that use. A good reading habit is invaluable to every pupil, and the acquisition of this habit, with the large majority of pupils, is dependent upon their training in the public schools.

"The extent to which pupils are interested in the books from the library will be measured by the extent to which you help them to understand and appreciate them." [*Journal of Education.*] And the extent to which you help them must of necessity be measured by your own understanding and appreciation.

I have sometimes been misunderstood by teachers in the application of my advice as to a course of reading calculated to enlarge the knowledge of some of the branches found in the school curriculum. For a teacher of United States history, for example, I would not advise a daily study of the topic under consideration by the class, *merely*. But rather a course of reading in history which would tend to fill the teacher's mind with the historical spirit; and an adherence to this course, even to the extent of limiting the time devoted to the daily lesson as such. A note-book, or better still a text-book interleaved for notes, will go far towards taking the place of this daily study of the lesson. When a teacher has taught the same subject for a term of years, more improvement will result from increasing the general knowledge of the subject than by confining one's self to details. And the maxim so often laid down, "Never conduct a recitation without making a thorough and special preparation for it," may be best honored by a little thought upon method of presentation. And time, otherwise used in mulling over petty details already familiar, may be far better used in reading some reliable, standard book which will help to saturate the teacher with the *spirit* of the subject.

3. Let us now consider the third division of my subject, viz., the improvement of teachers by reading the literature of pedagogics.

We have heard and read much for many years relative to "teaching as a profession." No occupation can properly be dignified as a "profession," entrance to which has no test but the preference of a school board, and the requirements of which are only the satisfaction of the people. New Hampshire has even retrograded from her former limitations. There was a time when some examination and a certificate of qualification were required before a candidate could become a teacher in a public school, but this pre-requisite has been swept away, and anybody may teach who can get the votes.

Only a small percentage of our teachers are, or are likely to be, of college education. Only a few, comparatively, have taken a Normal school course; and the proportion is not likely to change materially for the better until a different public sentiment prevails, and different legal requirements of the would-be teacher have been enacted.

The public school teachers of the state should be leaders of public sentiment respecting this matter; instead, we are quietly acquiescent in legislation affecting our position and standing in the community. To lead

public sentiment, or to influence it, teachers must first prove their worthiness to be leaders. They must be in touch with educational leaders of the country. They must understand educational principles. They must know somewhat of the history of education. They must be able to distinguish between science and empiricism.

To this end teachers must read pedagogical works. What results have we a right to expect from such reading?

A professional spirit will result from pedagogical reading. Lawyers, physicians, and clergyman read the literature of their respective professions. The member of either of these professions regarding whom there is a doubt in this respect, very soon loses the confidence of the public, and deservedly.

The worker in wood, the worker in metals, the collector of postage stamps, each has his special periodical which he reads faithfully, and by which he profits. But many a teacher would laugh to scorn a suggestion that his work and his influence might be increased by his subscription to, and his regular reading of, an educational journal. Some plead that they cannot afford it. *They cannot afford not to do it.*

When the three thousand teachers of the state are familiar with the best educational literature of the day; when they read regularly some educational journal; when their knowledge of educational matters stamps them as experts in their business; then indeed may we expect them to be leaders of public opinion in all matters educational, then will every teacher be a nucleus around which will gather a local sentiment which will raise the occupation of teacher to that of trusted public officials.

This line of reading will keep the teacher in touch with different theories of education; with the claims of the advocates of new branches of study, or of old branches in new places; will keep them informed as regards the rights and duties of teachers as limited or defined by new laws or recent decisions; and in many such ways will advance him towards the position of a member of a "profession."

Again, it will make better teachers. The untrained and inexperienced find this the only path open to them for the study of the art of teaching and the science of education.

What shall such a teacher read? That in which she is interested; which she understands and appreciates. Descriptions of class exercises, illustrations of methods, devices, matters that appear *practical*, will naturally appeal to such. But she must remember that a good teacher is more than a copyist of another. What is read must be assimilated; the underlying principles understood; and when practiced in the class room, adapted to conditions and circumstances.

That reading will prove of value which makes the teacher a thinker rather than an imitator. That reading which makes of the reader simply a copyist of devices without any study of the philosophy of the devices is not desirable. That many teachers get nothing more from pedagogical reading does not argue against the reading. The young teacher who reads thoughtfully and understandingly what seems to be most helpful

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will thereby advance to an appreciation of a higher grade of "professional" reading.

Reading begets reading.

The trained, the educated, the experienced, the successful, teacher needs this kind of reading equally with those of less advantages, and to such it is no less valuable.

"Everybody knows more than anybody." The person who thinks that all knowledge will die with him is an uncomfortable person to do business with. And the teacher who has nothing more to learn is past his best days. Only the growing learning teacher should have a place in the ranks.

There are no past masters of education. There is none so wise or so successful that he can afford to say that he has no use for the opinions of others. Moreover, no matter how thoroughly one has studied the principles and science of education he needs to keep them fresh in mind by occasional re-reading.

To be a leader in educational matters, the teacher must be familiar with the current changes in the educational world.

This kind of reading will inspire and maintain enthusiasm for the vocation of teaching. It is by reason of loss of enthusiasm that old teachers fall to the rear of the procession, having been outstripped by the younger generation. As long as the physical and mental powers remain unimpaired, a teacher should not become a "back number."

It is not years that make a teacher old, but rather the dallying of sympathy, neglect of the signs of the times, failure to observe progress about him, narrowness, cynicism, and self-satisfaction. Many a teacher, young in years, becomes cynical, looks with scornful pity upon the enthusiasm of the beginner, and dolefully prophesies, — "She will soon get over that." "She will learn better by experience."

Pedagogical reading will go far towards preventing this tendency; it will keep the teacher out of ruts; it will prevent him from becoming a worshipper of his own style of work.

We all know teachers, men and women, who in spite of accumulated years, are as progressive, as ready to learn, as earnest students of methods and principles, as any of their younger brothers and sisters. These, while health and power remain, will never be too old for service.

No one can object to a course of reading of this character on the score of lack of variety or lack of kind and grade desired.

Journals are published weekly, monthly, and quarterly, adapted to all grades of schools and to all grades of teachers, from the kindergarten to the college; from the young girl of limited education to the scholar of rare attainments and profound acquirements; from the copyist of a device to the student of a philosophy. Publishers are constantly publishing books of equally wide range.

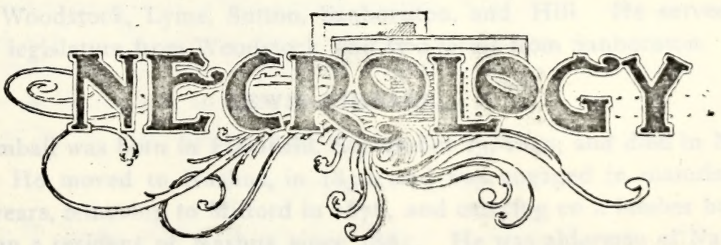
Among the contributors to these journals and the authors of the books, are numbered some of the brightest intellects of the age—successful practical teachers who have worked their way to eminence without the advantages of previous training; normal school graduates and principals; presidents and profes-

sors of colleges, themselves college-trained.

Some teachers tell us that much of the pedagogical writing of the day is beyond their understanding and appreciation. I confess to a feeling of sympathy with them. But the fact that some of the educational philosophers are beyond our comprehension, need not prejudice us against such reading as we do understand, nor deprive us of that which interests us. And perhaps we may find the very discipline that we need, in a grapple with the theories that seem beyond our comprehension.

It is urged by some that they have not time for such a course of reading; a large part of the time devoted to mere drudgery,—to the marking of examination papers and the correcting of slate work, occupying in the case of many teachers every spare hour of sunlight and often extending far into the night, might be more usefully employed in improving the mind by reading. In my judgment, better teachers and better teaching would result. Pupils would be better taught by thinking, well-informed, cultivated men and women than by marking machines.

I close with the words of another, a superintendent in another state,—"I never write a recommendation for any teacher who has not been a subscriber for a good educational journal before she asks for my recommendation. She owes it to herself to keep in sympathy with the progressive members of the profession, as she cannot without reading regularly the best thought which only finds timely expression in the best journals. She owes it to her school, which she cannot teach to the best advantage without knowing promptly all the best methods which find earliest expression in those journals. She owes it to the profession to take and pay for a journal and have it all her own, instead of stealing, begging, or borrowing it from some one who does pay for it."



HON. ETHAN COLBY.

Hon. Ethan Colby was born in Sanbornton, August 29, 1810, and died at his home in Colebrook, March 5. He became a resident of Colebrook in 1838, where he was a merchant for many years. He was a representative in the legislature in 1861, and a member of the governor's council the following year. He was a man of large property and wide public influence.

NECROLOGY

REV. THOMAS SPOONER.

Rev. Thomas Spooner was born in Franconia, in 1852, and died in Lawrence, Mass., March 6, aged 43 years. He was educated at Bates college, and pastor of Free Baptist churches in Whitefield, South Berwick, Me., and for the past seven years at Haverhill, and was the secretary of the Massachusetts Assocation of Free Baptist churches. He is survived by a widow and two children.

EDWIN D. COFFIN.

Edwin D. Coffin, sheriff of Rockingham county, was born in Portsmouth, March 13, 1831, and died March 6. He was elected sheriff in 1886, and held the office until the time of his death. Previously he had served two terms as alderman of Portsmouth, and also two terms as representative in the legislature.

GALEN FOSTER.

Galen Foster died at his home in Canterbury, March 9, aged 87 years. He graduated from Amherst college in the class of 1831, and practised law many years in Erie, Penn. He was a prominent abolitionist and a brother of the late Stephen Foster of Worcester.

PROF. J. H. MOREY.

Prof. J. H. Morey was born in Franklin and died in Concord, March 12, aged 59 years. As a teacher of the pianoforte, and a moving spirit in state musical circles, he was widely known and highly esteemed. He had resided in Concord for the past 40 years, and was a public spirited citizen. He is survived by a widow and daughter.

REV. STEPHEN COOMBS.

Rev. Stephen Coombs was born in Jamaica, Vermont, June 20, 1799, and died at East Concord, March 13. With one exception, he was the oldest Calvinist Baptist minister in New Hampshire. His settlements included Harwich, Mass., Springfield, Woodstock, Lyme, Sutton, Sanbornton, and Hill. He served three terms in the legislature from Woodstock, and two terms from Sanbornton.

LEWIS KIMBALL.

Lewis Kimball was born in Plainfield, September 13, 1809, and died in Nashua, March 14. He moved to Nashua, in 1850, and was engaged in manufacturing for several years, removing to Milford in 1876, and carrying on a lumber business. He had been a resident of Nashua since 1885. He was alderman of Nashua in 1864–'65, and representative in the legislature in 1871 and 1872. He is survived by a widow and four children.

SEWALL PUTNAM.

Sewall Putnam, of Wilton, died in Goffstown, March 17, aged 90 years. He was ten times elected selectman of Wilton; was a commissioner of Hillsborough county for three years, and for nearly half a century was well known as a land surveyor and civil engineer.

COL. M. V. B. EDGERLY.

Col. Martin Van Buren Edgerly was born in Barnstead, September 26, 1833, the fifth of nine children of the late Samuel J. Edgerly, and died in New York city, March 18. He became a resident of Manchester when 12 years of age, remaining there, with the exception of a short time, until 1881, when he removed to Boston. He was educated in the Manchester public schools, and after working for a time for the Amoskeag corporation and engaging in business as a druggist, in 1856 entered the employ of the Massachusetts Life Insurance company of Springfield, Mass., as agent at Pittsfield. In 1860 he became general agent of the company for New Hampshire, and returned to Manchester. In 1870 he was made general manager for New England and the middle states. In 1886 he was chosen president of the company, succeeding E. W. Bond, and continued to hold the position until his death. While residing in Manchester, Mr. Edgerly served as a member of the board of aldermen; was colonel on the staff of Gov. James A. Weston in 1871, and in 1873 and 1874 he commanded the Amoskeag Veterans. He was a member of the National Democratic committee, and was a delegate to the national convention at Cincinnati in 1880. In September, 1882, he was nominated for governor by the Democratic party of New Hampshire, and was defeated by 500 votes. While residing in New Hampshire he was director of the City National bank, the New Hampshire Fire Insurance company, the Suncook Valley railroad, and the Worcester & Ashland railroad, and was centennial commissioner for New Hampshire by appointment from President Grant. At the time of his death he was president of the Des Moines & Kansas City railroad, director of the Boston & Maine railroad, president of the New Hampshire Loan & Trust company, director of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern railroad, and a member of the fire commission of Springfield. He is survived by a son and daughter.

CAPT. GEORGE FARR.

Capt. George Farr, of Littleton, died March 20, aged 59 years. He served in the Rebellion as captain in the 13th Regiment, N. H. Volunteers; he was seriously wounded at Cold Harbor and was mustered out in 1864. In 1886 he was department commander of New Hampshire Grand Army of the Republic. He was a graduate of Dartmouth college; had been judge of the local police court for many years, and for 20 years had been proprietor of the Oak Hill house at Littleton.

HENRY W. LOCKE.

Henry W. Locke of Barrington died March 20, aged 68 years. Previous to the War of the Rebellion he resided in Rochester, where he carried on an extensive grocery business. He served in the 6th N. H. Volunteers, first as lieutenant and later as captain. He had been an extensive manufacturer of brick in Rochester, and was a member of Humane Lodge of Masons.

DEA. EDWARD D. BOYLSTON.

Dea. Edward D. Boylston was born in Amherst, January 26, 1814, and died at his home in that town March 22. He was educated in the village school

and in Francestown, Bennington, and Gilmanton academies. Nearly all his life was devoted to newspaper work, the *Farmers' Cabinet* of Amherst having engaged his attention from his 18th year until quite recently, when he disposed of the property to his grandson, W. B. Rotch, by whom its publication has since been continued. Mr. Boylston was the author of several works of an historical and biographical character, notable among them being "Amherst in the Great Civil Conflict." He was identified for many years with the work of the Y. M. C. A., and other religious organizations, and published and distributed gratuitously many thousand tracts and original poems. He is survived by a widow, one sister, and three daughters.

HON. HENRY W. CLAPP.

Hon. Henry W. Clapp was born in Easton, Mass., and died in Concord, March 24. He was engaged in the foundry business at Nashua for 14 years, and some 30 years ago removed to Concord where he engaged in the same business, first as manager for Ford & Kimball, and later as head of the firm of H. W. Clapp & Co. He was the patentee of numerous profitable inventions, and as a business man was very successful. He served as alderman of Concord in 1879, 1880, and 1881; as representative in the legislature in 1885, and as mayor in 1891 and 1892. He is survived by a widow and one daughter.

HENRY H. EVERETT.

Henry H. Everett was born in Wilmington, N. C., and died in Manchester, March 24, aged 54 years. Most of his life had been spent in the city of Manchester in newspaper work, in which he had achieved an honorable fame. For the past 12 years he had been employed on the staff of the *Union*, and as the "Rambler," entertained each week a large circle of admirers. He was a member of Louis Bell Post, G. A. R., and of Washington Lodge of Masons. He is survived by a son and daughter.

WILLIAM S. KIMBALL.

William S. Kimball was born in Boscawen in 1837, and died at Virginia Beach, Va., March 26. He graduated from Rensalaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., and was at one time employed in the Concord Railroad shops in this city. In 1863 he went to Rochester, N. Y., where he engaged in the manufacture of tobacco. He was the first cigarette maker in the United States, and invented machinery for that purpose which laid the foundation of a fortune of millions. At one time he had the contract for all the cigarettes used in France, where the sale of tobacco is a government monopoly. He was president of the Post Express Printing company, Union bank, City hospital, Industrial school, and vice-president of the Security Trust company and American Tobacco company, all of Rochester, N. Y.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—The fine likeness of the late Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., in the last number of this magazine was engraved from a photograph by Davis & Howard, 352 Washington Street, Boston.

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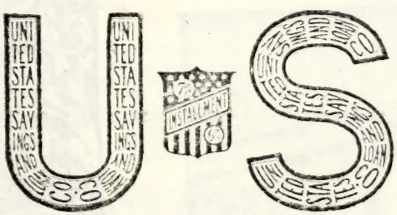
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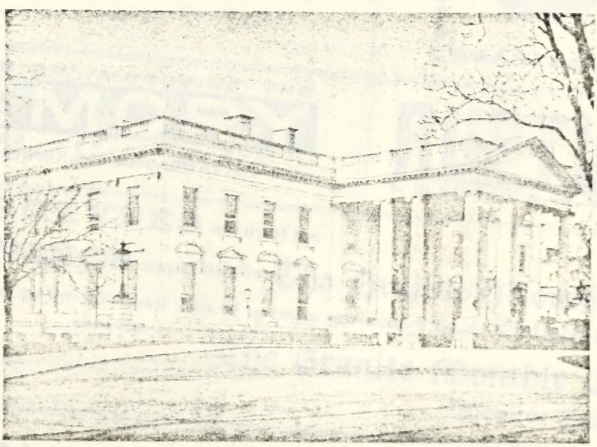
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY for June, 1895, will contain

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR, by Hon. John C. Linehan,

Illustrated by Engravings from War-time Photographs.

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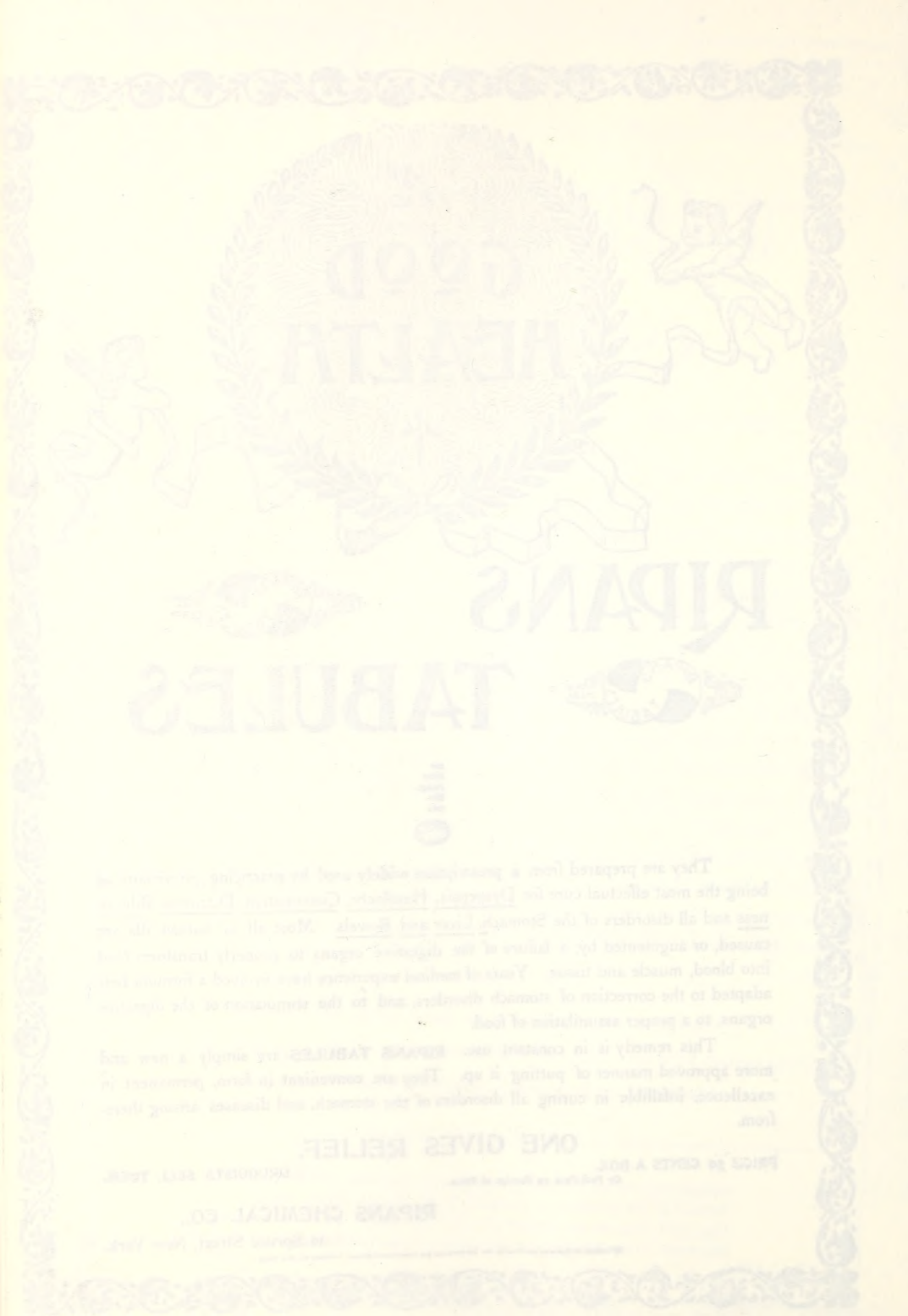
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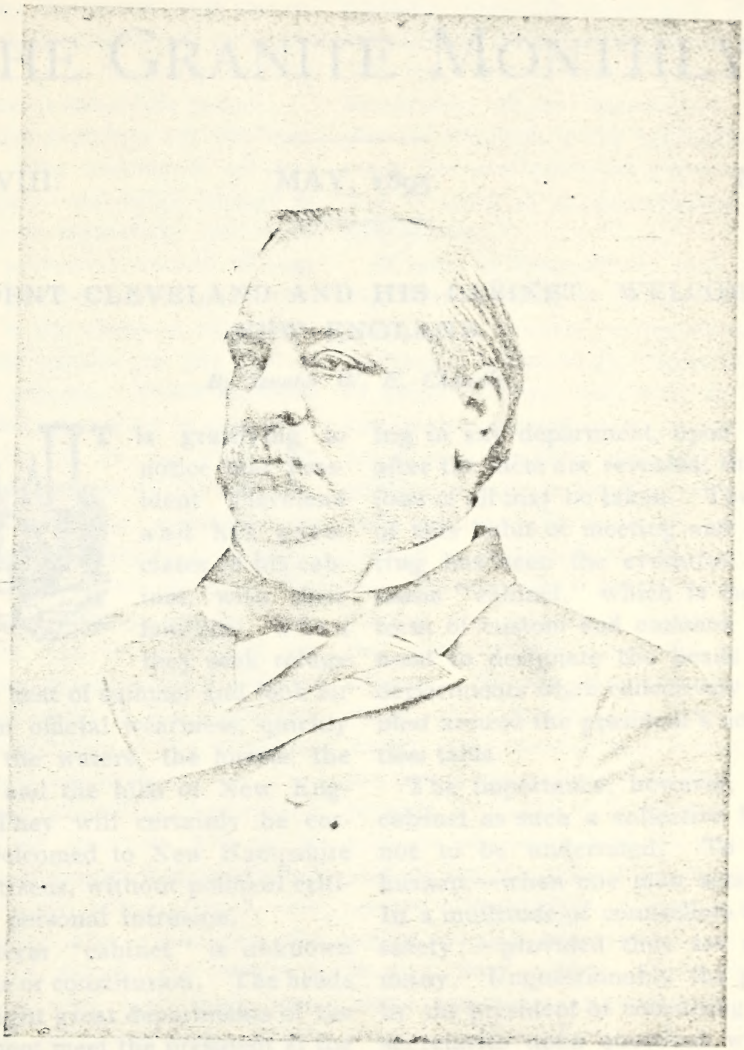
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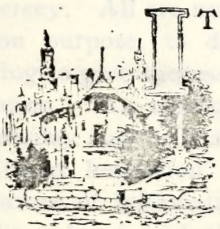


THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. MAY, 1895. No. 5.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET: WELCOME TO NEW ENGLAND.

By Senator W. E. Chandler.



IT is gratifying to notice that President Cleveland and his associates in his cabinet, with their families, when they seek refuge from the heat of summer and look for rest from official weariness, quickly turn to the waters, the forests, the valleys, and the hills of New England. They will certainly be cordially welcomed to New Hampshire by all citizens, without political criticism or personal intrusion.

The term "cabinet" is unknown to statute or constitution. The heads of the eight great departments of the government meet the president at the convenient hour of noon on Tuesday and Friday of each week. He, therefore, is able not only to confer with each secretary upon any important business of his own department, but the opportunity is afforded for consultation with them all, concerning great questions of administration arising in any department, upon which, after the facts are revealed, the opinions of all may be taken. The result of this habit of meeting and conferring has been the evolution of the name "cabinet," which is merely a term of custom and common speech used to designate the heads of the departments when collectively assembled around the president's consultation table.

The importance, however, of the cabinet as such a collective body is not to be underrated. To err is human,—when one man acts alone. In a multitude of counsellors there is safety;—provided they are not too many. Unquestionably the practice by the president of consulting all his secretaries upon questions which it would be entirely proper for him, in conjunction with only one secretary, to decide and dispose of, is of inestimable benefit to the country. In many cases, however, of decisions and acts of the highest moment the presidents have undoubtedly omitted consultations, or made them matters of mere

form. One can easily conceive of instances of this sort occurring under President Jackson or President Cleveland, and it is said that Mr. Lincoln submitted his immortal proclamation emancipating the slaves, with the remark that the question was not open to discussion as he had fully made up his mind that it should be issued.

The cabinet meetings are ideal consultations. The number of advisers is convenient; — not large enough to be dilatory or unwieldy, not small enough to prevent a variety of suggestions. The peculiarity of the organization is the absolute absence of any pride of opinion on the part of any person present. There is entire secrecy. All are united in one common purpose, to do the very best thing to give success to the administration. An opinion expressed on Tuesday may be changed on Friday, without hesitation or regret. The sources of information are the best. The cabinet and the president are likely to comprise diversified abilities from various walks in life, competent for the wise solution of the questions arising in any emergency.

It is almost impossible to imagine a cabinet whose members will not at least desire to maintain intimate and sincerely friendly relations with each other, seeking also unselfishly the common good, namely, the success of the president, who, with them, constitutes the administration, which must become the object of searching criticism and at last be approved or condemned by the public judgment.

The present cabinet of President Cleveland, outside of legitimate political criticism, has not been the subject of serious animadversion. In the beginning there were complaints, particularly of some of the members new to public life, that they were not sufficiently patient and courteous while receiving callers. This is always the experience of new administrations, especially when most of the subordinate offices are to be changed. The fault finding always ceases, and frequently those secretaries who pleased the least in the beginning become the most noted for graciousness and a spirit of accommodation and helpfulness.

It must be remembered that nothing is more trying to the nervous system than a constant succession of importunate callers on an infinite variety of subjects, great and petty, all coming to demand and never to give, always seeking their own advantage, seldom to help or benefit him whom they address. It is an art only acquired by practice to be able to receive and dismiss the multitudes who throng the executive mansion and the departments, without giving offence. Yet the president at stated times, and the secretaries at nearly all hours, are accessible to all comers. A few years ago, with an English gentleman, I called and secured short talks in succession with the president and all but two secretaries, during the course of two hours. Such a result could not have been reached in a week in any other capital. Such accessibility cannot much longer be continued at Washington. It is breaking down the physical and mental powers of our presidents and cabinet ministers, who all, however pleasant on the whole are their places, look forward to a certain fourth of March to give them rest. By the beginning of the next century a seclusion for the executive and his cabinet, which



MRS. CLEVELAND.

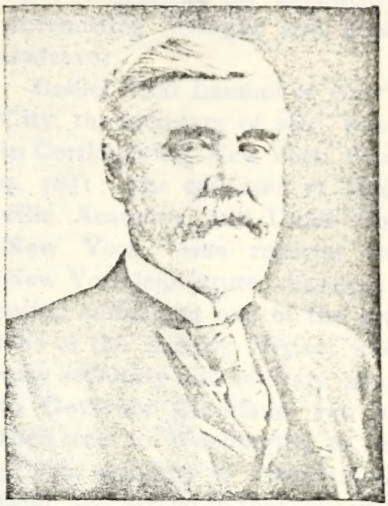
is now the exception, will become the rule. In the meantime, no caller at any of the departments, who is reasonable in his expectations, need fear that he will not receive courteous treatment, appropriate attention, and all the consideration to which he or his business is fairly entitled. Reported exceptions to this rule are almost universally the fault of the callers themselves. The members of the present administration will compare favorably in these and most other respects with their best predecessors. Whatever faults or mistakes may be revealed by the light of the intense and piercing fires of the political canvass of 1896, it is a pleasure to-day to make of record only their good traits and deeds.

The president, Grover Cleveland, was born at Caldwell, Essex county, New Jersey, March 18, 1837. When he was four years of age his parents removed their residence to Fayetteville and afterward to Clinton in the state of New York. He received only a common school and academic education. At sixteen he became an assistant teacher in an institution for the blind in New York City; a year later he removed to Buffalo, where he studied law; in 1859 he was admitted to the bar; he was appointed district attorney of Erie county, and soon afterward was defeated for election to the same office. In 1870 he was elected sheriff of that county and held the office for three years; he was elected mayor of Buffalo in 1881, governor of New York State in 1882, and president of the United States in 1884, against James G. Blaine; was defeated for re-election to the presidency in 1888 by Benjamin Harrison, but was again elected over President Harrison in 1892, and his present term began March 4, 1893.

In view of Mr. Cleveland's phenomenal political successes, it is impossible not to attribute to him intellectual greatness. During his first term as president his message of December, 1887, demanding tariff reduction undoubtedly caused his own and his party's defeat in the canvass of 1888. Yet he retained his political supremacy during four years in private life, was renominated in 1892, and again entered the presidential office, renewed his demand for tariff legislation, and secured the passage of the dubious act of August, 1894. Although his party is overwhelmingly in favor of the free coinage of silver he has persistently and undauntedly opposed its policy. Whatever else may be said of him he will never be called weak. Whether dealing with the tariff, with financial problems, with foreign relations, or with appointments to office, he has always formed and expressed his own opinions and enforced his views and decisions in the conduct of the executive branch of the government. Industrious, self-confident, persistent, and courageous, whatever judgment history may pass upon the principal acts of the eight years of his iron rule, he will certainly stand as the president of greater power of will than any of his predecessors, except one.

Walter Quinton Gresham of Chicago, Illinois, secretary of state, was born near Lanesville, Harrison county, Indiana, March 17, 1832; was educated in the common schools and at the Indiana State University at Bloomington; was admitted to the bar on attaining his majority; was elected to the state legislature, but

before serving his term resigned, in the summer of 1861, went into the Union army, and was severely wounded in battle. He entered as lieutenant-colonel, and earned promotion as colonel and as brigadier-general, and was brevetted major-general for gallantry before Atlanta. After the war he resumed the practice of law; ran for congress, but was unsuccessful; in 1869 was appointed United States judge for the district of Indiana, from which position he resigned upon invitation of President Chester A. Arthur to become postmaster-general; two years later, after the death of Charles J. Folger, he was promoted to the office of secretary of the treasury, and a few months thereafter President Arthur appointed him United States judge for the seventh judicial circuit, which included the state of Indiana. General Gresham was before the Republican national convention of 1888 for nomination as the party's candidate for the presidency, and, in 1892, the Populist party offered him the nomination for president, which he declined. A few months subsequently he accepted the invitation of Mr. Cleveland to leave the bench and become secretary of state. By law, the secretary of state is next in line of succession to the office of president, in case of the death, resignation, or inability of both the president and the vice-president. General Gresham, although born and growing to manhood in southern Indiana, was, like his father, intensely hostile to slavery under circumstances unfavorable to such sentiments. He entered with ardor into the war for the Union, which destroyed slavery; he fought bravely, and his health is impaired

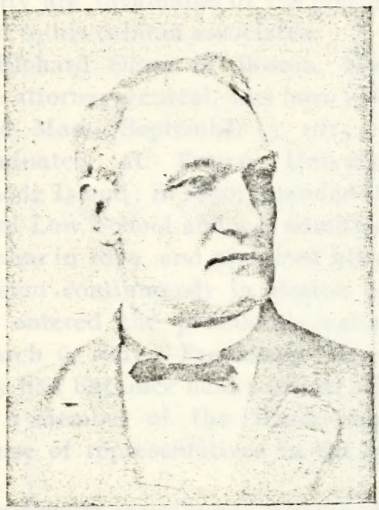


Walter Quinton Gresham, Secretary of State.

by his honorable wounds; his personal integrity and purity of character are unimpeachable; he has never accumulated any fortune, and he has rendered civil services to his country as a United States judge, postmaster-general, secretary of the treasury, and secretary of state with zeal and fidelity unquestioned. He is unassuming in his manners, attractive in conversation, and devoted to his personal friends who do not fail to reciprocate that friendship under all conditions.

John Griffin Carlisle of Covington, Ky., the secretary of the treasury, was born in what is now Kenton county, Ky., September 5, 1835. After receiving a common school education he kept a country school and afterward taught in the city of Covington; was admitted to the bar in his twenty-third year; was repeatedly elected to the state legislature; was elected lieutenant-governor of Kentucky in 1871, and served as such four years; was elected to congress in 1877, and served in the house nearly

fourteen years, six years of which time he was the speaker; he was elected to the United States senate May 17, 1890, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of James B. Beck, and was called from the senate to become secretary of the treasury on March 7, 1893. Mr. Carlisle's title to distinction would not be denied even without reference to the high public offices which he has held. His mind is clear, his temper even, his manners courteous, and in writing



John Griffin Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury.

and in speech he has few superiors. The department which he conducts is the largest and most difficult of all, and the burdens upon the physical and mental powers of the secretary are too great to be borne by any one for any great length of time without injury, as the experience of his predecessors proves. Mr. Carlisle has so far well endured the strain. The routine work of the various divisions of the treasury has been well done; and he has given to the solution of the troublesome financial questions which have surrounded the administration, unremitting thought and persistent endeavor.

Daniel Scott Lamont of New York City, the secretary of war, was born in Cortlandville, New York, February 9, 1851; was educated at McGrawville Academy and Union College, New York; was reporter in the New York legislature; has been managing editor and one of the proprietors of the Albany *Argus*; was private secretary and military secretary to Governor Cleveland two years; then went to Washington to become private secretary to President Cleveland, and served in that capacity with notable ease, grace, and ability throughout Mr. Cleveland's first term. Subsequently, he was successful in private business, and upon Mr. Cleveland's inauguration for the present term he was given the high and merited promotion he now enjoys. As private secretary during the first term, and as secretary of war during the present term, Mr. Lamont has won golden opinions from all who have met him



Daniel Scott Lamont, Secretary of War.

in official or personal intercourse. He has intelligence, acuteness, and affability. His knowledge of men and things and his tact, natural and acquired from much contact with affairs, enable him to conduct his department without friction, and with complete success, and also to give needed assistance to the president, to whom he is, as he should be, zealously devoted, in the management of other governmental and political complications. His watchfulness and activity are invaluable to the president and to his cabinet associates.

Richard Olney of Boston, Mass., the attorney-general, was born in Oxford, Mass., September 15, 1835; was graduated at Brown University, Rhode Island; in 1856, attended Harvard Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1859, and practiced his profession continuously in Boston until he entered the president's cabinet, March 6, 1893. Previously Mr. Olney had but once held political office, as a member of the Massachusetts house of representatives in the year 1874. He has conducted the department of justice without mistake. He has full learning, and great logical power, and is an impressive and effective advocate. His address on March 12, 1895, to the supreme court in favor of the constitutionality of the income tax of 1894, was compressed within the limit of one hour; was delivered without reference to notes, and was a model of clear, concise, and comprehensive statement and argument, such as his distinguished Massachusetts predecessor, Caleb Cushing, might have presented, with his wonderful gift of analysis and argumentative power. His later argument before the court vindicating the action of the executive, under the laws of congress regulating interstate railway traffic, in preserving the public peace through proceedings in the courts, was powerful and convincing. As the New England member of the cabinet Mr. Olney has brought new honor to his section of the country.



Richard Olney, Attorney-General.

Wilson Shannon Bissell of Buffalo, N. Y., the late postmaster-general, was born in New London, N. Y., on December 31, 1847; removed with his parents to Buffalo when he was five years of age; attended the Buffalo public schools, and graduated from Yale University; began the study of law with the firm of which Grover Cleveland was a member; afterward became one of his partners, and after Mr. Cleveland was elected governor of New York he became the senior member of the firm of Bissell, Sicard & Goodyear. Mr. Bissell was elector-at-large when Mr. Cleveland was first elected in 1884, and he has served as a member of a commission to propose amendments to the judiciary article of the New York state

constitution, but has always been averse to public office and therefore resigned from the cabinet April 1, 1895. Mr. Bissell has been judicious and firm in the conduct of his department. The policy of allowing Republican postmasters to serve out their terms of four years being adopted, he has enforced it with firmness and courage. The high character of the postal service has been maintained; and he returns to private life and to his prosperous law practice with the



Wilson Shannon Bissell, late Postmaster-General.

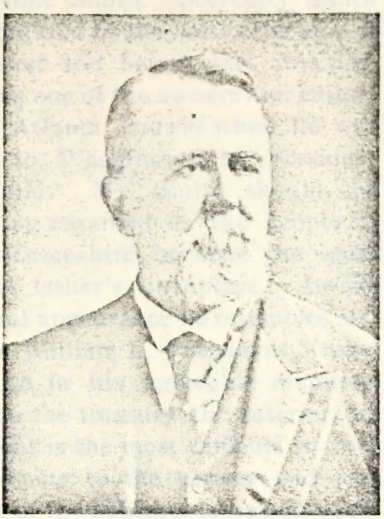
friendship and good will of all who have made his acquaintance during his official service.

William L. Wilson of Charlestown, West Virginia, the new postmaster-general, was born in Jefferson county, Virginia, May 3, 1843; was educated at Columbia College, D. C., where he was graduated in 1860, and also at the University of Virginia; he served in the Confederate army; after the war was a professor in Columbia College, and later practiced law in Charlestown, West Va. He became president of the West Virginia University in 1882, but resigned a few months after his election to congress in that year, and was continuously re-elected until he entered the cabinet on April 1, 1895. He has been prominent in politics and was permanent president of the Democratic national convention of 1892. Mr. Wilson is a man of refinement in appearance; has ample learning and superior oratorical power; is sincere, direct, upright, and honorable in his private and public life. His devotion to President Cleveland's plan of tariff reduction, and his championship of the notable bill of 1894, bearing his name with several others, led to his defeat for re-election, and has naturally brought him into the cabinet of his great leader, where new subjects will engross his attention and where his industry, persistency, courage, and wisely directed ability will give him success and reputation.



William L. Wilson, Postmaster-General.

Hilary A. Herbert of Montgomery, Alabama, the secretary of the navy, is a South Carolinian by birth, hav-



Hilary A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy.

ing been born at Laurensville, March 12, 1834. He removed to Greenville, Alabama, when he was twelve years of age; was educated at the universities of Alabama and Virginia; was practicing at the bar of the supreme court of Alabama when the war broke out; was a captain and colonel of the 8th Alabama infantry in the Confederate army, and disabled in the Battle of the Wilderness. After the war he practiced law at Greenville and Montgomery until elected to congress in 1876, and he served continuously in the house until March 4, 1893, when he was appointed secretary of the navy. Mr. Herbert is a good lawyer, has been a careful student of the wants of the naval service, and is a judicious and sensible administrator of the department; has shown breadth and liberality in his views upon naval affairs, and is continuing with ability and discretion the construction of ships and guns in accordance with the unvarying national policy of the last twelve years. Whatever doubts may have existed as to the wisdom of appointing to a military department one who had been a Confederate officer have been happily dispelled by his good judgment and temper and his courtesy and tact in dealing with the officers of the navy of the Union. His record in the department seems likely to be highly commendable.

Hoke Smith of Atlanta, Georgia, is the youngest member of the cabinet, and was born in Newton, North Carolina, September 2, 1855. His descent is from English and New



Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior.

Hampshire ancestry. Samuel Smith of Salisbury, Massachusetts, was the father of William Smith who was a colonel in the Revolutionary army and moved from Salisbury to Deerfield, New Hampshire, in 1773. His son, William True Smith, lived and died in Deerfield; his son, Hildreth Hosea Smith, was born in Deerfield, was graduated at Bowdoin College, in Maine, about 1841, and moved to North Carolina in 1852, and took charge of a German Reformed college at Newton, the birthplace of his

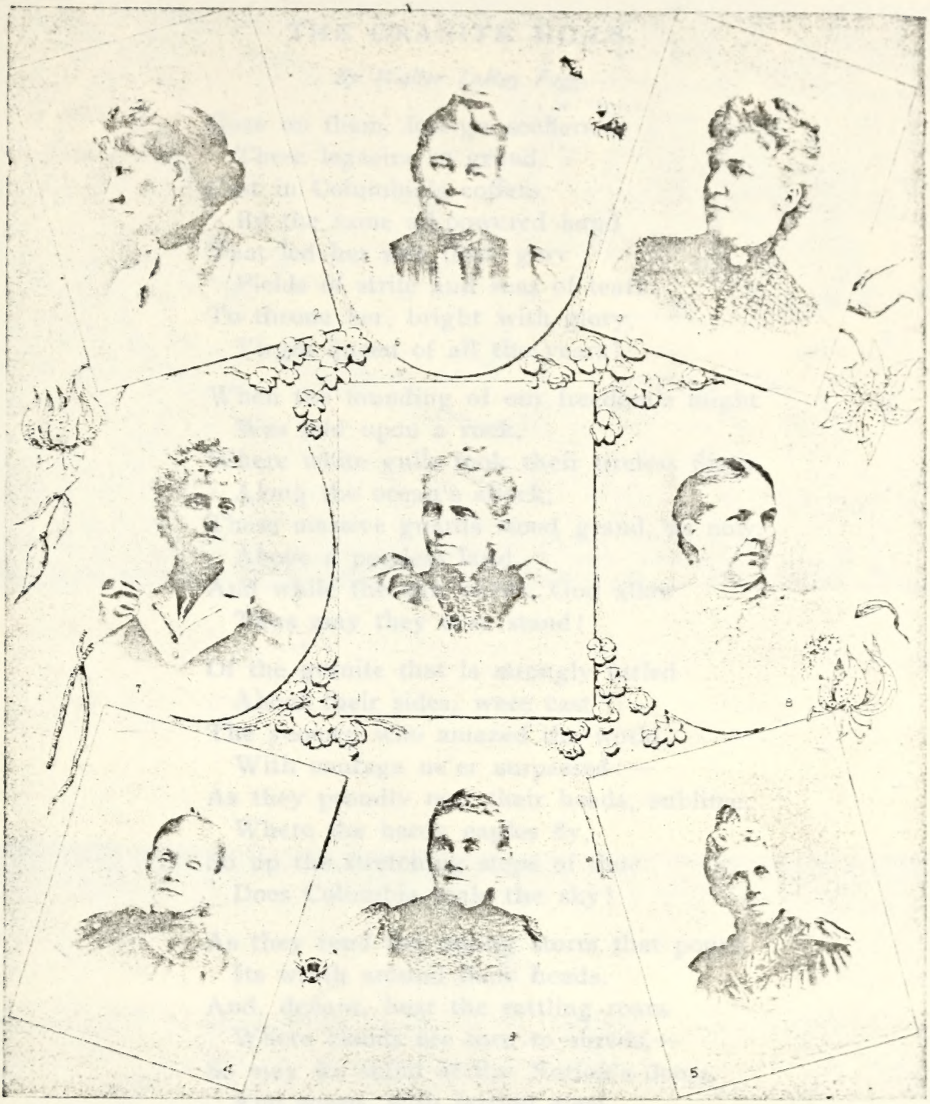
son, Hoke Smith. Secretary Smith was admitted to the bar at the age of seventeen and began law practice, and was one of the owners and editors of the Atlanta *Journal* when he was called to Washington by President Cleveland. Mr. Smith should be favorably regarded by the people of New Hampshire because the state was his father's birthplace. In his personal appearance he resembles Mr. Justice William L. Putnam of Maine, and also in his agreeable manners. Next to the treasury the interior department is the most difficult to conduct, owing to the variety and vast extent of the subjects to be managed. The secretary has given constant attention to business, and has developed administrative ability of a high order.

Julius Sterling Morton, the secretary of agriculture, was born April 27, 1832, in Jefferson county, N. Y. His Scotch-English ancestors came to this country in the first vessel after the Mayflower, and one of them, Nathaniel Morton, became secretary of the colony. His family removed to Albion, Michigan, when he was a child, and he was educated at the Ann Arbor University and Union College, being graduated from the latter. In his early manhood he was connected editorially with the Detroit *Free Press* and Chicago *Times*; in 1854 he removed to Bellevue, Nebraska; later established at his present home the Nebraska City *News*; was twice elected to the territorial legislature; served by appointment as secretary of the territory; ran for congress in 1860 and received the certificate of election, but was unseated by the house; has been four times a candidate for governor and several times for U. S. senator. He is a practical agriculturist and horticulturist; has contributed largely to the literature of those subjects, and attained prominence as the promoter of the Arbor Day legislation of forty-two of the states by which April 22 is made a public holiday to be given to tree-planting. Mr. Morton devotes himself unremittingly to the duties of his office and performs them with ability. At the outset differences arose between him and the organized grangers of the country, proceeding from some of his outspoken utterances in a public address. This controversy has died out, and with his industry and energy, and his familiarity with the subjects committed to him, a successful career in a peculiar and difficult department may be confidently expected.



Julius Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture.

Finally it may be said that if it is of supreme importance that the various members of a cabinet should be congenial in their relations with each



The Ladies of the Cabinet.—1. Mrs. Gresham. 2. Mrs. Carlisle. 3. Mrs. Lamont. 4. Mrs. Olney. 5. Mrs. Wilson. 6. Mrs. Bissell. 7. Miss Herbert. 8. Mrs. Smith. 9. Miss Morton.

other so as to make them one united and harmonious whole, it is also highly desirable that the ladies who are the heads of the families of the president and his associates should be refined, tactful, gracious, and self-sacrificing. Mrs. Cleveland's reputation for unaffected cordiality is world wide, and if our artist has met with any measure of success in reproducing the features of the ladies of the present cabinet, he would be a bold man who would not admit that they, like all their living predecessors, are charming examples of the loveliness and amiability of American women.



THE GRANITE HILLS.

By Walter LeRoy Fogg.

Gaze on them, foreign scoffers,—
These legacies so grand,
Cast in Columbia's coffers
By the same all-powered hand
That led her safe thro' gory
Fields of strife and seas of tears
To throne her, bright with glory,
Virgin queen of all the years!

When the founding of our freedom's might
Was laid upon a rock,
Where white gulls took their tireless flight
Along the ocean's shock,
These massive guards stood grand, as now,
Above a peerless land,
And while the sun burns, God allow
Thus may they ever stand!

Of the granite that is strongly furled
About their sides, were cast
The yeomen who amazed the world
With courage ne'er surpassed:—
As they proudly rear their heads, sublime,
Where the hardy eagles fly,
So up the stretching steps of time
Does Columbia scale the sky!

As they rend the raging storm that pours
Its wrath around their heads,
And, defiant, hear the rattling roars
Where clouds are torn to shreds,—
So may we stand at the Nation's doors,
And spurn, with serried steel,
The foes who step upon our shores
To crush our fair land's weal!

But sweet as the airs that bring caress
To the hills from a summer west,
Soft as the shadow-shapes that press
In sleep each rugged breast,
May be the winds of peace which blow
Around Columbia's head,
And the thousand rills that brightly flow
Where once her blood was shed!

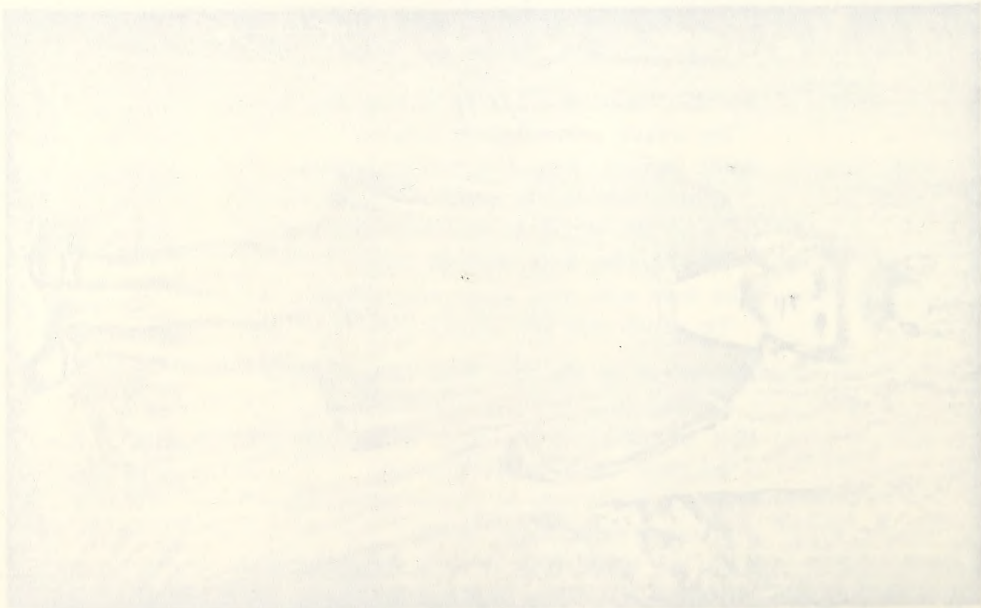


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TWO APPLES.

By Edward A. Jenks.

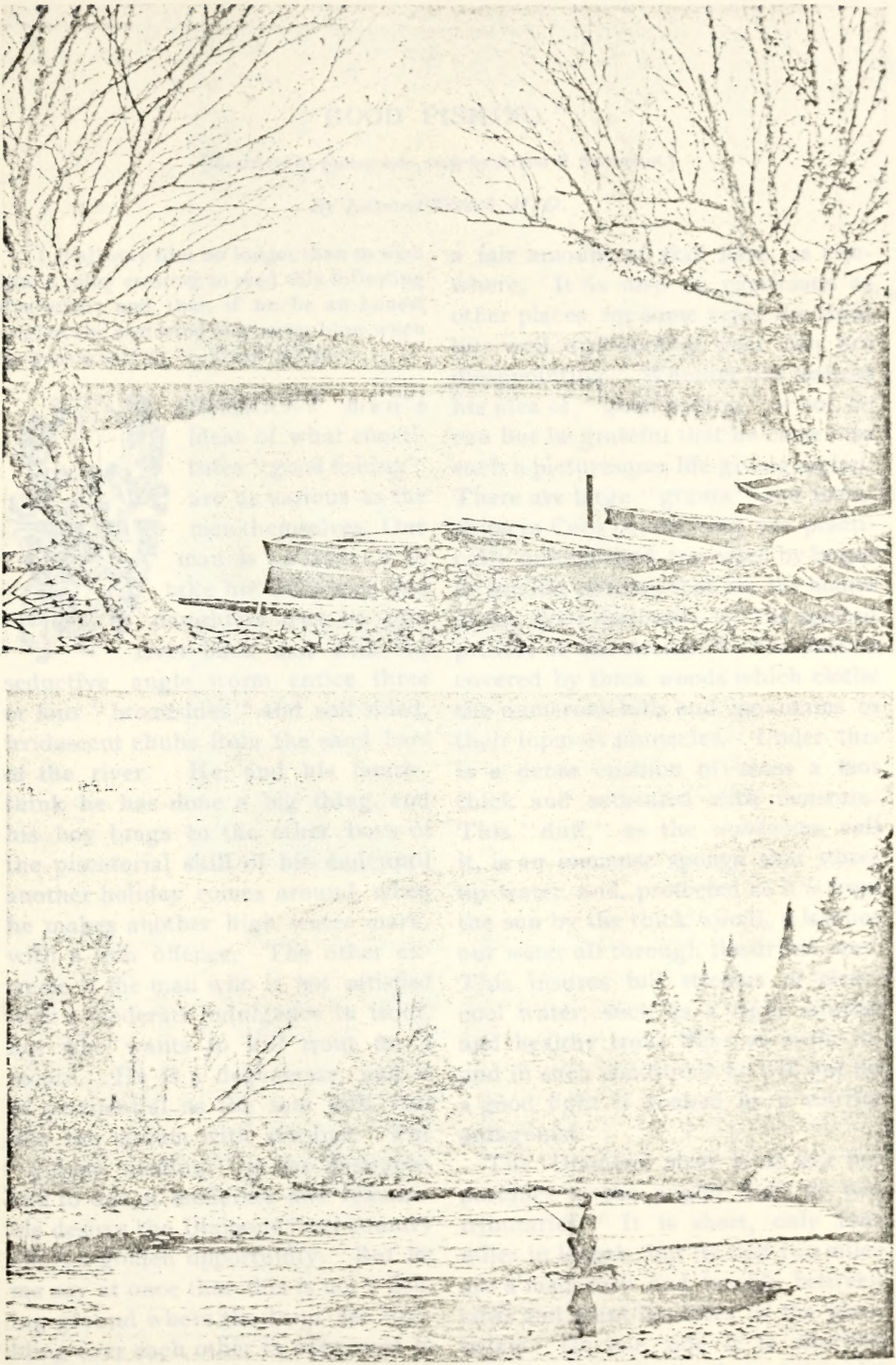
EVE.

Beautiful Queen of the shadowy aisles,
Lighting their depths with your innocent wiles!
  Wander not far from the whispering tree—
  Adam lies under it dreaming of thee;—
Doubt is already disturbing his rest:
Golden head! go back and lie on his breast.

Empress of Hearts the world over, beware!
Dangers beset thee—so young and so fair;—
  Touch not the rosy-red fruit on the bough;
  Rosy-red lips must not taste of it now.
    ! ! ! ! ! !
Eve! O sweet Mother! the world is in tears!
Yet Hope floats serene down the river of years.

TELL.

That massive tree is not more firm of foot
    Than thou art, little Tell!
Thy father planted thee, and thou 'lt stay put—
    The why, thou knowest well.
The tree and thou art back to back—stand firm!
    The apple on thy head
Has an uncertain, doubtful footing;—squirm,
    And off it rolls, like lead!
Cling to the tree! Steady! Keep open eyes!
    When all is done, shout "Ready!"
Whiz-z-z!—How that arrow from the stout bow flies!
    Thud!—What, done already?



Little Diamond Pond and "The Rips."





"GOOD FISHING."

[Illustrated by photographs made by Arthur F. Sturtevant.]

By Edward French, M. D.

"I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing."—*Izaak Walton.*

DIFFERENT men's ideas of what constitutes "good fishing" are as various as the men themselves. One man is satisfied to take his little sons and daughters out to the river bank and with the seductive angle worm entice three or four "broadsides" and soft sided, irridescent chubs from the sand bars of the river. He, and his family, think he has done a big thing, and his boy brags to the other boys of the piscatorial skill of his dad until another holiday comes around, when he makes another high water mark, with a new offence. The other extreme is the man who is not satisfied with a moderate indulgence in trout, but who wants to kill trout for a record. He is a degenerate, and is as pestilential as the saw mill that fills the stream with sawdust. The "golden medium" is the desirable, and to one of moderate and reasonable desires the Diamond river country offers a golden opportunity. But let me say at once that this is not a fishing ground where the trout are tumbling over each other in eagerness to be caught, and that a man has to use a fair amount of skill here, as elsewhere. It is also as capricious as other places, for some years the trout bite well, and another year they are disappointing. Whether one realizes his idea of "good fishing" or not, he can but be grateful that he came into such a picturesque, life-giving region. There are large "grants" and townships in Coös county that are practically uninhabited, traversed by larger or smaller streams that are the homes of the *salmo fontinalis*,—"the spotted princes of the stream." The land is covered by thick woods which clothe the numerous hills and mountains to their topmost pinnacles. Under this is a dense cushion of moss a foot thick and saturated with moisture. This "duff," as the woodsmen call it, is an immense sponge that stores up water, and, protected as it is from the sun by the thick woods, it leaches out water all through the dryest year. This insures full streams of clear, cool water, such as a right minded and healthy trout likes to swim in, and in such conditions he will put up a good fight if hooked by a worthy antagonist.

The Diamond river is of less importance to the angler than its two tributaries. It is short, only four miles in length, but its first two miles are a mad rush and tumble between cliffs and giant boulders to the plain below. On one side it is crowded over by the Diamond peak, to be



Dixville Notch.

pushed back again by Mount Dustan, and consequently it is in a foaming rage until it is clear of its colossal enemies. It is formed at "The Forks" by the union of the "Swift" and "Dead Diamond" rivers, and after its short but rapid life empties into the Magalloway at Wentworth's Location. It hardly emerges from its struggle with the rocks and mountains before it broadens out into a placid and still hole that has been famous for years as "the pool." When the sun shone just right—usually from three to five on a summer afternoon, I have counted fifty-seven big fish, from a half pounder to five pounders. But, alas! they were wise old trout, sachems of their tribe, and would not bite. The blowing up of the old log dam by lumbermen, which made the still, cool eddy, swept away "the pool," and its memories now stand shoulder to shoulder with other fish stories of the past.

The nearest boarding place to the Diamond is "Brown's Farm," an exceedingly comfortable and hospitable house at Wentworth's Location. If one likes riding through the mountains it is a delightful trip from Colebrook to the Location. There is

first a twenty-two mile drive from Colebrook over the hills and through Dixville Notch to Errol. When the Notch is reached a few minutes can be spent in viewing "the flume" and "the cascades." These are but a few steps from the highway. If an hour or two is not lacking, an ascent of "Table Rock" will pay the tourist. It is near the profile of a second "Old Man of the Mountain," that once was quite perfect. The face was sharp and distinct, surmounted by a cap with a visor. Frost has disintegrated the shale so that the cap has tumbled into the depths below, but the face is still very good. Table Rock is an half hour's climb above the road, and when on its summit one stands 2,500 feet above the sea. The view is one of a tangle of "black growth," sharp peaks, and glistening spots, where some mountain lakelet breaks into the dark background of woods. It is threaded by the silvery course of Clear stream and the Swift Diamond, and the broad Androscoggin in the distance.

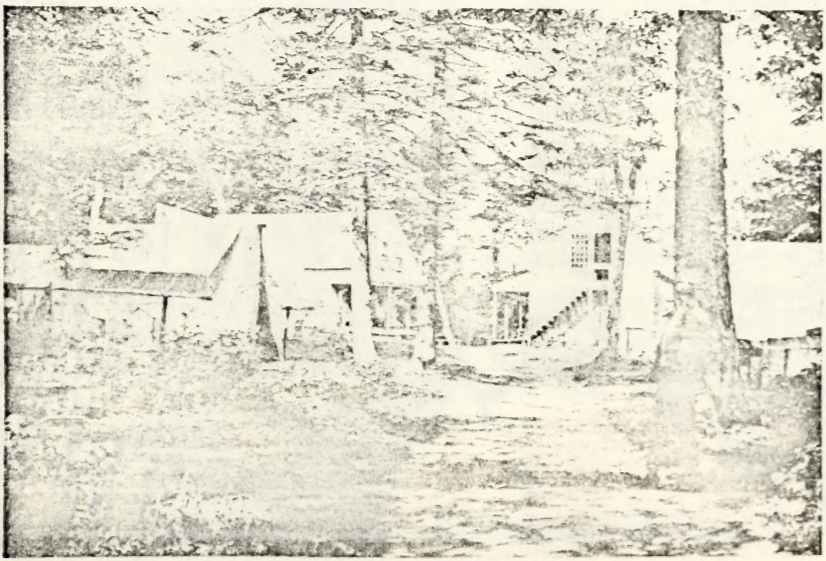
From Errol the journey can be made to the Location by another drive, but, better still, take the little steamer on the Androscoggin at the dam and go up this river until the Magalloway is reached. The rest of the way is on the Magalloway river. It is deep and sluggish with low land on either side, which overflows in the springtime, with dead trees draped in gray moss. If one could be surrounded by moist, warm air, instead



Old Man of the Mountain, Dixville Notch.



The Dead Diamond River.

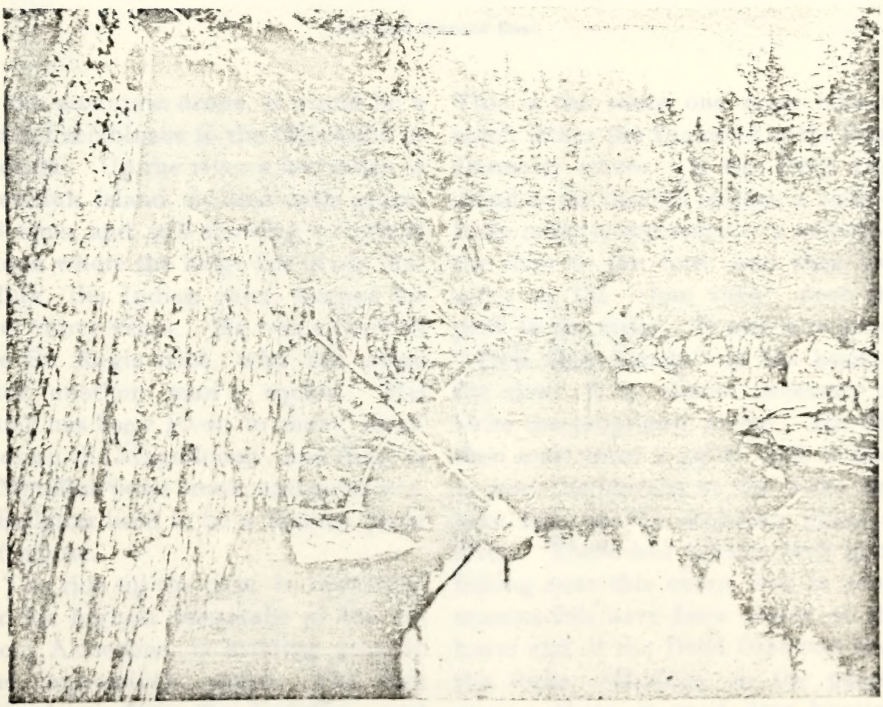


Diamond Pond Camps



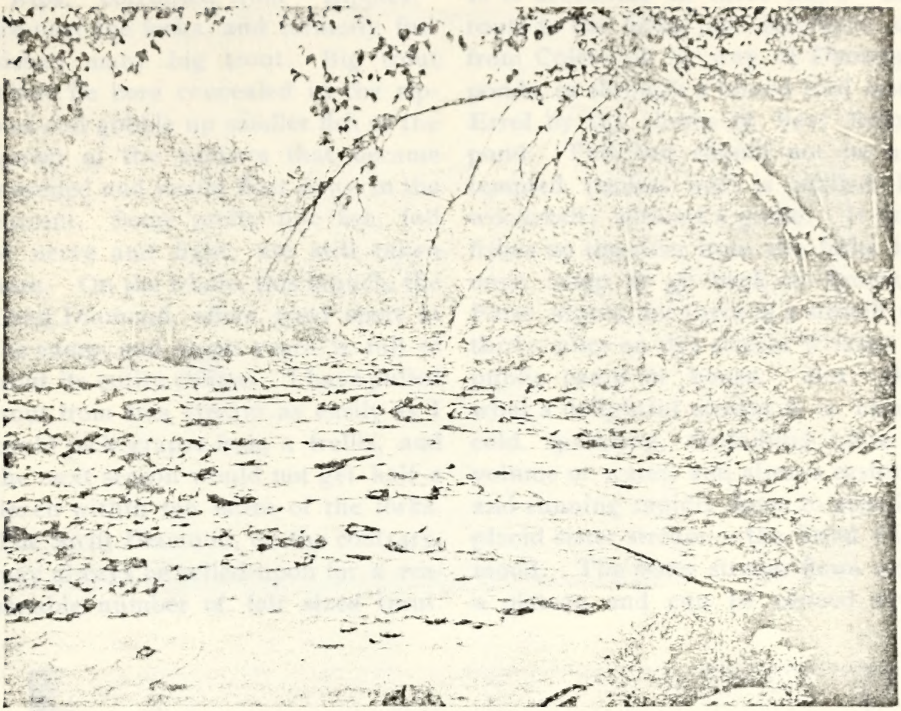


Hell Gate Camp.



Hell Gate, on the Dead Diamond.





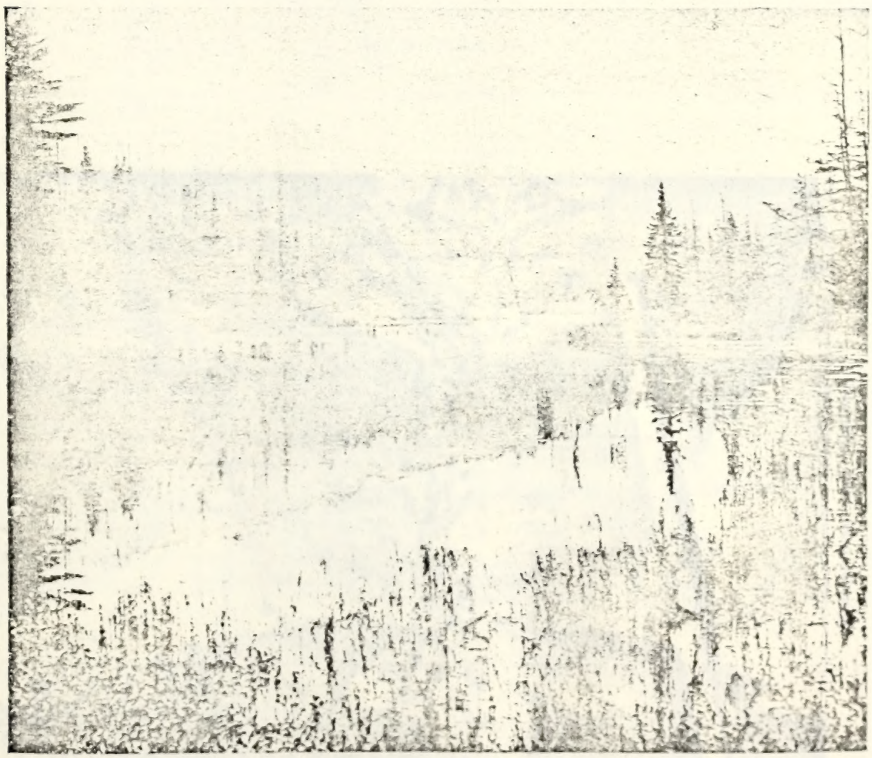
The Swift Diamond River.

of the mountain ozone, it would be a perfect semblance to the Oclawaha in Florida. Up the river a few miles is Metalluk island, wooded with graceful elms, and still showing a circle of stones where the lodge fire of old Metalluk, the Indian chief, burned for over thirty years. He was a chief of the St. Regis tribe, who ran away with another man's squaw. His name has been given to many localities on the Magalloway, and there is a Metalluk pond brook, and meadows. The latter used to be a famous place for moose.

The ride up the river is charming, for the highest mountain of the region, Aziscohos, is looming grandly and impressively ahead. The boat cannot go above the Location, and here one is forced to leave the river. This is the route one must take to reach either the Diamond or the Dead Diamond rivers. If the Dead Diamond is the desired stream, a walk of three miles is necessary,—a mile from the river to the ford, and then two miles up the "tote road" over the peak to the forks. If one is to go to "Hell Gate Camp," at the head of the river, it is almost necessary to write the proprietor ahead. He will then send down a guide with a boat to meet the traveler at the forks and take him up the eighteen miles of river. There has always been good fishing near this camp, but in some seasons fish have been scarce at the lower end of the Dead Diamond near the forks. Besides, in the proper season, there is good deer hunting above the camp. The celebrated



"Rips," corrupted from "Ripples," are near the forks, and formerly furnished many big trout. Big trout would lie here concealed in the ripples and gobble up smaller fish or the spawn of the suckers that became loosened and would float down in the current. Some pretty fine fish, full of nerve and fight, are still taken here. On the whole, this branch, the Dead Diamond, offers good sport at the camp, and some years is full of trout its entire course. I have pulled trout from this stream as easily as I could pick grapes from a trellis, and the next season would not get half a dozen within ten miles of the forks. The Swift Diamond, on the contrary, may always be relied upon for a reasonable number of fair sized trout. It is accessible in three ways,—the route to the forks just described, or from Colebrook by way of Diamond ponds, or through a blazed trail from Errol by the shores of Bear Brook pond. This last should not be attempted (unless one is skilled in woodcraft) without a guide. If one fishes up the river from the forks he must camp or go back to Brown's Farm nights, for there is a stretch of thirty miles on this stream without a public camp or house. But, oh! what a delightful stream it is, clear, cold, sparkling, containing quite a volume of water, and always rushing and running rapidly down to meet its placid sister stream,—the Dead Diamond. The sister stream flows over a plateau and can be canoed over



Land Valley Pond.





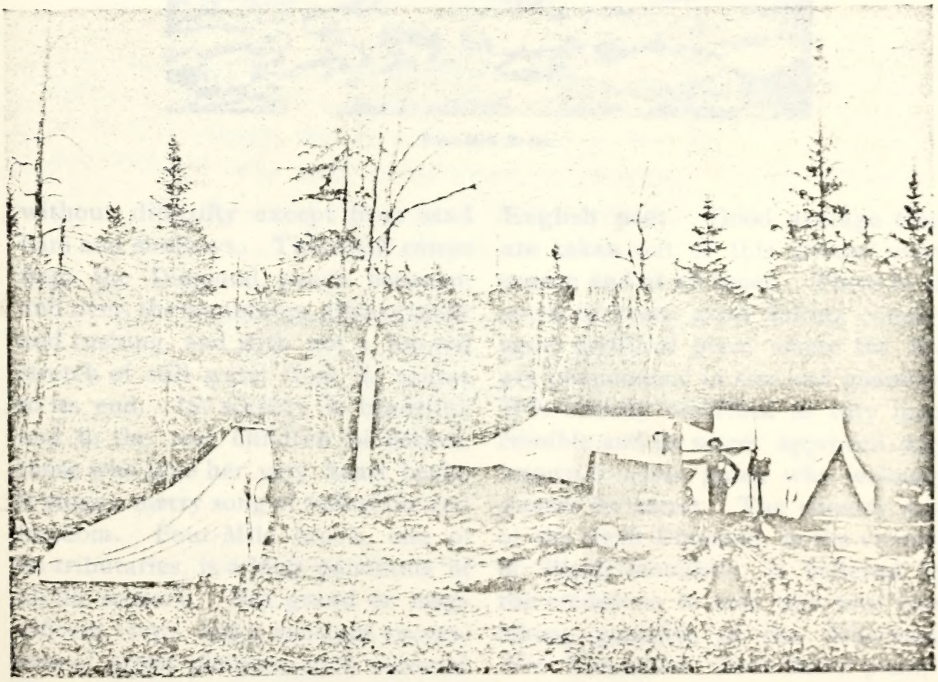
Diamond River, near "The Pool."



The Diamond River.



Near the Forks.



Fishermen's Camp.





Four-Mile Brook.

without difficulty except from sand bars and shallows. The Swift comes from the Diamond ponds between, and over, the mountains, always lively and rushing, and with not a ten-rod stretch of still water from its source to its end. Its scenery is beautiful, and to the real children of nature, those who love her very heart beats, it sings a merry song of robust life and freedom. Four-Mile brook, one of its tributaries, is a long panorama of idyllic scenery. Not grand or magnificent views, but a constant succession of pretty pictures, such as would illustrate Tennyson or some quiet English poet. Good average trout are taken out of this stream every season and at all times. There is always in every good fishing country some mythical place where the fish are phenomenal in size and quantity. It is usually described as very inaccessible and its secret approach only known to some guide who jealously guards its secret. The country east of the Swift Diamond, in the vicinity of Black mountain, is believed by the credulous to hide this ever vanishing paradise of the fisherman. *Here* it is called "Pork Barrel pond," because, as a guide told me, "it was

as good as a pork barrel to those that knew its location." I do not believe in its existence, and think it is the same old fairy tale that springs up perennially wherever the sportsman goes. The Diamond ponds, ten miles from Colebrook, are the source of this stream. There is a good camp there where comfortable quarters with boats and all things necessary can be obtained from Mr. Noyes, its proprietor. It is the most accessible of any of the Diamond river country, and to one who does not care so much for fishing as an outing, it offers the most advantages. There are many ponds in this region that contain trout, some of them very big ones, but they are more capricious in bestowing their favors than are the streams. The whole country up the Magalloway is good fishing, but Lake Parmachenee, and for a considerable distance around it, is in the control of a syndicate, which, while it cannot entirely shut out the angler, is yet a giant trout trust that controls camps, boats, etc. There is plenty of open territory in Coös county and the tourist can but be pleased and surprised at the beauty, picturesqueness, and "good fishing" he can discover for himself in this bracing, health giving land of trout.

THE AWAKENING.

By Myra B. Lord.

Under the moss and the leaves they lie,
The buds of the sweet Mayflowers,
Awaiting the warmth of the springtime sun
And the pattering April showers.

The sunshine comes, and the raindrops, too,
And the wee brown buds unfold
Till the petals of blushing pink and white
Disclose a heart of gold.

* * * * * *

Freed from the husks of this lower earth,
Some day our souls shall rise,
And, fair and sweet as the springtime flowers,
Blossom in Paradise.

SPRING PILGRIMAGES.

By Edith E. Wiggin.

"Then longen folks to go on pilgrimages."

Ever since the time of Chaucer this has been as true as it was in his day. Not often, indeed, of the sort which he describes, entered upon by

"Full nine and twenty in a company,"

with all the pomp and circumstance of prancing steeds with jingling bridles and gorgeous trappings, of lance and sword and buckles, of silken girdles and golden spurs, but to shrines as sacred as that of the "holy, blissful, martyr," though undertaken in far humbler guise, and with no purpose of penance or absolution.

When the sap begins to flow through the bare, brown stems of the trees, when every twig feels the thrill of new life, and is impelled to push outward and upward, we, too, are conscious of a quickened movement of the blood in our veins. The spirit of the season is upon us, and the longing to burst the bars of our winter prisons and escape into the free, growing world outside, becomes too strong to be resisted.

Most of us country dwellers are obliged to seek our "Canterbury" within the limits of the neighborhood and often within those of the farm itself.

In New England the catkins of the pussy willows are the first harbingers of spring. When the "pussies" come out on the leafless stems, their pink skin shining through the soft, gray fur, we feel that "the winter is over and gone," though snowdrifts may cover the fences. Our very earliest pilgrimage is across the fields to the edge of the woods where the willows grow, or down in the hollow where they fringe the brookside. We are willing to wade through deep snows and climb many stone walls, if only we may come home with our arms full of baby pussies.

In early spring, when the snow is nearly gone from the open ground, after crisp, frosty nights come the "sap mornings" of the sugar makers. Now is the time to visit a sugar camp in the woods, if we are fortunate enough to have one near us. We must start early in the morning, for when the frozen ground begins to thaw there will be no going across lots.

How fresh and inspiring is the frosty air, and the crackling of the stiffened grass under our feet is a stimulating sound. We wonder how anyone can be asleep on such a morning, and quote with personal appreciation Chaucer's own quaint lines of five hundred years ago:

"The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start."

Was ever nectar of the gods more refreshing than the sweet, cold sap in the wooden bucket with which we quench our thirst at the first maple tree? This one taste makes us more

eager for what is to follow, and we hasten on to the camp. We can see its blue smoke curling above the trees, and a cloud of sugary steam is in the air.

. We are fortunate if we have come at the time of sugaring off. No honey of Hymettus could be richer than the ungrained sugar poured at the right moment on the clean, coarse snow we find in shaded hollows where the trees are thickest. The flavor of the woods is in it, pure, sweet, healthful. As we sit on mossy logs enjoying the feast, it seems as if the whole primitive scene might be a celebration in honor of some gracious sylvan goddess, and the sugar makers, surrounded by clouds of fragrant incense, the high priests of her sacred grove, pouring libations on her altars.

One of the most alluring pilgrimages known to my childhood was that to the neighboring swamp in quest of marsh marigolds. To this enterprise we attached unusual importance for two reasons. Unlike most in which we engaged, it had an industrial value, for the leaves and buds were picked in their infancy, long before the yellow blossoms came, to be eaten as greens. So strong is the power of association that to this day a bunch of golden marsh marigolds contains culinary rather than poetic suggestions.

The other reason for the estimation in which this high emprise was held was its difficulty and danger. The swamp became in spring a shallow lake, with dark, slippery logs half floating on the water, half embedded in the mud. Those of us who had the most daring in our composition, and the longest rubber boots, delighted to wade out to these logs, balance ourselves on them while we pulled up a fine cluster of buds, and leap to another log before the first had time to turn over. The danger of their turning over too quickly and precipitating us into the dark water or very black mud, gave great zest to these gymnastic feats.

We had read Uncle Tom's Cabin, and we christened this water the Lake of the Dismal Swamp. We often played we were runaway slaves hiding from cruel masters, and we fervently wished that some night we could paddle our light canoe by the light of the firefly lamp.

Later in the spring come the pilgrimages for wild flowers: The gay hepatica, lighting up the brown hillsides with a blaze of color that dazzles our eyes with its suddenness no less than with its brilliancy, for three days ago not a sign of a bud could we find, and now the full-opened blossoms cannot be numbered for multitude; the dainty Mayflower, best loved of all New England's blooms; the bloodroot, bearing a golden treasure in its pure, white chalice; anemones and violets; and the glowing wild columbine, erecting its scarlet standard on rocky towers and turrets that bid defiance to the assailant.

Wherever the Mayflower grows we seldom fail to find the checkerberry, the brave little plant that has stored up its sweetness for us under winter snows, and is ready to offer its crimson berries as soon as they disappear. Later on it might suffer by comparison with more juicy fruits, but now it has no rival, and we eagerly lift the weather stained leaves and enjoy the spicy morsels.

As we set forth on our pilgrimages to these various beloved shrines, we have no need of knight or squire, clerk or prioress, to beguile the way with wonderful tales. The chick-a-dee, the bluebird, the robin, and all the rest of the "small fowles" are our fellow-pilgrims, and pour forth a flood of enchanting melody as they and we journey on, each to his own Canterbury:

"And fiery Phoebus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the sight."

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S DAUGHTERS.[1]

By Kate Sanborn.

New Hampshire's Daughters meet to-night,—
With joy each cup is brimmin',—
We 've heard for years about her men,
But why leave out the wimmin?

In early days they did their share
To git the state to goin',
And when their husbands went to war,
Could fight or take to hoein'.

They bore privations with a smile,
Raised families surprisin',
Six boys, nine gals, with twins thrown in,—
Oh, they were enterprisin'!

Yet naught is found their deeds to praise
In any book of hist'ry;
The brothers wrote about themselves,
And—well, that solves the myst'ry!

But now our women take their place
In pulpit, court, and college,
As doctors, teachers, orators,
They equal men in knowledge.

And when another history 's writ
Of what New Hampshire 's done
The women all will get their due,
But not a single son.

But, no, on sober second thought,
We lead, not pose as martyrs,
We 'll give fair credit to her sons
But not forgit her Darters.

[1] Read before the Daughters of New Hampshire, Boston, April 16.

A BRITISH SOLDIER: A REMINISCENCE.

By Milo Benedict.

The presents that are said to have been given by Phalaris, a Greek prince, to his physician, would appear as a mere trifle besides the presents I have so often wished I could donate to a certain British soldier whom I do not know, whose name I have never heard, and whom I have seen only once in my life.

Before the reader can estimate the munificence of my wish I must first enumerate the gifts bestowed by Phalaris upon his physician, Polycletus by name, which I find recorded by DeQuincey. They were these: Four goblets of refined gold, two silver bowls of unrivalled workmanship, ten couple of large Thericlæan cups, twenty young boys for slaves, £1,500 in ready money, besides a pension for life equal to the highest salaries of his generals and admirals,—mere nothing, I say, compared with the value of the gifts I have so often desired to send the British soldier I have in mind, as a token of my everlasting gratitude to him.

But that, after all, is an idle wish, and worse than idle; for if indeed I could command the utmost wealth obtainable in money or jewels and could bestow it on whomsoever I pleased, I should be seriously upsetting the order of nature, and my existence would probably soon become a burden to envious anarchists who, no doubt, would try to settle my estate among themselves by blowing me up, as they try to equalize the wealth of a nation by blowing up its government buildings.

I am always pleasantly reminded of my soldier whenever I look across the room to the bookshelf and see a volume of DeQuincey in a red binding. There is no special connection, however, between DeQuincey himself and my recollections. It is simply the red binding that invariably suggests the dazzling bright red coat the soldier wore, which to this day is as bright in my memory as the image of the sun himself. I regret to notice just now that the cover of my book is gradually fading into a dingy pink—a shade which the soldier would n't tolerate for a moment on his back, which assuredly the British nation would n't tolerate either. But it matters little so long as my memory does n't follow suit.

The event which is the subject of this little paper occurred when I was but twelve years old. I was then making a tour of portions of the Old Country with my uncle, who is now dead. We had been in London two weeks. We had spent the whole of our available time in systematic sightseeing. My uncle studied carefully the guide books and the daily papers for information with regard to the most favorable days for visiting the great places of interest. On such a day (mentioned perhaps in the newspaper) the Queen would be absent from Windsor. Accordingly we

would make ourselves ready to take advantage of her absence and look through the castle; visitors, of course, being denied admittance when she is there. On another day we should visit Buckingham Palace. Then there were the best days for visiting Westminster Abbey, where we heard Canon Farrar, St. Paul's, the Kensington and the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Parliament Buildings, the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, Crystal Palace, the drive out Tottenham Court Road, Hyde Park, and the Zoölogical gardens at Regent's Park.

It was at the "Zoo" that my uncle was treated so uncivilly by a llama, or South American camel. The little episode I cannot skip over. We had spent a good share of a morning looking at the animals and were about taking our leave when my uncle looked around and saw a beautiful llama in a wire pen.

Having a kind heart for all dumb creatures and a particular pride in noting this admirable specimen from America, my uncle went to the restaurant to buy some delicacy for the animal. He looked over the victualler's stock in trade and finding a nice sponge cake which he fancied would be highly acceptable to the fastidious llama, he bought the whole of it and had it cut into several large slices, and then returned to the pen where the llama was standing with his ears bent forward as if in expectation of something. My uncle opened the paper containing the cake and took out the largest slice and handed it to the llama with an air of affection. He took the whole of it into his mouth and then half closed his eyes and began to chew contentedly, while he beat the ground at intervals with his hoof to disturb some irritating fly. He chewed and chewed until the cake was reduced to a fine paste, then raising his head he drew in a breath and with a terrific cough blew the entire contents of his mouth into my uncle's face. My uncle was a sight to behold, as can easily be imagined. His gold-bowed spectacles were loaded with the mixture, as also was his white beard, portions of his coat and his majestic silk hat, which had to be discarded that morning for a new one. One of the keepers who was standing near was convulsed with laughter, and the gate-tender informed my uncle that the llama had behaved in that manner many times to strangers, it being one of his freaks. The gate-tender was of the opinion that if my uncle had not stood immediately in front of the animal he would not have blown the cake out of his mouth. But, like the heathen Chinee, the llama is peculiar.

We observed all the available days for sight-seeing, and there happened no accidents to upset any of our plans. My head was full of the wonders and the magnificence that I saw, and it is a pleasure to find that the impressions made upon my mind have strengthened rather than faded in the years that have followed that golden age. I believe a boy or girl gets more good from sight-seeing than a grown person. The aged cannot possess the world as the youth can. A matured person generally catches what pleases his fancy, what he sets out with determination to see, and his impressions are colored and modified by the warp or bias of his character. But the youth being soft,

pliant, impressionable, spreads himself in every direction, absorbs all he sees, pries into every nook and corner, keeps his eyes wide open and multiplies his interests with his opportunities.

I had seen so much in our two weeks that my head was brim full of pictures which frequently returned at night with such vividness as to hinder me from sleep. But there was no ennui such as older people experience from an excess of sight-seeing. Every morning I was ready to start afresh with my uncle on any excursion he had planned the night before, and I always hoped the excursion would include a ride through the underground railway. That was a wonderful and mysterious thoroughfare with gas-lighted stations and little openings along the line where the real light of day could break through. But even that never seemed quite natural until after a half hour's ride we were brought into the open country beyond the tunnel.

Our last excursion in London, however, did not include a trip by way of the underground railway. We were simply to step into a cab at the hotel entrance and drive to the London Tower, and "do" the Tower, as the phrase is.

A cab was called. It was a bright morning, bright at least for London, and it was decided that after we had "done" the Tower we would go to Holborn's for lunch and spend the rest of the afternoon on the Thames on one of those little steamboats that drop their smokestacks in order to pass under the bridges. When we reached the street leading to the Tower, our cab-man jumped down and let us out and told us we would have to walk the rest of the way. We found there were thousands of people all going towards the Tower, and the street was full of people. My uncle said to me, "I'm sorry there's such a crowd here today, but you stick close by me and I guess we'll get through."

For a while I succeeded, but as the crowd became more compact I lost hold of my uncle's hand and was pushed out of his reach, and it was not long before my uncle was out of sight in the dense crowd ahead. In the course of my progress, which was about equal in speed to that of a glacier, my feet were trodden upon, my ribs got punched, my hat brushed off, and people grew rough without apologizing. I soon became very humble and serious, for I began to suffer fatigue and painful discomfort. The crowd squeezed me tighter and tighter, and my head came just where there was the least room for it. Suddenly I became very lonely. Strange as it may seem, I felt more desolate and forsaken than I ever felt in the bleakest wilderness. Oh, for a ladder which would let me into the sky! In my despair the bitter regrets that came over me for having set foot off my dear native land—really it is here impossible to make any adequate expression of that.

The idea of crossing the ocean to our mother country to meet an ignominious death in a London street on a warm, beautiful day, did not then occur to me as ludicrous. It was a very serious and sorrowful thought. Every step in advance was a step toward the limit of my endurance which was nearly reached. I caught glimpses now and then of the top of a tall post which marked the entrance

to the open court into which the dense body of visitors was passing one by one through a little gate like drops of sap from a tree. But I didn't know then that the post marked the extent of the crowd. If I had I should have taken courage by it. I supposed the crowd extended all the way through the Tower, and the very thought of it made me sick and gave me a trembling of my knees. I didn't want to die in the Tower, and I knew it wouldn't add anything to the interest of English history if I did. Never in my life had I been so utterly miserable, nor have I since. Certainly I did not dream that my increasing abomination of England and all her colonies was soon to be converted into something like filial affection and adoration, and that indeed she was to succor me in this extremity by veritably handing me a ladder from the sky by which I should find my escape from the sickening fate that seemed so inevitable.

But this is what England did for me: I had nearly lost my natural volition and had reached that point when I was ready to drop and be trampled upon, when a large, broad-breasted British soldier, in a bright red coat and with a towering black fur cap, looked down into my tearful face and exclaimed, "Well, my little man, that's pretty hard for you, isn't it?" And he reached down and took me under his arms and lifted me up and sat me on his shoulder. I put one arm around his neck, and he held one hand over my feet to keep them from hitting other people's heads, and there I sat, the happiest, freest person in the whole street.

I do not think England could have done more for me under those circumstances. I surely felt that she had sent her tallest and most valiant soldier to my aid.

In about ten minutes more we were at the little gate and passed through into the large, roomy court. There the soldier let me down on my feet, and all I could do for him was simply to say, "You are very, very good, sir, and I thank you very much indeed."

"You are entirely welcome," he replied, smiling, and then asked:

"Where is your home?" and I answered indefinitely, "In the United States."

THE FLAT ROCK.

By Willis Edwin Hurd.

A vast amount of unclaimed literature exists beneath the rugged veil of our New Hampshire scenery. The spirit of romance hovers in the sunbeam that bathes, in its warm and soothing limpidity, the gentle hillsides and the bold granite cliffs; it plays with a murmur stifled to the ordinary ear amid the sombre shades or golden shadows of our rich temperate forests; it smiles upon the happy valleys and charming meadows that bask in the ardent glances of Surya, the sun-god, in whose honor were composed the most beautiful hymns of the Sanscrits; in the rustle

of every leaf, in the song of every bird, in the creaking branches of every pine, in every strain of genius that uplifts from the poet's fine-stringed lyre still flits that shadow—that delicious breath of romance. Who would so cling to the sordid, matter-of-fact commonalities of the too worldly earth as to be unable from the very grossness of spirit, to catch the slightest note or movement of that airy vision which floats continually before the eyes of every lover of Nature? There are many. Few can be Thoreaus or Thompsons.

A youth, wandering in the glow of his own richly tinted imagination, stepped from a small farm-house in one of the loveliest towns of the state, and, still attracted by his glimmering thoughts, that preceded him like little will-o'-the-wisps, slowly sauntered across the fields, and through the happy but sluggish woods that bordered many a tract of dark-brown soil. His head was bent in seemingly careless thought, but his mind was stirred deeply by the prospect of some new and wonderful discovery which might be found in this little explored section.

"Father tells me," he muttered to himself, "that our Sugar river has washed traces of gold before the eye of some older settler, and why not to me? Mr. Richardson informs us that not many years ago a party of Indians retreated over a hill near by, and thus eluded the grasp of our pursuing townsmen. If I could but find something new, that would be indeed a source of happiness. To be sure, I was one of the first to gaze upon the strange countenance of that wonderful boulder which looks so like that giant elephant, the mammoth, that once may have roamed here as free as the wind's breath, but that is not enough; — I must find something grand *myself*."

As he thus soliloquised, the sun smiled upon him in so friendly a manner that our youth of fancy felt the restraint of civilization become less and less, until he completely abandoned himself to reflections not half so fantastic as were once dreamed by the semi-spiritual Hawthorne, pinned to the sacred groves of nature and his vivid imagination.

Soon a delightful somnolence crept, little by little, upon him, and he lay beneath a pine whose moving needles whispered queer tales into his yet crude ears. Once he felt sure that he heard an audible voice, but on looking around no human shape met his eyes, and he again turned the wheel that set his animated mental machinery in motion. A second time the voice spoke to him, but so dreamily that it interrupted not, but rather seemed to mould itself into the fine action of his delicate machine.

"New Hampshire boy," it seemed to say,
"Throw fact and fiction far away;
Dream, but not on unreal things,
Though gold to Nature Fancy brings.
Explore thine own fields o'er and o'er,
For new things e'en, are by thy door.
The master bids me leave, and fly
To mine own airy realms. Good bye."

With a start his lightest dreams winged away and resumed their ethereal lives among the vague wreaths and uncertain draperies of cloudland. Yet imagination hovered like summer heat where the unexplored meadows and uncultivated fields lay beneath its influence. High up above, the great sphere of light, winking as though from its own in-

tolerable blaze, gazed down upon the calm scene, made more quiet by its noon siesta.

The young man once more forced himself upon his feet, and looked steadfastly for a moment at the resting landscape. "I must find what my good fairy told me search might reveal," he murmured.

While he proceeded on his quest, none need exclaim: "Bosh! that is all vapor! Such strange voices are not heard except in half mythological history!" For there they are wrong. They lack the fine, conceptive chords that rebound to the touch of a higher, more sensitive fancy. As we follow this boy let us regard him only as ourselves seeking what has not been found.

He was inwardly reflecting, near that invisible stream which bears the thoughts dropped into its bosom to the shores of eternity, how many great discoveries are made mysteriously—often by accident, rather than design. As he wandered, scarcely heeding his steps, unless some obstacle brought them to his recollection, his foot fell upon a flat stone that sent up a hollow, though scarcely audible, sound. The noise seemed to ring into his very soul, however, and whisper: "You have found me." "Yes, and my search ends," spoke the youth joyfully. He stooped and examined the rock attentively. It lay in such a position that the appearance was almost as if the hand of man now lay upon it, ready at the magic signal to uplift, and reveal its hidden treasures. Once he felt that he heard a bubble under the rocky door, but it ceased as it came, reminding him of a last sigh that might emanate from the genius of a secret place. "I will lift it," said he in a low whisper, — for a certain awe came over him. He tugged at the great stone, but his unaided powers were insufficient to start the vision-haunted thing from its long resting place.

Seeing the futility of his efforts, he swiftly left the spot, and lightly sped home to his dinner. The pre-occupied air that surrounded him, led the father to remark upon the boy's unwonted abstraction, but the mother reassured him in her maternal way, and he refrained from a close questioning.

After the meal, the youth with spade and iron bar returned to the great flat stone. Carefully digging away a few of the surrounding clods, he inserted the pry, and attempted to expose the secret. The heavy door suddenly yielded to the magical sesame, but returned to rest on the removal of the uplifting force. The boy's heart beat rapidly from its golden spray of enthusiasm. The supreme moment had arrived for the loss or realization of his hopes. He braced for a final effort. The stone slowly left its bed of a century. The unwieldy thing remonstrated, in its rough scraping language, at the violation of its long peace. As it moved a tinkling sound came up to the youth's excited ear. "It is the gold!" he spoke fiercely. "That sound would come from nothing else!" A narrow crack became visible. Slowly it widened. "A treasure cave! a treasure cave!" was the hurried explanation. Another push and a flood of light gushed into the opening, and filled its darkest recess. The moment before saw an intensely eager look shine

upon the boy's face, the moment after beheld the sudden rush of a great disappointment clouding the former glow.

"O Fancy!" cried the youth, "art thou then in vain—as impotent as the bubble I heard but now! My poor deluded hopes!"

But his fancy held not a fruitless hope; for when the dislodged earth had quietly settled, a clear, beautiful spring, fresh as the dawn, slept placidly in its long accustomed bed. Nor was its usefulness kept to itself; for years afterward its mineral waters were sought for their gentle medicinal value. Hopes were shattered for one being, but to many others new ones were builded from its ruins; and in his matured age the discoverer of the old Indian spring never regretted the downfall of his youthful enthusiasm.

[NOTE.—In the history of Newport, N. H., it is recorded that a spring found on the farm of Mr. Harmon Richardson, and protected by a large flat rock, was opened by an enthusiastic youth in the hopes of finding a treasure. The waters of the spring were valuable in cases of blood poisoning. There is no doubt that it was once used by the savages in Newport's aboriginal history.]

WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

CHAPTER XII.

THE year 1760 began as its predecessor had ended, with heavy snow and terrific cold; all idea of a winter campaign had been therefore given up and both armies were going into winter quarters. The Baireuth dragoons were daily expecting orders to settle down in Coszdorf, where they were to spend the winter in company with the Sohinettau cuirassiers. The prospect of a quiet time was hailed with joy by officers and men alike.

"What will become of our lady of the regiment, Reutlingen; will she accompany us to Coszdorf?" the captain was asked by his comrades, for as yet he had been unable to get leave to take her to his home.

"I don't know yet," he answered as he went out to seek his wife.

The little chambermaid left the room as he entered, for he had once said to her: "When I visit your mistress I wish you to leave the room, little Annette!" and this command she obeyed with pleasure. She now crossed over to Ferdinand's room, where she always found a friendly welcome awaiting her such as the captain would have been very glad to receive from his wife.

Reutlingen greeted Ulrike with a formal bow and then took his customary seat at the table opposite her.

"I hope that my plans will suit you, my dear lady," he began. "Bulow has granted me leave for three days and I will have the honor of accompanying you to Steinhovel. We will start early tomorrow morning and I will drive you myself in the little sleigh. Annette and Ferdinand will follow us in another with the luggage."

Ulrike bowed her head in assent.

"We must start by eight o'clock at the latest," he continued after a short pause, "for our way to my home is very long. I fear the journey will be a very tiresome one, still you will find plenty of rest and refreshment at the end of it."

Again the silent assent and this time it angered him.

"Have you then no other answer for me than this silent bowing of the head? Why do you never speak to me? You can make yourself so agreeable to others, you are so friendly with my comrades, but you have never opened your lips to me since I returned from Freiberg and received your final consent to our marriage. What have I done to deserve this treatment?"

Ulrike fully appreciated the justice of this reproach. She had no cause for complaint against him, he had done nothing to make her repent having married him.

He rose suddenly, pushing back his chair in his quick, rough way, and stepped to the window. Silently he gazed through its frost spangled panes into the village street below, only showing his excitement by nervously stroking his moustache. Ulrike looked at him anxiously and saw that she had angered him. Had he not kept his word? Could any of the others, all of whom she regarded as good friends, have been more courteous and chivalrous than he? Certainly not, for it seemed that he had been more devoted to her service than any of them, and the respectful way in which he always addressed her as "my dear lady" was forcibly impressed upon her mind.

"What shall I say to you, Herr von Reutlingen?" she began suddenly with an effort. "All your plans are good—I will get used to it after a while."

He turned toward her as she spoke.

"Not a word about your happiness?—could you not get used to speaking to me? If you could, your fear of me would soon disappear."

Ulrike shook her head. He stood close beside her and looked down upon her.

"You will not do it? No; I am sure of it already. Well, then, look at me for a moment. Not that, either. Am I not worthy of a single glance?"

Ulrike bent her head to one side.

"What does it matter whether I look at you or not?"

Reutlingen hesitated a moment and then laughed.

"Pardon me, my dear lady; my request was contrary to our agreement. I will trouble you no longer. Good day. Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock."

Punctually the next morning he was before the door with the sleigh, but his blue eyes had an expression of sharp displeasure in them resembling the cold winter sky that stretched above. He quietly lifted Ulrike into the sleigh and bundled her up in the great fur robe with care.

"Good-bye, Hertzburg; take care

that the troop doesn't run wild while I am away."

"That I will, Captain; and hadn't I better keep a tight rein on Wolf here?"

"You know what to do."

Away went the sleigh, and soon the village with its little houses and chimneys lay behind them, while ahead was only the lifeless snow covered country from whence blew a sharp wind that raised the dry snow in clouds behind them. A crow followed the sleigh screaming loudly, a black speck upon the white plain, but the jingling sleighbells drowned the voice of the ill omened bird.

Ulrike leaned back silently in the sleigh, absorbed in the ever changing scenery around her, seeing in its coldness and desolation the loneliness and chill in her own heart. The captain also sat silently by her side. The wind blew the smoke from his meerschaum pipe back over his head, his moustache was white with frost, and upon his forehead was an unpleasant frown. Now and then he would ask politely after his companion's comfort, and when answered gratefully and quietly, would relapse into silence. Hour after hour flew by. The noonday rest was a thing of the past, and already the evening shadows had begun to lengthen across the snowy landscape.

"Shall we put up at that cottage there?" asked Reutlingen, "or have you the courage to ride an hour longer? The longer we ride today the shorter the journey tomorrow, and our home will be reached all the sooner."

"Then we will go on," answered Ulrike unhesitatingly. "Your plans are always good."

"What makes you think that?" he asked.

"This journey has taught me so."

He turned his head towards her.

"Can you give no other reason, my dear lady?"

Again she gave no answer. The horse snorted and shook his mane, the whip cracked, and on flew the sleigh again.

They stopped for the night at a country inn, where the pine torches burning in the large room threw a dim light over a group of Prussian sergeants and corporals who sat around the table smoking or lay upon the benches by the stove, all with big stone mugs near them. At the captain's entrance they all sprang up and the noise ceased. Ulrike rested more heavily upon Reutlingen's arm and gazed quietly upon the pleasant picture; Prussian soldiers had long ceased to terrify her, and she knew that she had nothing to fear from them.

The hostess came bustling in and placed herself at their service. In few words, as was his manner, the captain asked for a clean, warm room for his lady and her maid, and the old woman, with many apologies, opened the door to a comfortable chamber. Reutlingen glanced quickly around and then went to care for his horse.

Ulrike entered the room, in which a large tile stove poured forth a flood of heat. Near it was a table and a large chair.

"You must sit down and rest, my dear lady," said Annette. "I will look out for everything."

She tripped busily hither and thither and soon went out to order a

warm supper. In the meantime Reutlingen returned. Ulrike heard his firm voice and his sharp step as he neared the door, which he opened quietly and entered. He glanced quickly around the room and then his gaze rested upon herself; she looked so sweet and pretty in the great arm chair with her cheeks rosy red from her cold drive and the warm room, but her eyes were turned shyly away from him.

He threw himself upon the bench by the stove very near her, rested his arm upon his knee and gazed at her.

"No glance and no word, of course?" said he. "You will permit me to stay here though, I hope, for the company out there does n't interest me."

"I hope you will stay," answered Ulrike politely; "Annette has gone to order supper and I hope you will share it with me."

"You are very gracious. I have never before heard so long a sentence from you," he remarked with a joking sharpness which brought on silence again. Then Annette appeared with an enticing omelette, some cold meat, bread and cheese, and a warm drink, which latter the captain especially enjoyed. She then bowed pleasantly and keeping her promise went back to Ferdinand, for she had no thought beyond serving her master and mistress.

They soon finished their meal and Reutlingen refilled his glass, his glance now and then resting upon Ulrike.

"Have you never laughed in all your life, my dear lady?" he asked, suddenly. "It is terrible. Why are you always so gloomy?"

"You have only seen me under unpleasant circumstances when I have nothing to make me happy," she answered stiffly.

"Have courage now, then," said he. "Tomorrow at this time you will be at Steinhovel and there it will be pleasant for you and you will be rid of me. I wonder if you will learn how to laugh again then?"

"So then tomorrow at this time we shall be at our journey's end?" she asked timidly.

"Yes, will you be happy at Steinhovel?"

"Certainly."

"It is of course a great honor to the old house, too."

She looked at him questioningly.

"Are they prepared for our arrival at Steinhovel? Do they expect us?"

"Of course. I wrote my brother that I was bringing home a young wife to the house and that the rooms must be in readiness for her. Then you must put up with my brother's company for some time; but he is no 'wild Reutlingen'; you will like him better than you do me."

Ulrike looked at him with a shy, questioning glance. Did he hope his brother would please her better than he did himself?

He understood her look and her thought.

"Yes," he said defiantly, "I don't think you will mind him. But tell me, my dear young lady, would you prefer to have some one else sitting here in my place; if, for instance, you had married Eickstadt?"

Ulrike turned her pained face away from him.

"That is impossible. Herr von Eickstadt is my friend, and he loves another, a young lady who lives near

Steinhovel, and to whose friendship he has commended me."

"Susanna von Techow; I know. But then, another of my comrades? Norrman, the pretty Zobeltitz, or Hertzberg?"

"None of them; they would all terrify me."

"All terrible alike," he repeated. "You are wonderfully frank, my dear lady. May I ask what kind of a man would not appear terrible to you? Perhaps there is some one in whom you are interested. How about this cousin von Trautwitz?"

"No, no one. Why this examination, Herr von Reutlingen? You should have asked these questions before you bound me to you."

She looked him full in the face with the glance he had but yesterday begged for. Now it was filled with anger.

"Have you already felt the weight of your fetters?" he asked, his brow darkening.

"How can I help it? I must feel them whenever I think of them."

He sprang up roughly.

"I really don't think you can blame me for that. Haven't I kept my word to you? You shouldn't force me to remind you of these things."

Ulrike did not answer. She still looked down, and the color came and went in her charming face. He stood before her and watched her.

"There is no need for you to reproach me," he said at last. "You are tired and wish me to be anywhere but here. Shall I leave you, my dear lady?"

"Where can Annette be?" she said, looking about her restlessly. He drew himself up with a laugh.

"I will send her to you, don't worry; and may you sleep well. Your servant will find a place before your door, and watch over your safety. I hope that this knowledge will not also be as fetters to you."

CHAPTER XIII.

Early the next morning the journey was resumed, and as the sun was nearing the western horizon and shedding its pale red light over the snowy fields they emerged from the forest of firs through which they had been riding, and saw before them a pretty village, to the right of which stood a stately mansion with a high roof and many irregular windows.

"That is Steinhovel," said Reutlingen in a low voice, sighing as he spoke, for this was his first homecoming since his mother's death. Ulrike saw the imprint of his sad memories upon his face.

They neared the house, passing over a little brook and through a shady gateway overhung with dark clustering ivy, and finally halted before the door, which was immediately opened. The powdered head of an old man was seen within, and soon he appeared bowing deeply. He was clad in the livery of a butler, with buckled shoes.

"It is really he, mein Gott, it is really he!"

"Yes, indeed, it is I," cried Reutlingen, springing from the sleigh and throwing the reins to the hostler who was standing near. A slender brown and white hunting dog rushed through the door by the old butler and sprang upon its master with a loud howl of joy. The latter

caressed the happy beast with his left hand, while the right was given in friendly grasp to the old servant. Then he turned suddenly around to Ulrike, who had risen in the sleigh and allowed the heavy furs to fall from her shoulders. Slender and beautiful she looked as she stood there in her dark travelling dress.

Reutlingen clasped her with his strong arm, lifted her out, and carried her over the threshold into the house.

"Welcome to your new home, Ulrike," he said, calling her by her name for the first time; and then, turning to the servant: "This is my wife, Ferdinand; I think she will be a kind mistress to you. I have brought your son with me; he comes in a second sleigh with your lady's maid."

Old Ferdinand was still busy stammering out his good wishes to his master when a door opened at the top of the broad, heavily carved oaken stairs, and a voice called out to know who was there.

"I am here, Heinz. Will you come down?" Reutlingen called back.

The other obeyed. It was the younger brother, who was at home recovering from the wounds received at Kunersdorf, a young fellow of slender, graceful figure, who resembled his brother but slightly, and who after long confinement in his room looked pale and sickly.

"How are you, old fellow?" exclaimed the elder brother in loving greeting. "You look miserable enough, though. Greet your sister. My brother Heinz, my dear wife."

"This is a great pleasure, my dear sister," he said, kissing her hand gallantly. "You must have had great courage to give your hand to this wild fellow. You have already been married several weeks, he wrote; have you not regretted it yet?"

"That is a most indiscreet question, my dear brother," replied Ulrike with enforced gayety. "If I did regret it how could I confess it to you?"

They conducted her up the broad easy stairs to the large, warm, comfortable sitting-room which lay in the middle of the house. A bright fire cracked and snapped in the big fireplace, a soft rug covered the hardwood floor, and dainty curtains hung at the windows. This homelike room was furnished in antique carved furniture of dark stained oak, and a soft and pleasant light fell upon the scene from the wax candles in the silver candelabra.

"How beautiful it is here!" exclaimed Ulrike, looking slowly about her; "how charming and how comfortable! Oh, how long it seems since I have seen such a comfortable room! I really believe I have never seen anything so beautiful!"

"I am delighted that your home pleases you, Ulrike," responded the captain quietly. "But where is Lore? Why doesn't she come to greet her new mistress?"

"Here she is, my dear sir, here she is!" cried a happy voice, and a middle-aged woman entered, her slightly gray hair half hidden beneath the snow white cap, under which shone forth a rosy face, full of youthful freshness.

Jobst von Reutlingen hurried towards her with hearty, almost affectionate greeting. He had already told Ulrike of this housekeeper, who had been one of his mother's youth-

ful playmates, and who had remained inseparable from her throughout her whole life. As Lore bade her young mistress welcome with motherly and yet respectful greeting the captain stepped up to his mother's old friend and put his arm about her.

"See, Lore, this is my wife. She is very young, and is all alone in the world; be considerate and kind to her, I place her in your care."

Ulrike received the housekeeper's kindly words with grateful thanks, but she did not look at her husband.

"Come, Ulrike, I will show you your rooms," he continued. "Everything is ready, is it not, Lore?"

"Everything is quite ready, sir."

He took Ulrike's arm in his own and led her to his mother's room. This beautiful chamber was furnished in the fashion of Frau von Reutlingen's younger days, and it was there that she had passed the happiest hours of her life. The pale blue walls were covered with flowers, the old-fashioned writing desk and chiffonier were in white to match the wood-work of the room, and were beautifully decorated with bunches of roses, while the silk coverlid on the high curtained bed was sprinkled with flowers. Before the window stood a large chintz covered arm-chair with a sewing table beside it and a spinning wheel near by, while on the window seats geraniums and yellow marigolds bloomed and breathed forth their fragrance, the soft light from the bronze candelabra on the wall making the whole a picture; a silent picture filled with speaking sorrow.

All these beautiful things, these flowers living and painted, had been but a setting for that one central figure and that figure had been taken away. All these lifeless things that had stood ready at her hand were still undisturbed and only seemed to bring to mind more forcibly the terrible loss.

Reutlingen stood for a moment and gazed silently about him, his face drawn with grief, then he turned quickly, stepped to the opposite door, opened it, and passed into the next room, which was warm and light like the one he had just left. Soon he returned, the look of grief still changing the entire expression of his face.

"These were the living and sleeping rooms of my mother," he said; "from today they are yours."

"Herr von Reutlingen!" cried Ulrike. "Is there no guest's chamber in the house in which I can live instead of in these sacred rooms where I do not belong?"

His brow contracted.

"You are no guest; you do belong in these sacred rooms. The woman who has stood before God's altar with me is sacred in my eyes, can you not understand that?"

"I only mean," she whispered, "that these rooms were the warmest, most homelike and dearest to you of all——"

"Then you must take care," he interrupted quickly, "that they don't become cold and strange to me now."

She sighed.

"How can I prevent it?"

"I can't tell you if you don't know yourself. Perhaps you will learn; you will have plenty of time to think it over before the end of the war." With that he quitted the room and left her alone.

Ulrike remained, a prey to painful and bitter thoughts. She realized the beauty of his character from his

devotion to the army, the honor in which he held his family, and his honorable treatment of her, a poor orphan, whom he now asked to fill his mother's place. What could she give him? She saw the depth of his feelings, the great love he bore his home and the memory of his mother. What great happiness would he have felt could he have brought home a wife to whom he could give the love of his heart? Now she must try to fill the place into which his pure wantonness had forced her. He did not love her; his fancy, even, did not lead him to her. That knowledge was deeply humiliating to her and it was doubly hard because she felt it her duty to be grateful to him; he had behaved nobly to her and she could not repay him. He was the giver and she must take what it pleased him to offer. Full of misgivings were these sad thoughts, and she sat buried in trouble and sad at heart until Lore came in and found her.

"Your ladyship will pardon me if my coming is inopportune, but I heard your husband return to his brother Heinz and I know what the pain of separation and of being alone is to a young wife."

Ulrike threw her arm about the good woman's neck in a burst of feeling; the thought that she had at last found a protectress in this good motherly soul was a great comfort to her and a flood of tears lightened her heart.

"Frau Lore, will you love me and be kind to me? I haven't a soul in the whole world!" she sobbed.

Lore kissed the slender hand that lay upon her shoulder.

"God bless you, dear lady!" said she, much affected. "How can I help loving you, sweet child, my dear mistress? He was the favorite of my dearest lady, her very sunshine, and you are his wife. I only hope you will let me love you as much as I wish, my dear young mistress!"

Meanwhile the two brothers sat by the pleasant fire, smoking, drinking hot punch, and chatting together. Jobst told the younger of his last campaign, especially all the details of his wonderful marriage. Heinz was indignant and read him a long lecture, especially upon his folly in taking Ulrike from Wolf von Eickstadt.

"You are absolutely crazy, man; that is the only excuse I can find for you; you, who have heretofore taken such an aimless view of life. Risking the king's displeasure, too. You must be desperately in love with her in spite of your denials."

The captain laughed so heartily that the sound of his voice reached even to Ulrike's quiet room.

"You amuse me. Wolf also had the same idea; you are both in love yourselves and therefore think that I must be, you dear wise men."

"You don't appreciate your good fortune at all," continued Heinz. "She is truly charming; haven't you even noticed that?"

"Of course I have," responded Jobst undaunted. "Her eyes are so sweet that I long to kiss them."

"Long to kiss them?" answered Heinz with a doubting smile. "Upon what strange footing do you stand with your wife? Jobst, don't tell me any fairy tales. You don't seem to have much regard for the truth."

The captain seemed to consider these remarks as unnecessary.

"I have told you the truth. A soldier's word is beyond dispute," was his answer.

"Yes, wild one, if you were not the soldier," responded Heinz; "you, who always have some marvellous tale of adventure to recite."

"Nonsense," said Jobst irritably. "There are some tales that are beyond invention."

"That is very true, old fellow," laughed Heinz, running his fingers through his blonde hair as he spoke.

"Supper is served," announced old Ferdinand, standing stiffly at the door.

The captain sent him to his mistress with the announcement, but Lore appeared in her stead.

"Your wife wishes to be excused and asks to have her supper served in her room."

"Your mistress has but to command; but tell her, Lore, that I must say good-bye to her for I leave in an hour."

Ulrike awaited him in fear and anxiety. It was already late and she had arranged her things with Annette's help, and now sat impatiently by the carved table upon which the candles were burning. At last he came and she rose to receive him.

"I come to take leave of you, my dear lady. The object of my trip is accomplished and you are safe and well cared for. You will soon be relieved of the fetters of my presence; you will be glad of that?"

"I am sorry that your leave is so short and the journey so severe."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I have engaged relays and there is no fatigue for me; but you, Ulrike, will you learn to laugh again? When I come again shall I still see tears in your eyes? You shall have no more cause for weeping, I will arrange everything for your comfort, all your commands shall be obeyed as though they were my own."

"Thank you, you are very kind."

"Do you really think that? Is that, then, the reason that your eyes are always so frightened and anxious when I am near? Why are you so afraid of me, little woman? I don't seem so terrible to other women."

"No others have ever been placed in my position," she murmured.

"That is undoubtedly true." She seemed to hear: "I certainly have brought no woman here as mistress of my mother's house before, nor have I ever offered my life to another;" but this he did not say.

"Well then, good-bye, my dear lady; may you be happy at Steinhovel," he said, bowing and starting through the open door.

"Herr von Reutlingen!" cried Ulrike hastily. Why she did it she scarcely knew herself, but she suddenly felt that she could not let him go in that way.

"What is your wish?"

"Herr von Reutlingen, may I not thank you with a pressure of the hand for all your nobleness and kindness to me?"

A light like sunshine breaking through the clouds shone in his eyes.

"Is that a question; if you may, Ulrike?"

He grasped the hand which she offered him for the first time, kissed it passionately, and then hurried away.

Ulrike passed her first night in her new home in restless slumber. A thousand stormy thoughts drove the sleep from her tired eyes. In her

first wild dreams sounded the gay sleighbells that had accompanied her during the two long, cold days of her journey. She heard them become fainter in the stillness of the night, and then grow louder and clearer ere they finally died away in the distance.

CHAPTER XIV.

So Ulrike lived in comfort as mistress of Steinhovel, and knew that she was safe; a knowledge that gave her great happiness, after her three months of terror and anxiety amid scenes of camp-life and war. In old Lore she found at once a motherly friend and worthy servant, and in her brother Heinz a lovable and charming companion; so that she would have been perfectly happy were it not for the torturing and ever present thought that she owed it all to Reutlingen's generosity.

Upon his mother's writing desk stood his picture, painted upon ivory in a frame of wrought gold, as a young lieutenant in the white blouse of the Baireuth dragoons. How like him the picture was. The deep blue eyes seemed to smile at her from the frame until she could bear it no longer, and turned it to one side.

She and Heinz were much together, at the table, during short walks, and in the quiet evening hours by the fireside when he would often read to her from Voltaire and Reusseau, or would play for her.

Heinz von Reutlingen was a lieutenant in the white hussar regiment which had long been known by the name of their general as the Puttkamer hussars. His old commander had fallen at Kunersdorf, together with many others of the king's bravest generals. It was a terrible day to remember, for King Friedrich's little army fought more heroically than ever before against the overwhelming force of Russians and Austrians throughout the long, hot August day. They fought like lions and yet they were defeated, for the fierce fire of grape from the neighboring heights mowed down the Prussians like wheat before the sickle, and as the evening fell the shattered troops fell back with despair in their hearts. Then, as though the agony and shame of defeat were more than he could bear, the brave General von Puttkamer fell from his horse and died in the arms of his nephew, a young lieutenant of hussars. Heinz von Reutlingen shared with his comrade the honor of performing the last loving services for the dying hero, and was himself suddenly struck to earth beside his chief. Lieutenant von Puttkamer later placed him, badly wounded, in an ambulance, and after the heavy fever from his wound had passed away wrote to his brother Jobst, who took him to Steinhovel to be nursed back to life in his old home by Frau Lore's care.

Five months had passed, the wound had healed, and Heinz was able to walk about the house, although not entirely free from pain. He awaited with impatience the moment when he could mount his horse and again take his place with his regiment. His time of waiting was being agreeably shortened by the companionship of his young sister, for he delighted in her agreeable and bright conversation, and took secret pleasure in studying her secret thoughts, espe-

cially in regard to the state of her heart towards Jobst. Ulrike, on her side, found much to charm her in her new brother, whose manner and movements occasionally reminded her of Jobst, and yet there was really a great difference between the two, for the younger was no "wild Reutlingen," as Jobst himself had said, and for that reason was a more easy and gracious companion.

One morning Heinz came up to her and said:

"My dear sister, will you go with me to pay a visit in the neighborhood? I want to drive over to Zellin and call upon the Techows; if I remember rightly you once spoke of doing the same thing."

"Certainly; I will go with pleasure," answered Ulrike. "I have heard a great deal of Susanna von Techow, and I shall be delighted to meet her at last. But will it not be too much for you, Heinz, to drive there and back?"

"Oh, no indeed! I must begin to accustom myself to slight exercise—and to go to Zellin is never tiresome," he added with a half smile.

"So this is the young Frau von Ruetlingen? I am charmed to see you here," said the worthy Frau von Techow as Ulrike, a little frightened, greeted her shyly. "This is my daughter Susanna." The young girl extended her hand to their guest and a pair of brown eyes looked searchingly into Ulrike's blue ones.

"You have just come from the seat of war, have you not?" she asked laughingly. "Oh, I have heard a little of your interesting romance, but you must tell me all about it yourself."

Ulrike seated herself upon the lounge beside Frau von Techow and enjoyed the delicious coffee which was served in dainty Meissen cups. By her side sat Susanna, a tall, slender girl, with a beautiful head and delicate features, whose brown eyes shone earnestly and brightly, while in her mouth one could read sweetness and a gentle disposition. Very pretty, too, was the low, fair brow, over which fell the golden brown hair in dainty ringlets.

Susanna had monopolized the conversation, and Ulrike saw at once that the daughter held first place in the family, for neither the stately mother nor the father, a deaf, little old man, had very much to say.

Opposite her sat Heinz von Reutlingen listening eagerly to all she said, the expression in his bright blue eyes reminding Ulrike vividly of his brother.

Susanna asked for the latest news of the Baireuth dragoons, and Ulrike, fancying that she wished for news of Wolf von Eickstadt, mentioned him as often as she could without seeming to force his name unnecessarily into the conversation, all of which brought to Heinz von Reutlingen's brow a frown which seemed the image of Jobst's.

When the coffee and cake had been finished, Susanna drew her arm through Ulrike's, saying,—"Now come with me, Frau von Reutlingen, I want to show you my little sitting-room. Mamma, you must entertain Herr von Reutlingen while we are away."

The room of the daughter of the house was a very dainty chamber furnished with white enamelled furniture, while over the little desk had been trained a delicate arch of ivy.

The two young women sat down upon low chairs by the window and talked gaily. Ulrike had the feeling that this earnest, slender maiden knew more about her than she seemed to do, but this, instead of frightening her, rather made her feel more at ease.

"Now I understand why Wolf loves this girl," she thought again and again.

Soon, however, the door opened and Frau von Techow appeared, accompanied by Heinz. He had been so uneasy in the society of the two old people that his worthy hostess had decided to bring him here. Susanna met them laughingly, and in mock anger upbraided them for their intrusion. Heinz apologized humbly and pressed her hand to his lips in his gallant way. Then they both stood together in the middle of the room and started an animated conversation, during which Frau von Techow stepped to the window seat and began a long discourse to her guest upon domestic matters, poultry, pigs, linen, weaving, and many other things that would have been far better understood by Frau Lore. Now and then Heinz looked towards Ulrike and noticed that she was far from interested in the matron's conversation, but still he would not interfere.

"How does my new sister please you?" he said to Susanna in an undertone.

"She is charming. I can say nothing more than that she must be a wonderful character to have won the 'wild Reutlingen.'"

"Yes, and still will you believe it, my dear young lady, he married her in a moment of wildness and without consulting the feelings of her heart. She clung to him in her desolate condition but not as a matter of choice. I have learned that she liked Wolf von Eickstadt much better, and I believe, too, that Wild Jobst gave his friend a bitter disappointment."

A deep red blush spread over her face.

"You must be mistaken in your impression, Herr von Reutlingen," she answered steadily, although perhaps in a very low tone of voice. "Your sister talks a great deal of Wolf von Eickstadt it is true, but with perfect freedom and without embarrassment."

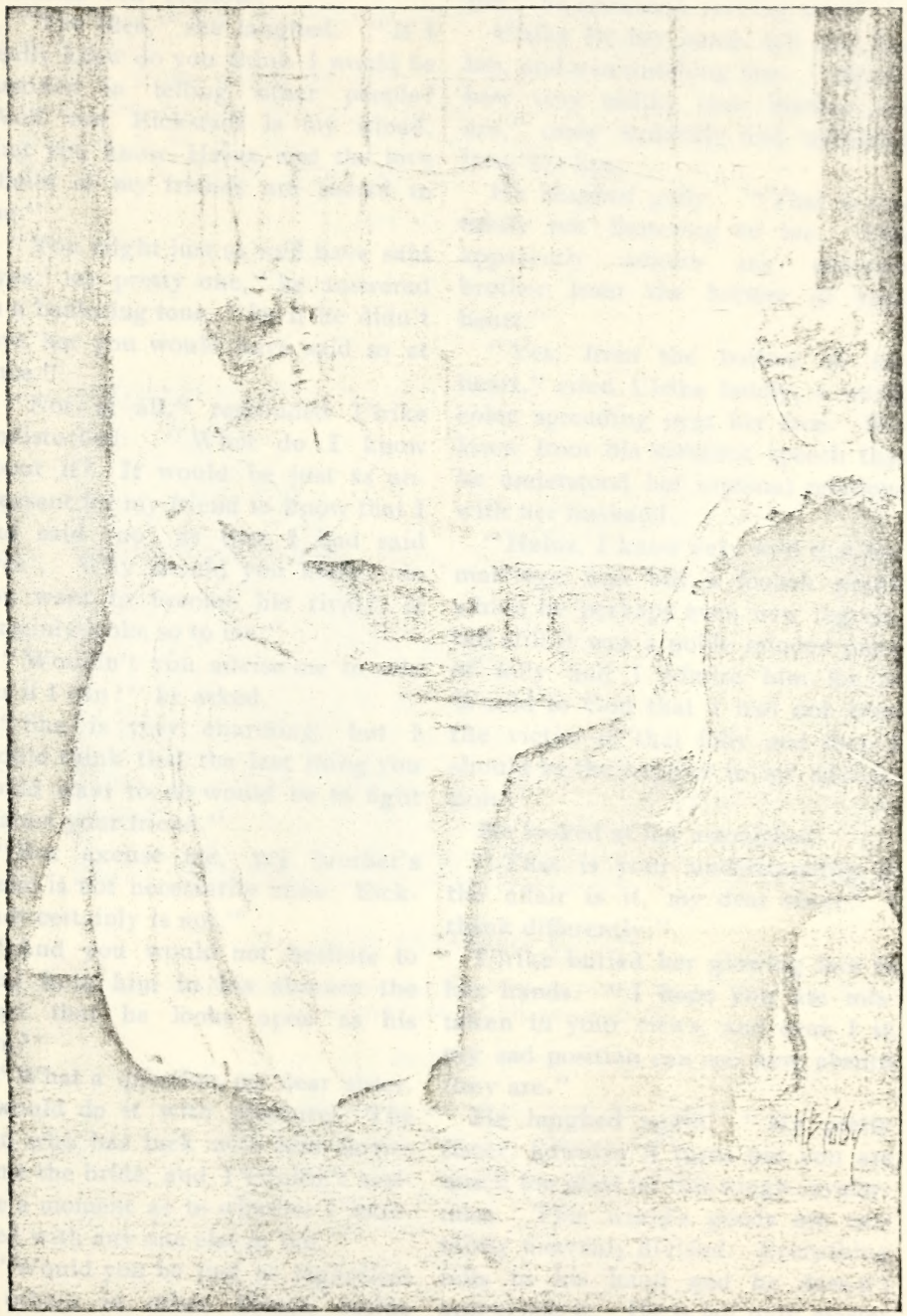
"Excuse me, but it does not seem so to me," he answered with a shrug of his shoulders, and then allowed the subject to drop.

The next evening as usual Heinz sat opposite his sister by the great open fire and read to her in his beautiful French from Voltaire's Tancred. He forgot himself frequently and she soon began to joke him about his abstracted air. Suddenly he allowed his book to fall and gazed at her, whereupon she worked with great zeal upon a wonderful piece of silk embroidery, her hands flying over her work; the small white hands that Jobst von Reutlingen boasted he could crush in one of his own.

"Susanna is certainly right," he thought. "She is just the kind to tame the wild one, and she will do it, too."

"Don't be so busy, pretty Ulrike," he began. "I want to ask you something; will you answer me?"

"I will tell you that after you have asked it," she replied. "Your questions are often very silly. What do you want to know?"



"The two young women sat . . . and talked gaily."



"You and Eickstadt were much together; did you get the impression that he was much in love with Susanna von Techow?"

"The idea," she laughed. "If I really knew do you think I would be justified in telling other people? Wolf von Eickstadt is my friend, that you know, Heinz, and the love affairs of my friends are sacred to me."

"You might just as well have said 'yes,' my pretty one," he answered in a bantering tone, "for if he didn't love her you would have said so at once."

"Not at all," responded Ulrike undisturbed. "What do I know about it? It would be just as unpleasant for my friend to know that I had said 'no' as that I had said 'yes'. Why should you know; do you want to become his rival? It certainly looks so to me."

"Wouldn't you advise me to win her if I can?" he asked.

"She is very charming, but I should think that the last thing you would want to do would be to fight against your friend."

"But excuse me, my brother's friend is not necessarily mine; Eickstadt certainly is not."

"And you would not hesitate to steal from him in his absence the heart that he looks upon as his own?"

"What a question, my dear sister. I would do it with pleasure. The man who has luck with him carries home the bride, and I wouldn't hesitate a moment as to whether I interfered with any one else or not."

"Would you be just as regardless of others in other things beside love?"

"I have never noticed that the man who is continually looking out for others gets along very well in this life," he answered, turning away.

Ulrike let her hands fall into her lap, and was watching him. "Heinz, how very unlike your brother you are," came suddenly and unbidden from her lips.

He laughed gaily. "That is certainly not flattering to me. You apparently admire my enviable brother from the bottom of your heart."

"Yes, from the bottom of my heart," cried Ulrike boldly, a warm color spreading over her face. She knew from his sarcastic speech that he understood her unusual relations with her husband.

"Heinz, I know very well that our marriage was but a foolish prank which he perhaps even now regrets, but still it was a noble minded piece of folly and I admire him for it. Would to God that I had not been the victim of that folly and then I should be the happier in my admiration!"

He looked at her astonished.

"That is your understanding of the affair is it, my dear sister? I think differently."

Ulrike buried her glowing face in her hands. "I hope you are mistaken in your views, and even I in my sad position can see how absurd they are."

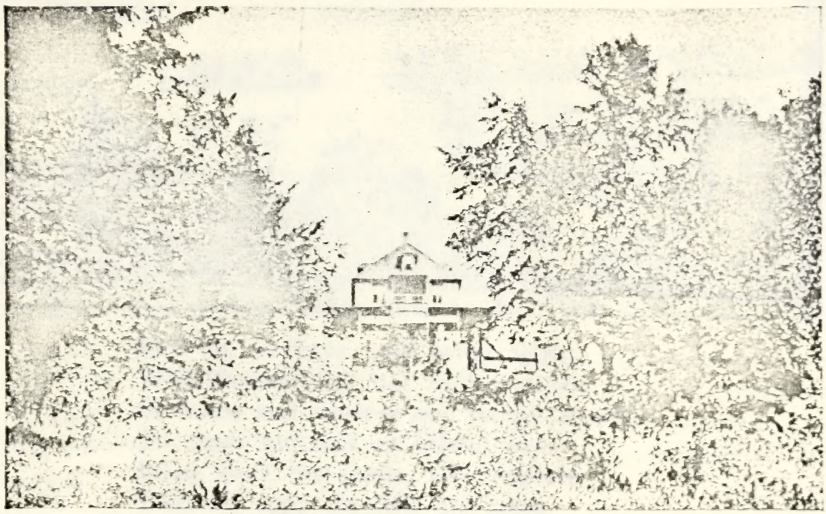
He laughed again. "My pretty sister, however it turns out you are much too good for this rough cavalryman. This world's goods are certainly unevenly divided. Everything falls to his hand and he does n't appreciate it. He is not only master of Steinhovel while I, as the younger

son, must be content with what he is pleased to give me, but now he has succeeded into the bargain in winning a wife like Ulrike von Trebenow and he does n't know the value of what he has won."

With these words he drew her hand from her tear dimmed eyes and touched it to his lips. "It is too bad that I should spend my few hours with you in trying to make you disloyal to him, but I am in hard luck. You will belong to him as will Steinhovel, and I shall be separated from you both."

What consolation to her was the fact that she had rebuked him? In spite of it his words left a sting in her heart that she could not drive away for many a long hour.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



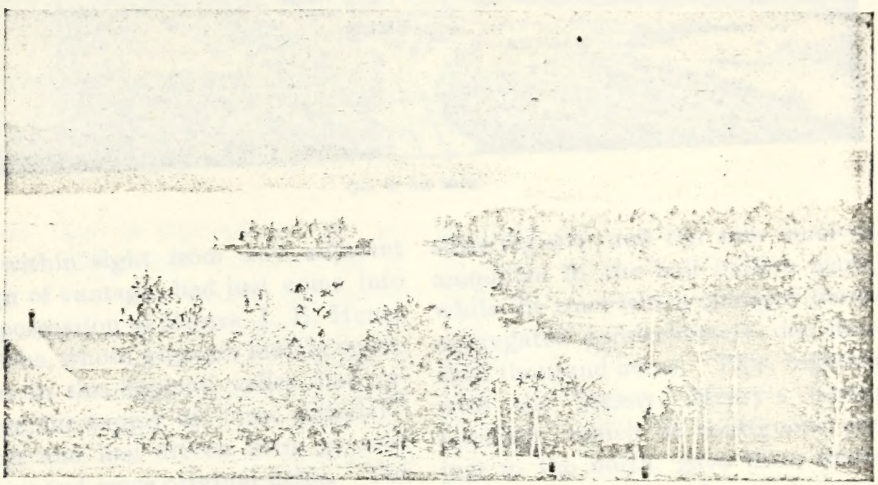
OUR SUMMER HOME.

[Lines dedicated to Miss Margaret Yardley, daughter of Charles Yardley, Esq., of East Orange, N. J., owner of "Overlook" cottage, at Burkehaven, N. H.]

By W. C. Sturoc.

That Home in summer, near the Lake,
The Bard will now for subject take,
And sing, 'mid scenes of winter quiet,
What August finds a jovial riot,
Of trips by land and trips by water—
The pilot fair, that only daughter—
To view with joy each bay and nook,
And rest once more at "Overlook"!

No scenes so fair as those we see
While youth's warm blood is coursing free;
And still, the aged Bard has found
This Lake and land enchanted ground,
And all its aspects, all its views,
Fit themes of rapture for the Muse!
And so to Margaret thus he sings
The promised song, which winter brings,
To keep in sunshine,—though forsook,—
The happy home of "Overlook"!



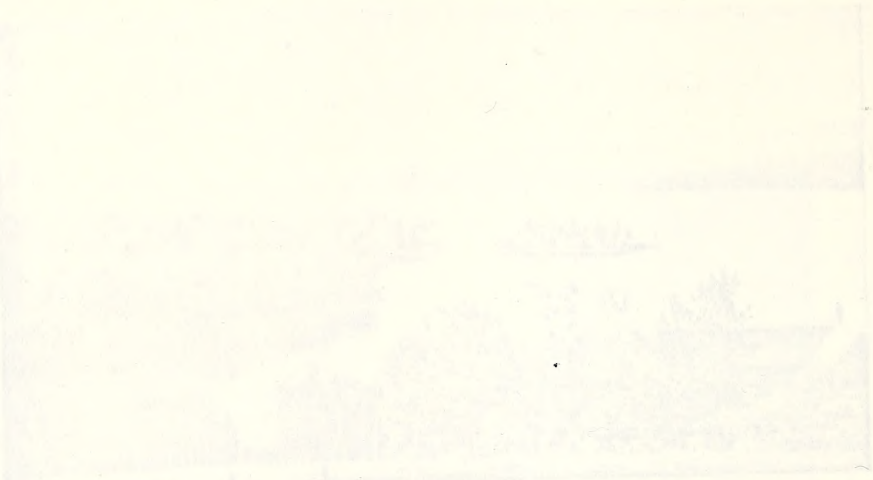
Roll on, ye days, and bring again
With Summer all her smiling train,
Of fruits and flowers and balmy breeze,
To cheer our sail on inland seas,—
Bring back the circle, all complete,
That oft upon the hill did meet,—
Where no restraint "good cheer" can brook
Within the lines of "Overlook"!

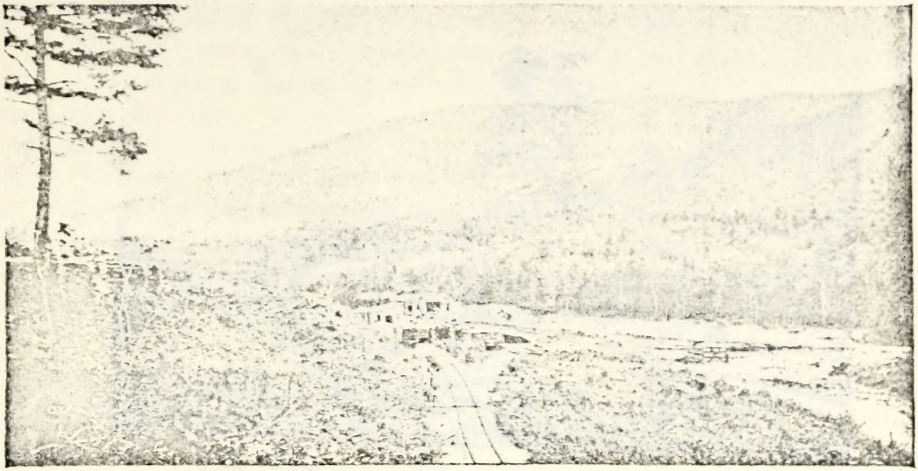
PULLMAN, NEW HAMPSHIRE: A LUMBER CAMP.

By George H. Moses.

Pullman, New Hampshire — you may not find it on your map; you may not mail a letter to that address and have it delivered; no enterprising scalper may sell you a reduced rate railroad ticket to that destination; yet it exists and there is some basis of fact for my fancy in thus titling the lumber town of Lincoln on the East Branch of the Pemigewasset.

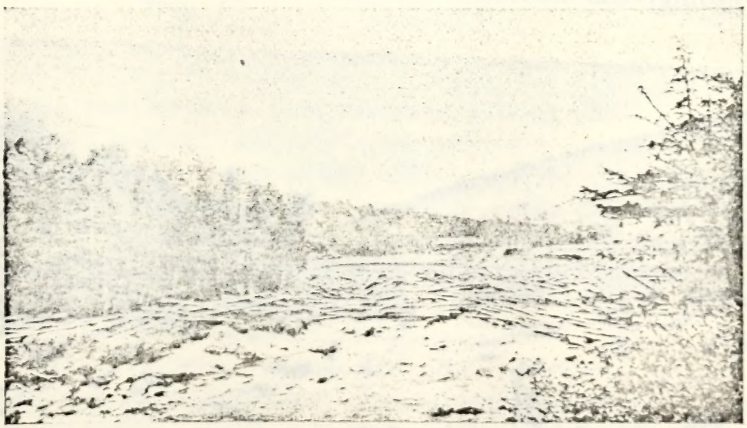
On the first of September, 1892, the spot where now this village stands was a dense and virgin forest, which, in common with nearly all the coun-



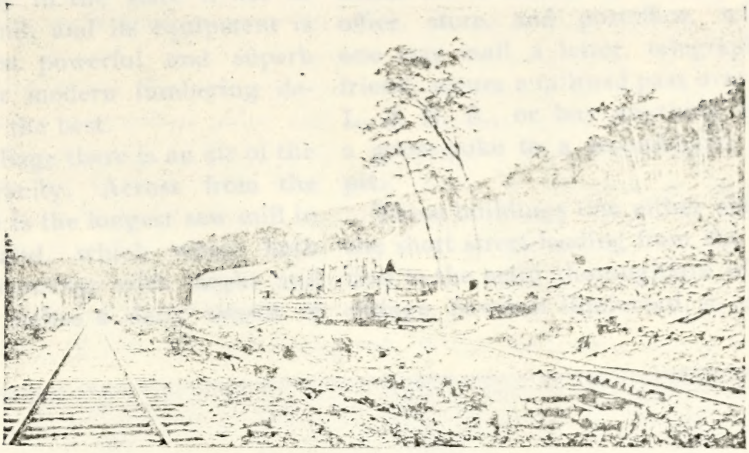


One of the Mills.

try within sight from any adjacent coign of vantage, had just come into the possession of Messrs. J. E. Henry & Sons, whose gigantic lumber operations in the Zealand valley had reduced the supply of "raw material" there and had driven them to seek newer and more original fields. The title under which the Messrs. Henry took possession of the territory was at the time, and is now, the largest single transfer of forested property recorded in any New Hampshire registry, and the sum involved amounted to the half million mark, while the tract which changed hands aggregated approximately, one hundred thousand acres. This, together with the Messrs. Henry's former holdings, which lie contiguous and just to the north, gave them undisputed sway over nearly one hundred and twenty thousand acres of solid spruce forest which a newspaper writer has fairly characterized as "The Grand Duchy of Lincoln."



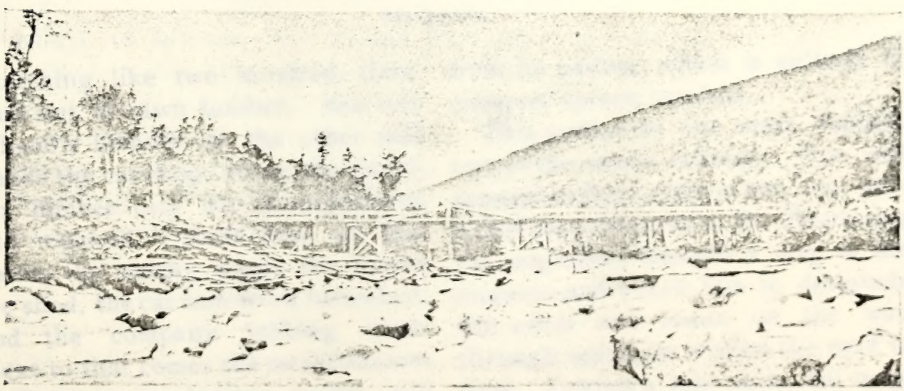
East Branch Mill.



The Coal Kilns.

But this is digression. On the first of September, 1892, let me repeat, where now stands the lumber town of Lincoln was a dense, virgin forest. A year later the village of Lincoln with school, store, dwellings, shops, and mills was in visible evidence to all. It had sprung up almost in a night through the boundless energy and unflagging courage of its owners, who in the face of a steadily falling market deepened their investment and increased their risk.

The owners of this Pullman of ours knew that they must have a railroad to make their village a success—and so they built one, afterward selling it to the Concord & Montreal, who now operate the mile and a half of track from North Woodstock to Lincoln. From Lincoln the East Branch & Lincoln railroad has been built now a distance of nearly ten miles into the woods. This road is owned by the Messrs. Henry, and is utilized for the transportation of lumber and supplies, though in summer excursion parties of summer boarders visiting the loggers' camps are frequent. For solidity of construction this railroad is the

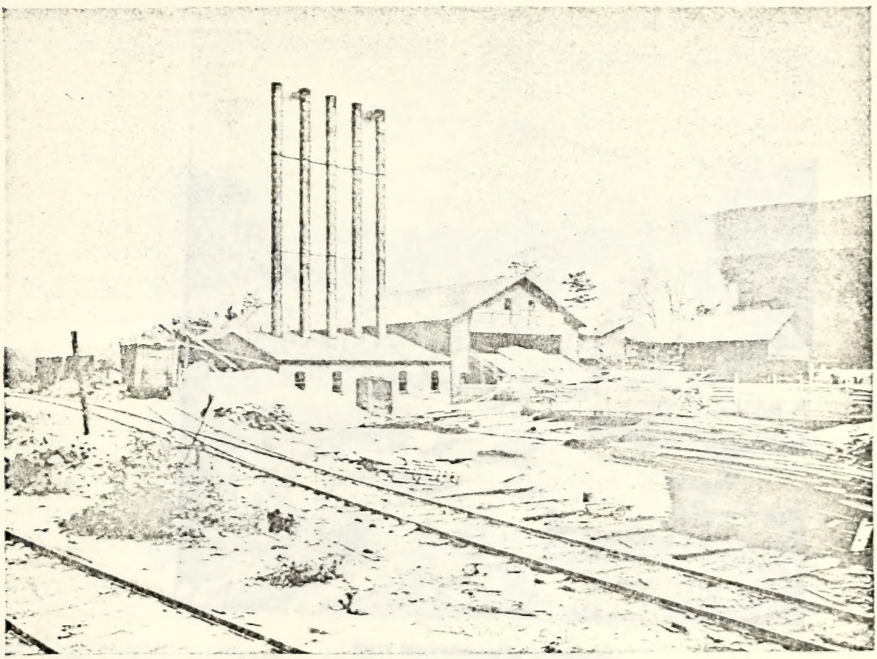


The East Branch in August.

equal of any in the state if not in New England, and its equipment is of the most powerful and superb quality, for modern lumbering demands only the best.

At the village there is an air of the utmost vivacity. Across from the tiny station is the longest saw mill in New England, which when both sides are running with night and day gangs makes a daily record of something like two hundred thousand feet of sawn lumber. Scarcely a hand's breadth on the other side stands the car shop, where the dwarfish lumber cars are manufactured and repaired. Next door to that stands the smithy where the horses are shod, the car iron-work furnished, and the company jobbing done. Next to that comes the establishment of the company harness maker, and across the street from them all is the office, store, and postoffice, where one may mail a letter, telegraph a friend, secure a railroad pass over the L. & E. B., or buy anything from a goose-yoke to a second-hand pulpit.

These buildings line either side of the short street leading from the station to the main thoroughfare of the village, Sawdust Boulevard, so called from its paving, which is entirely of pungent spruce sawdust.



The Big Mill.

This avenue in one sense reminds one of the czar's railroad. You will remember how when a line was projected from Moscow to St. Petersburg the engineers brought a map to the emperor and asked him to designate the cities and towns on the way through which he wished the road to pass. Laying a rule upon the map,



the czar drew a straight line from Moscow to St. Petersburg, "Build it there," he said. So of this avenue. Desiring to tap this country road at the most convenient point and also to secure entrance to their village by wagon, the Henrys cut a road from Lincoln to North Woodstock, straight as a die, directly through the woods, emerging upon the highway near the Deer Park Hotel. Along the further extremity of this road, and facing the village of Lincoln, are ranged the cottages which have been erected for the mill men and mechanics.

Architecturally these are not imposing. Artistically they are not appealing. The garish ochre and umber of their colorings are strongly offensive on a hot summer's day. But they serve their purpose: they shelter the workmen of our Pullman, and yield the owners a handsome return on their cost.

The village of Lincoln is the outgrowth of their present system of lumber manufacture. It is not a perfect community by any means, yet it is superior in all its managerial features. This is a necessary fact because the town is designed to supply needs which were purely managerial. When the Messrs. Henry came into possession of their present forest holdings they faced contingencies of which the lumber men of New Hampshire had known nothing, and to meet the demand at every point they were in fact compelled to create the village of Lincoln. The mountain could not go to Mahomet in this case; Mahomet could not go to the mountain; so he heaped up a mountain of his own. The government and discipline are, as one might suppose, intensely paternal and the administration is most rigid. The old town of Lincoln, what there is of



Black Mountain—after Lumbering.

it, lies off to the west from "The Grand Duchy," and the population is aligned along the highway leading northward to the Franconia Notch. The selectmen and other town officials are therefore chosen from among the older inhabitants, and "The Grand Duchy" is left almost wholly to its own devices, the Grand Dukes making and enforcing whatever regulations they deem necessary to the peace and dignity of their grand ducal estate. Prohibition is the rule in our Pullman, and it does prohibit.



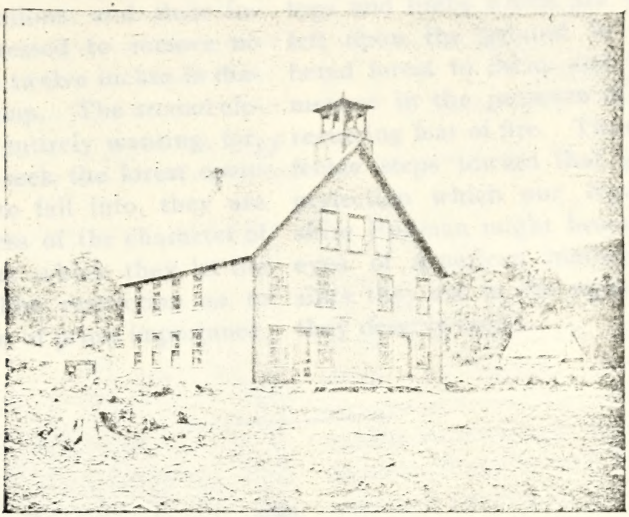
A "Landing."

No man eats unless he works, on the true theory of Captain John Smith, and the lords of the realm themselves are most exemplary in their obedience. The labor accomplished daily by the Henrys, father and sons, comes nothing short of Herculean. "The old man" Henry, as he is known from the Pemigewasset to the St. Lawrence, has led a life of almost unremitting toil, and the dignity of labor is a family tenet with him. What he has accomplished by way of accumulated lands and fortunes is the result of his personal efforts and is not likely to diminish from lack of attention.

The real extent of the Grand Duchy of Lincoln is by no means indicated by its busy metropolis and may be approximated only by a trip over the railroad which has pushed its way up the East Branch to the junction of the Hancock Branch and is now winding up this latter stream, with a total length of nearly ten miles. Almost every rod of the way is busy. Here is a smaller mill set down on a spur where the surplus of the first is consumed, there are the charcoal kilns where with commendable economy a portion of the forest by-product is utilized, yonder is a "camp" where the men live, on this side is a stable sheltering the horses employed on the slopes, and all along are the landings with the worn trail leading away up on the mountain sides whence comes the almost constant ring of the axe, the occasional crash of a falling spruce, and the musical tingle of the team-bells as

they make their way up and down. To carry on the operations of this plant requires the services of hundreds of men and animals and thousands of capital must be kept in almost continuous circulation as wage-money, for repairs, in building, in restocking, and for the thousand and one things which every day crop out in a business of such magnitude. And with the keenness of the present competition in the lumber market nothing but the highest degree of administrative capacity, with practically unlimited credit, and a close knowledge of men and affairs. These the owners are able to supply in such full measure that it cannot be charged to their inability to handle it that they have abandoned the manufacturing end of the work and, leasing their mills, content themselves with selling logs, cordwood, and charcoal.

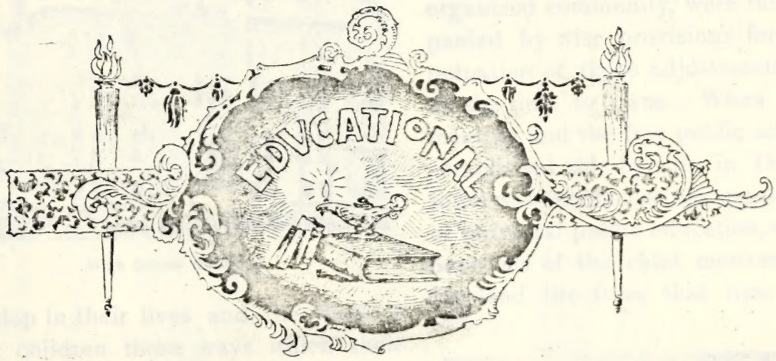
The opportunities which the owners of this property possess are numberless in almost every direction, but I need not enumerate them all. When one recalls that the number of hands employed in this New Hampshire Pullman are many times as numerous as the entire body of original inhabitants and that they are dependent for everything upon the inclinations of the owners of the village, the possibilities by way of politics are highly suggestive. And when one thinks of the agitation for the preservation of the forests of the White Mountain region among whose foothills this forest lies, there is suggested the boundless opportunity which the Messrs. Henry have of demonstrating how to use and at the same time to preserve the valuable growth.



The School-house.

In politics the Grand Dukes of Lincoln are making no move, but in forestry they are doing something. At the present rate of cutting it will take the axemen thirty years to cover the entire tract of one hundred and twenty thousand acres. In other words they cannot expect a second crop in less than thirty years, an in-

tervale of ample duration to enable a profitable second harvesting, provided the first crop has been removed with sufficient discretion as to the choice of trees to be felled and care in the manner of felling them. The first element already enters into the proprietor's calculations and their intention is expressed to remove no tree of less than twelve inches in diameter at the stump. The second element is, I fear, entirely wanting, for, though loggers seek the forest opening for a tree to fall into, they are strangely careless of the character of the growth over which they let the victim fall. The restriction as to size is, however, of prime importance. In partial compensation for the reduced present profit the charcoal kiln has been set up, an apparatus which meets the foresters' liveliest approbation so long as its use is confined to legitimate channels and its capacious maw swallows up nothing but the tops and limbs which are too often left upon the ground in the lumbered forest to decay and become a menace in the presence of the ever recurring fear of fire. These are but feeble steps toward that pattern of perfection which our New Hampshire Pullman might become in the eyes of American lumbermen, but since they are in the right direction they deserve credit.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE CITY OF KEENE.

By Dr. Thaddeus William Harris.

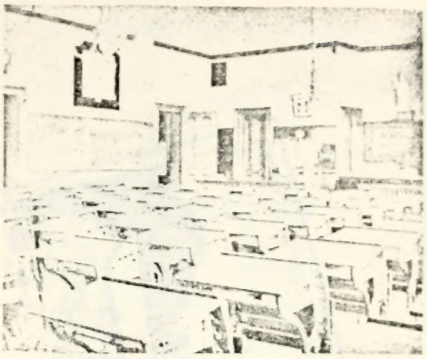
"After God had carried us safe to New-England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our liveli-hood, rear'd convenient places for God's worship, and settled the Civil Government: One of the next things we longed for, and looked after was to advance Learning and perpetuate it to Posterity: dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the Churches, when our present Ministers shall lie in the Dust."

In the passage which I have placed at the head of this article, the ancient historian of the Massachusetts Bay Colony sets forth in plain and direct terms the importance which was attached by the early settlers of New England to sound learning. In their homes in Old England, many of these men had devoted their lives to deep and thoughtful study; and those homes they had forsaken, to seek new abodes in the wilderness of an unknown land, that they might have freedom and opportunity to develop in their lives and the lives of their children those ways which their studies had led them to regard as the surest paths to the realization of the lofty ideals of life and conduct which they had learned to prize so highly.



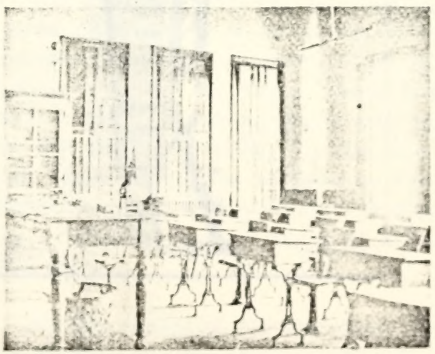
High School Building.

We are not surprised, therefore, that one of the first cares of these emigrants, after providing for the absolute necessities of their daily existence, was to establish schools in which the rising generation might be trained to the wisdom of their fathers. No time was lost, after the homestead had been erected

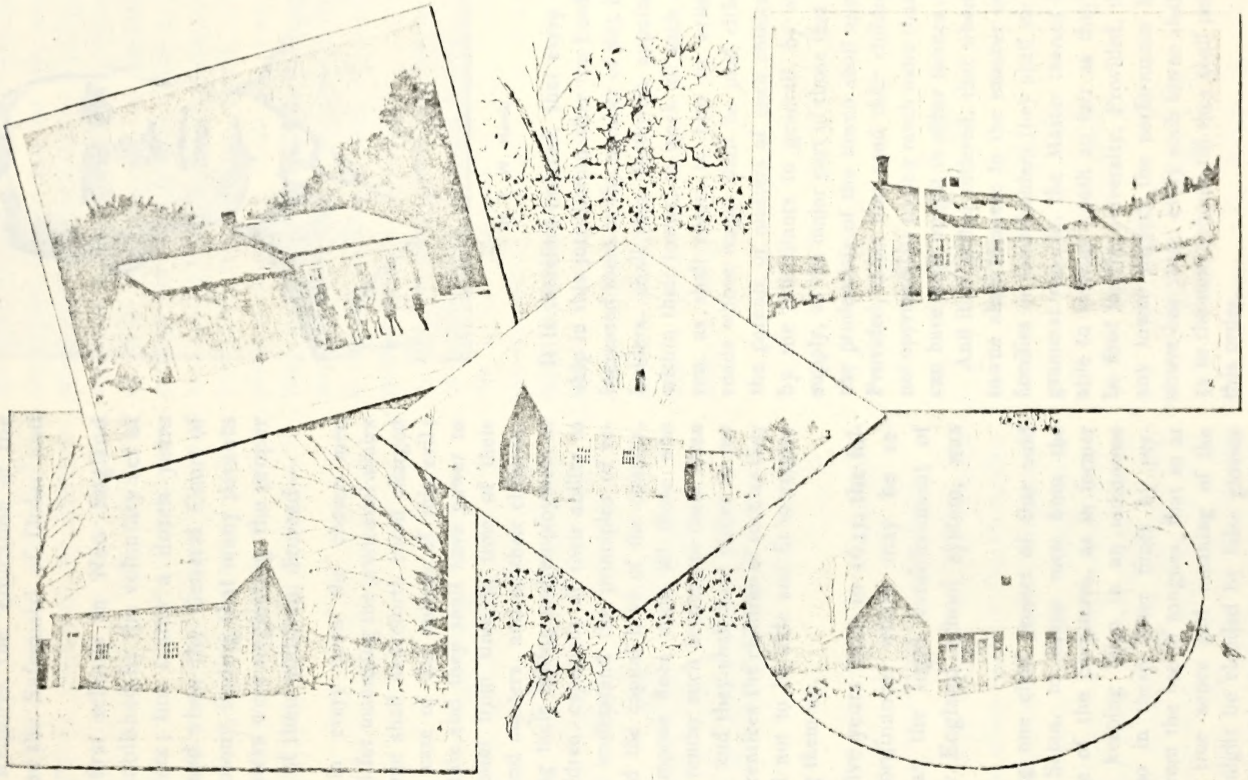


General School-room, High School Building.

for the shelter of the body, and the church for the nurture of the soul, in giving attention to the establishment of the school, in which the growing mind of the next generation might be sheltered and tended. Such primitive arrangements as the colonists found needful for the proper adjustment of the relations of man to man, in their simply organized community, were thus accompanied by wise provisions for the perpetuation of those adjustments through all the time to come. When the town meeting and the free public school were established side by side in Dorchester, there was established the great principle of universal public education, which has been one of the chief motives in New England life from that time to this;



Class-room, High School Building.



1. School-house on Beech Hill. 2. School-house at South Keene. 3. School-house No. 5. 4. School-house No. 7. 5. West Mountain School.



which in this latter day has been writ large upon the walls of Boston's newest temple of learning—"The Commonwealth Requires the Education of the People as the Safeguard of Order and Liberty."

The first schools in New England were established by the voluntary act of the settlers; but scarce a dozen years had passed when the General Court of of the colony, finding that many parents and masters were neglecting the proper training of their children, decreed—

That in every town the chosen men appointed for managing the prudential affairs of the same shall henceforth stand charged with the care of the redress of this evil; and for this end they shall have power to take account from time to time of their parents and masters, and of their children, concerning their calling and employment of their children, especially of their ability to read and understand the principles of religion and the capital laws of the country, and to impose fines upon all those who refuse to render such account to them when required; and they shall have power to put forth apprentices the children of such as they shall find not to be able and fit to employ and bring them up.

And five years later, in 1647, the following ordinance, which may be regarded as the legal establishment of our New England school system, was passed:

It being one chief project of that ould deluder, Satan, to keepe men from the knowledge of the Scriptures, as in former times by keeping them in an unknowne tongue, so in these latter times by persuading from the use of tongues, that so at least the true sence and meaning of the originall might be clouded by false glosses of saint seeming deceivers, that learning may not be buried in the grave of our fathers in the Church and Commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavours:—



Dr. T. W. Harris.

It is therefore ordered, that every township in this jurisdiction after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their towne, to teach all such children, as shall resort to him to write and reade whose wages shall be paid either by the parents or masters of such children, or by the inhabitants in generall, by way of supply, as the major part of those that order the prudentials of the towne shall appoint; Provided, those that send their children be not oppressed by paying much more than they can have them taught in other townes:—

And it is further ordered, that where any towne shall increase to the number of 100 families or householders they shall set up a grammar schoole, the Master thereof being able to instruct youth so farr as they may be fited for the university, Provided, that if any towne neglect the performance hereof above one yeare, every such towne shall pay 5s to the next schoole till they shall perform this order.

As the colony of Massachusetts Bay expanded, and the outposts of civilization advanced little by little into the

wilderness, we find that the children of the first settlers carried this great institution of their fathers onward with them; and in each new town that they established, wherever the records have been carefully preserved, we find mention of the school and the school-master. We have a right to look, therefore, among the early records of Keene, as among those of other places, for some mention of the establishment of such a school, and for the names of the earlier school-masters; especially when we re-

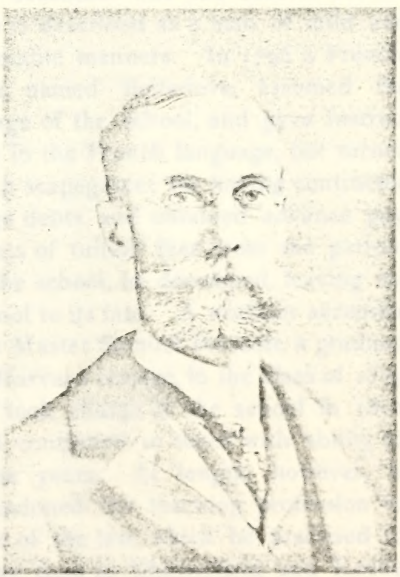


Robert A. Ray, Principal Keene High School.

member, that though Keene actually lies fifteen miles north of the Massachusetts border, yet in the earlier days of the settlement, before geographical boundary lines had been carefully surveyed, the town was supposed to lie within the jurisdiction of the province of Massachusetts, in which, as we have already seen, the education of the young had thus early become a prominent public motive.

But such is not the case. The town of Upper Ashuelot (now the city of Keene) was first settled in June, 1734; and it is not until thirty years later that we find official mention of schools in the town records. Perhaps this may be accounted for in part by the struggle which the early settlers were obliged to carry on to maintain the very existence of their settlement; for though the ground was occupied by them as early as 1734, it was not till 1737 that the inhabitants ventured to remain in the place over winter; while ten years later the perils of the French and Indian war led to its entire abandonment, and it was not until 1750 that the town was permanently established.

The first official mention that we find of a school in Keene is in 1764, when the town appropriated "£6 to defray the charges of a school." It is hardly likely that the town had groped in intellectual darkness during all the years since 1737, or even since 1750; and it seems most reasonable to suppose either that a school had been established by some public measure which has not been



Charles Henry Douglas, A. M.

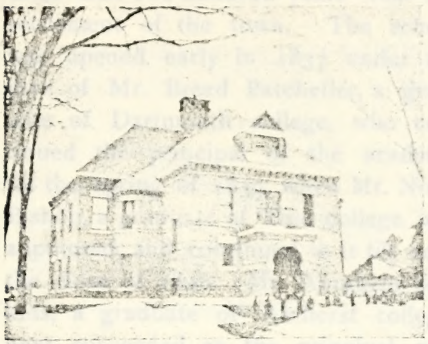
preserved to us, and was supported by a moderate tuition paid (doubtless largely in kind) by the parents of the pupils, or that such children as this struggling frontier settlement then contained had resorted to the minister for instruction in secular, as well as in godly, learning; both of which systems of education we know to have been in vogue in the more remote New England towns of that day.

In 1764, however, the support of the schools appears to have been assumed by the town. The inhabitants of the place then numbered about four hundred; but the population increased rapidly, and in 1770 it was found necessary, for the proper accommodation of the scholars, to divide the town into four school districts. Two, at least, of these districts were probably designed to provide for the outlying portions of the town; for an old plan, drawn in 1800, indicates the location of but two public school-houses in the village itself. One stood on the east side of Main street, nearly opposite the present city hospital, and the other was on the west side of Prison (now Washington) street, a few rods north of the square.

We know little regarding the teachers of the public schools of this earlier day; but the quality of the instruction provided in those schools does not seem to have fully satisfied the public ideal; for private schools flourished side by side with those supported at the public charge. In May, 1791, Miss Ruth Kidder opened a small private school, which was soon discontinued, but was reopened in the following September, the number of the pupils being limited to twenty-seven, and apparently continued, with some intermissions, for a year or two. Another well-known school of the earlier time was that known as "Mr. Newcomb's school." This gentleman, having a large family, and desiring them to have better educational advantages than the town at that time afforded, established a "grammar school," which he designed should be kept by a man of liberal education, and supported by the tuition of the scholars. This school was kept in a building on the west side of Main street, on the site afterwards occupied by "School-house No. 1." Just when the school was first opened, it is impossible to say; but it was probably not much earlier than 1793; for we know that the first master, one Peter John Ware, having given great dissatisfaction on account of his harsh treatment of his scholars, was in that year superseded by William Thurston, a recent graduate of Dartmouth college. The fee for tuition at this time was nine pence a week, "with an additional charge for those learning to write." Mr. Thurston retained charge of the school for a year or two, and then, removing to Boston, entered the practice of the law. His successor was one Master Farrar, who is described as a man of mild and agreeable manners. In 1796 a Frenchman, named Bellerieve, assumed the charge of the school, and gave instruction in the French language, but turned out a scapegrace; for having contracted large debts, and obtained advance payments of tuition fees from the patrons of the school, he decamped, leaving the school to its fate. A worthier successor was Master Samuel Prescott, a graduate of Harvard college, in the class of 1779. He took charge of the school in 1801, and continued to teach with ability for some years. At length, however, he abandoned the teaching profession for that of the law, which he practised for some time in Chesterfield and Keene; he afterwards removed to the West, but

returned in later years to end his life at the scene of his earlier labors.

It would appear that Mr. Newcomb's grammar school was not maintained very long after Master Prescott gave it up; but other private schools have succeeded it, and their presence had a powerful influence in effecting the gradual improvement of the public schools. Perhaps the best known of these private schools was the celebrated boarding and day school for girls, which was carried on for many years by Miss Catherine Fiske. It occupied a large brick house on the west side of Main street, now the residence of Hon. E. C. Thayer. This school won a national reputation for its thorough education and refined culture. Its principal was a lady of strong, dignified, and scholarly personality, whose influence in moulding the characters of her pupils was most profound. It was said that the graduates of Miss Fiske's school might be distinguished throughout the land by the peculiar stately repose and grace of manner which the training of this school had imparted to them. Miss Fiske died in 1837, at the age of fifty-three, having been, as her gravestone in the old burying-ground at Keene records, "for thirty-eight years a teacher of youth." Her school was carried on for a few years longer by her former pupils and assistants, the Misses Withington; but the personality which gave it its characteristic spirit was gone; its patronage fell off; and after a few years it was discontinued.



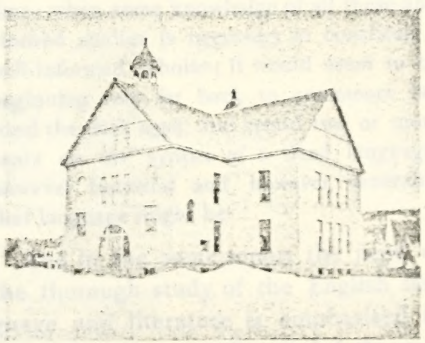
School Street School, Union District.

Miss Fiske's school had made it thus possible, during many years, for those of the citizens who set a high value upon intellectual culture and refinement (and there have always been many such at Keene) to educate their daughters well at home; but it was for a long time necessary for those who wished their sons prepared for college, or otherwise educated beyond the limits of the ordinary common schools, to send them elsewhere. A desire for higher educational advantages, therefore, which should be available for the youth of both sexes, led to a movement, initiated by the pastor of the First Congregational church, the Rev. Zedekiah S. Barstow, looking to the establishment in Keene of an academy for classical and useful learning. A subscription was raised, and a substantial brick building was erected for the proposed school, upon land belonging at the time to Abijah Wilder; but afterwards presented by him to the trustees of the institution. Among the names of the earlier trustees we find those of the Hon. Joel Parker, LL. D., afterwards for many years royal professor of law in the law school of Harvard University; Rev. Dr. Barstow, who was long secretary of the board of trustees; Dr. Amos Twitchell; Rev. Abiel A. Livermore, D. D.; Capt. Aaron Hall; William Lamson, Esq.; Elijah Parker, Esq.; Hon. Levi Chamberlain; Judge Larkin Baker; Eliphalet Briggs; and other eminent citizens of Keene, besides well-known residents of other parts of Cheshire county.

"The academy building," so the records read, "was finished in the autumn of 1836, and it was dedicated to science and religion on Christmas evening, when the Rev. Z. S. Barstow preached a century sermon; it being a few months more than one hundred years from the settlement of the town. The school was opened early in 1837 under the care of Mr. Breed Batcheller, a graduate of Dartmouth college, who continued the principal of the academy till the spring of 1839, when Mr. Noah Bishop, a graduate of Yale college, was appointed, and continued in it till near the close of 1840. Mr. Abraham Jenkins, a graduate of Amherst college, next succeeded as the principal, and continued till the spring of 1841. Mr. A. E. P. Perkins succeeded him, and continued till the autumn of 1844. He was a graduate of Amherst college. Mr. Seneca Cummings, a graduate of Dartmouth college, was appointed his successor, and opened the school in October, 1844.

Messrs. Clark, Blodgett, and Woodworth followed Mr. Cummings in the office of principal for brief terms; and in 1850 the school obtained the services of Mr. William Torrance, a graduate of Amherst college (1844), who carried on the work most acceptably for several years. The institution, however, was severely handicapped by the lack of an endowment fund, and the consequent impossibility of providing, from its small tuition fees, the number and quality of teachers needful for the permanent success of such a seat of learning. For these and other reasons it did not prosper, and in the summer of 1853 it was finally closed.

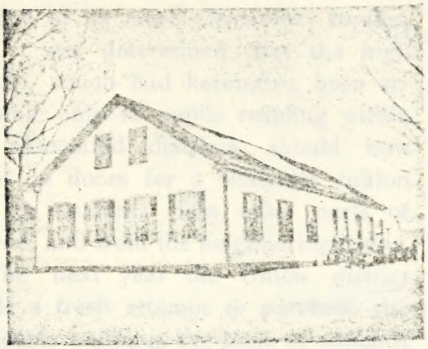
For some time the opinion had been growing in the community that education of high school grade ought to be provided at the public expense, and that the teachers who imparted that education ought not to be subject, as were those of the academy, to a religious qualification, and early in 1853 the four school districts in the more thickly settled portion of the town associated themselves together under the name of the "Associated High School Districts of Keene," for the organization and support of a high school. In April of the same year, the associated districts proposed to buy the academy building, and convert it to the uses of a high school. The trustees, however, decided that the deed of trust under which they held the property, and which provided that the land and buildings should "forever" be used for the purposes therein set forth, did not permit them legally to sell the property; they, however, leased it to the associated districts for ten years, at an annual rental of $250, in spite of the earnest protests of Dr. Barstow, whose heart was in the maintenance of the academy, and who held



Elliot School, Union School District.

that the trustees had no more right to lease than to sell it. The associated districts accordingly took possession, and opened the high school in the fall of 1853, with Mr. Torrance, who had been the last principal of the academy,

as the first head master of the school. Mr. Torrance continued in this position for a year and a half, enjoying the high esteem of the community for his scholarship and ability as a teacher, but in February, 1855, he died, at the age of thirty-nine years, universally lamented.



Washington Street School, Union District.

Mr. Torrance was succeeded by Mr. Charles E. Bruce; he, after a short time by Mr. Lucius H. Buckingham (Harvard, 1851); and Mr. Buckingham again in 1857, by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Burbank, under whose joint care the school remained until 1867. At this time the number of pupils averaged about eighty. The full course extended over a period of four years, and comprised quite a wide range of subjects, including in the first year, as will be seen, subjects now generally completed in the grammar schools, and in the last, some that are now rarely commenced earlier than the college course. For the first year the course provided arithmetic, grammar, geography, reading and spelling; for the second, algebra, geometry, history, physiology, rhetoric, and Green's Analysis; for the third, geometry and trigonometry, surveying, bookkeeping, botany, physical geography, and natural philosophy; and for the fourth, chemistry, mineralogy, astronomy, mental and moral philosophy, and the evidences of Christianity. In addition to these subjects, instruction in Latin and Greek was provided for such as desired it, and apparently the instruction in those languages was well patronized, though it appears that even at that early day, when the classics still formed the staple of our higher education, and the outcry against the classical fetich in our colleges had yet thirty years to wait for its awakening, the school board thought fit to agitate the question of the value of classical instruction in one of its annual reports as follows:

> We would respectfully suggest that parents and scholars sometimes attach too much value to the study of Latin. When the standard of a common school education demands so much as it does at the present day; when one modern language is considered a necessary requirement; when new sciences have been founded and finished, and the boundaries of the old so much extended; when such studies as physiology, or the laws of health, chemistry, perspective drawing, mensuration, surveying, geology, and astronomy are crowded out for want of time; when some knowledge of all these and kindred studies is necessary to constitute a well-informed scholar; it would seem to be beginning very far back to commence beyond the dark ages, and spend two or more years on the syntax of a dead language, however beautiful and however venerable that language might be.

And in the same report the need of the thorough study of the English language and literature is emphasized in terms that savor much more of the end, than of the middle, of this century.

The organization of the associated districts was in many ways, however, unsatisfactory, and on March 14, 1865, the four districts were united in one, thenceforth known as the "Union School District of Keene." This change

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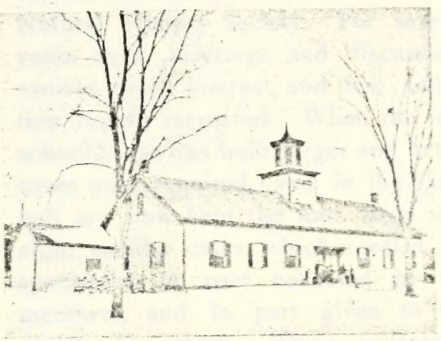
was accompanied by a number of improvements in the organization of the schools. The grading of the common schools was re-arranged and improved, a grammar school was established to give opportunity for the more thorough preparation of pupils for the high school, and to relieve the latter of the burden of its more elementary studies, and it was determined that the high school, which had heretofore been accessible only to pupils residing within the associated districts, should now open its doors for a moderate tuition fee, to students from other parts of Keene, and from the neighboring towns.

The next year the Union district made a fresh attempt to purchase the Academy building, the lease of which it had renewed for three years longer in 1863. Failing in this, the district applied to the selectmen of the town to take possession of the ground and buildings for public school purposes, under the provisions of the so-called "Concord Act" of 1859 and 1866, which was done in the following year; and the property thus passed into the hands of the Union district. Some controversy followed as to the legal right of the district to take possession in this way: but the question was decided in favor of the district, and in 1868 the trustees of the academy accepted the sum of $6,100 in full settlement of all their claims.

One last attempt was made to reëstablish the old academy. In 1872 a committee of the trustees was appointed to make inquiries for a suitable site, but the movement fell through. In March, 1873, Dr. Barstow died; and with him, the last hope of reëstablishment. He was a faithful pastor for many years, and a profound scholar. Though he could never reconcile himself to the loss of his beloved academy, he was in all ways deeply devoted to the cause of wisdom and scholarly learning.

The board of trustees still exists, however, and continues to hold the funds of the academy, which have been slowly accumulating in their hands. It is earnestly to be hoped that in good time some appropriate way will appear by which this property may be once again devoted to educational usefulness.

After the events above narrated, the town of Keene continued to enjoy a steady, though slow, growth; and with the increase in population, larger school accommodations for the lower grades



Fuller School, Union District.

became a necessity. To meet this, a second building was erected in 1867, on the School-street lot. In 1868, the Lincoln-street building, at the foot of Beach hill, on the eastern side of the city, and the Fuller school, in the northern section, were erected. In 1869, the Pearl-street building was provided, in the southwest quarter of the district, and in 1870, the Fuller school, proving inadequate to the growing needs of its vicinity, was enlarged. These buildings, all one-storied wooden structures of two rooms each, are, with the exception of the School-street building, still in use.

The present high school building

was erected in 1877. The old academy building, which had come into the possession of the district, as already described, had become very dilapidated. Year after year the board of education had urged upon the district the need of a new building, but it was not till 1876 that the district took decided steps in the matter. The old building was at last demolished, and the new building erected at a cost to the district of a little less than $50,000. It was completed in the fall of 1877, and dedicated on the fourth of December of that year. The building is a modern Gothic edifice of imposing proportions, substantially con-



West Keene School.

structed of brick, four stories high. The first floor contains four school-rooms, which are at present occupied by classes of the four upper grammar grades; though the growth of the high school itself, which during the past few years has been rapid, and which has this year increased its membership to nearly one hundred and fifty pupils, the largest number ever enrolled at any one time in its history, makes it appear probable that at no distant day the entire building will be required for its exclusive accommodation. On the second floor are the large school-room of the high school itself, the offices of the head master and of the superintendent of schools, and two class-rooms. The third floor contains two more class-rooms, and a large assembly hall, in which are kept the collections of the Keene Natural History Society; while in the attic are the physical and chemical laboratories. The collections just mentioned originated within the school. Until 1871 there was no teaching material for the scientific studies, save a few minerals used in the classes in geology. At that time the desire for something more inspired an effort to gather a collection. A case was bought and hung on the wall. It soon overflowed. As the interest increased, the teachers, pupils, and others formed the society known as the Keene Natural History Society. For several years their meetings and discussions excited much interest, and their collection rapidly increased. When the new school-house was built, larger and better cases were required; and in the large hall are now kept the four large and eight smaller cases, which contain the specimens, in part collected by the members, and in part given to the society by others. These collections are still used in the science teaching of the High school, though the society itself has long been inactive.

No more buildings were erected by the district till 1886, when the dilapidated condition of the old Main-street school (school-house No. 1 of the old days), and the growth of the southern part of the city, rendered the accommodations in that quarter inadequate, and a movement arose for a larger and better building. A bitter warfare was waged over this plan, its opponents even going so far as to seek an injunction from the courts against the demolition of the old school-house. Its advocates, however, discovering this project, lost no time,

but fell to upon the ancient structure with such vigor that ere the sunset not one brick remained upon another; and by the time the injunction arrived there was nothing left to enjoin, and no course remained but to build anew; and the convenient modern building on Elliot street now stands as the substantial result of the controversy.

The latest addition to the school buildings owned by the district is that which, while most modern and pleasing in style, and most conveniently arranged, still bears the ancient and uneuphonious name of School-street school. It was built in 1892, in the place of the two small, old-fashioned buildings which had long occupied the same ground, and accommodates classes of the six lower grades.

The growth, however, of the city, particularly in its northern part, and the present crowded condition of the schools in that quarter, especially the high school and School-street buildings, are calling in Keene, as in so many of our larger cities, for additional accommodations; and it is to be hoped that Keene may show greater wisdom in her generation than have some of her sister cities, in their long delay in providing suitable places for the education of the young.

In the outlying suburbs of the city are ten more schools, for the most part ungraded, and occupying small brick or wooden structures, such as may be seen in all our country towns. Only one new building has been erected among them in recent years; at West Keene, a neat school-house was built about 1879, for the accommodation of a graded school, which the growth of that portion of the city made it needful to establish. The other outlying portions of the city, however, have suffered the common fate of so many of our New England rural districts, and steadily declined in population. Many of the suburban schools, which thirty years ago had a membership of twenty or thirty pupils, now have but ten or twelve; and some of these schools are now closed entirely, the few pupils who would attend them being conveyed daily, at the public expense, to and from the school at West Keene.

Since Mr. Burbank gave up the charge of the high school, in 1867, it has had several principals. Mr. Solomon H. Brackett (Harvard, 1862) had charge of the school until 1875; he was succeeded in that year by Mr. Lyman B. Fisk, also a graduate of Harvard (1873); and he in 1876 by Mr. James M. Powell, during whose term of office the present building was erected. In the spring of 1877, Mr. Franklin W. Hooper (Harvard, 1875) accepted the principalship, and during his charge of three years did much to improve the instruction given in the school, especially as regards the science teaching, in which he succeeded in arousing great interest. In 1880, however, Mr. Hooper felt compelled by the prospect of greater usefulness in other fields, to resign the school; and Middlesex A. Bailey, A. M., a graduate of Wesleyan University, was appointed his successor. He was succeeded in 1883 by J. M. Mallory; and he, in 1887, by Charles Henry Douglas, A. M., a graduate of Madison (now Colgate) University, and a classical scholar of high attainments, who had for some years been in charge of a private school in Connecticut. During his six-years term of office, the school, which had made little progress for some years, underwent a steady and marked improvement. The course of study was enlarged and improved; some of the studies of the earlier years were relegated to the grammar schools, thus

but fell to upon the ancient structure with such vigor that ere the sunset not one brick remained upon another; and by the time the injunction arrived there was nothing left to enjoin, and no cause remained but to build anew; and the convenient modern building on Elliot Street now stands as the substantial result of the controversy.

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making room for others of a higher grade; the standard of scholarship was raised; and improved methods of teaching were adopted. This at first naturally caused the number of students to fall off; but this diminution soon gave place to a steady increase. Many students from the surrounding towns, who desire the benefits of secondary education, now resort here for instruction; and this number also is steadily rising.

In 1887, it was first proposed to employ a superintendent of schools for the Union district. This plan made way but slowly against the conservatism of public sentiment; but in 1890 it was adopted, and Mr. Douglas added the duties of this office to his work as head-master of the high school. The benefits of careful supervision at once became evident in the improvement of the schools. The course of study was improved; new text-books were adopted; the standard of scholarship was raised; regular teachers' meetings were instituted; a normal training course was established for the preparation of new teachers; the double promotion system was adopted to allow for the more rapid advance of the brighter pupils; besides many other reforms and adjustments, which have enabled the schools to perform their work more adequately and efficiently. In 1892 the establishment of a manual training school was proposed; but it has not yet been found practicable to carry this plan into effect. The need, however, of a school which shall supplement the intellectual education of our pupils by adequate training for those in whom the mechanical faculty is capable of high development is recognized by many; and it is hoped that the not distant future may see this important function added to the school system of Keene.

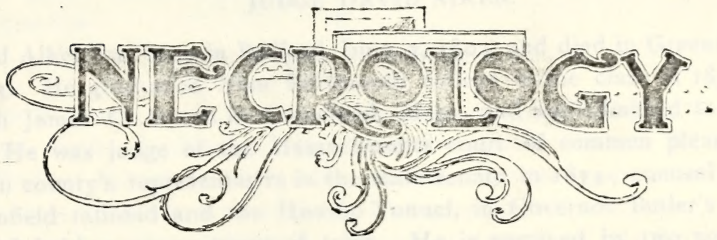
In 1893, Mr. Douglas resigned his connection with the Keene schools in order to accept the principalship of the Hartford, Conn., high school. The offices of superintendent and head-master were now separated. The latter was filled by the election of Mr. Robert A. Ray, a graduate of Dartmouth (1879), and an experienced school principal; and the former by the choice of Dr. Thaddeus William Harris, a graduate of Harvard (1834), and formerly a teacher in that university.

The effort of the present administration is to maintain the schools at a high standard of usefulness and to continue the improvements already so well begun. Much attention has been given to the convenient and systematic organization of the details of the school-room work; the grasp of the examination demon, which has been very tenacious upon the Keene schools, has been relaxed; the "Cambridge promotion plan" has been put into operation to remedy the crudities of the old double promotion system; increased attention has been devoted to nature study and science; laboratory work has been increased, and laboratory methods applied to new subjects. But in recognition of the fact that the quality and results of the teaching depend most of all upon the adaptativeness and progressiveness of the teachers, the main effort is now to put before the teachers large opportunity for self-improvement. To this end a beginning has been made in the formation of a teachers' library, and the teachers have been brought more frequently together, that they might be made better acquainted with one another's labors, that their work might be the more harmonized and unified, and that mental activity might be stimulated by the discussion of live topics. Some-

times they have been favored with addresses by specialists in various lines of educational work. The university extension movement has obtained a foothold in Keene, as some of the teachers have become interested in its work.

It is never sufficient, in any field of activity, merely to maintain a given standard of excellence, least of all in the schools. The life of the world moves forward; and the schools, whose function it is to bring the young into touch with the life of the world, must themselves keep pace with its advance. This is the desire of the present management of the public schools of Keene, and with the interest and the approval of the community to uphold them, our earnest effort is that they may be kept ever abreast of the progress of modern thought and modern life.

In conclusion, the writer desires to extend his hearty thanks to all those who have aided him in gathering the materials for this sketch, and especially to Mr. F. R. Miller, the sub-master of the high school, by whom the views illustrating this article were taken.



MRS. W. H. JAQUES.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hale Jaques, wife of Capt. W. H. Jaques, died at her home in New York on Tuesday, April 2. Mrs. Jaques was a sister of the wife of Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, and a daughter of the late John P. Hale. She was highly accomplished and extremely popular, especially in Washington society. Captain Jaques was formerly in the navy, and was naval aide to Secretary Chandler in the Arthur administration.

WILLIAM QUINCY RIDDLE, ESQ.

William Quincy Riddle was born in Manchester and died in New York city, April 5, aged 65 years. He was a graduate of Harvard, a successful lawyer, and identified with some of the leading charitable associations of New York.

HON. ASA BEACHAM.

Hon. Asa Beacham, who died at his home in Ossipee, April 5, aged 94 years, was for many years actively engaged in hotel management, lumbering, and banking; was a member of both branches of the legislature, and was for many years a director of the Great Falls & Conway Railroad.

HENRY C. GRAY.

Henry C. Gray was born in Bennington, May 29, 1833, and died at his home in Malden, Mass., April 5. He learned the trade of printer in Nashua, and after working at his trade in Keene, Providence, and Worcester, engaged in newspaper editing and publishing, for the last 25 years of his life being editor and proprietor of the Malden *Mirror*. He is survived by a widow and four daughters.

GEORGE OLCOTT.

George Olcott was born in Charlestown, July 11, 1838, and died at his home in that town, April 10. Mr. Olcott was for many years treasurer of the Connecticut River Savings Bank, and cashier of the National Bank of Charlestown; town treasurer for over 30 years; member of the legislature in 1870 and 1872; for many years treasurer of the state convention of the Episcopal diocese, and at the time of his death a deputy to the general convention of that church, a trustee of the Episcopal church in New Hampshire, and a trustee of Holderness School for Boys. Mr. Olcott was never married.

JUDGE DAVID AIKEN.

David Aiken was born in Bedford, June 7, 1804, and died in Greenfield, Mass., April 13. He graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1830; studied law with James C. Alvord in Greenfield, Mass., and was admitted to the bar in 1833. He was judge of the Massachusetts court of common pleas, 1856-'59; Franklin county's representative in the state senate in 1874; counsel of the Troy & Greenfield railroad and the Hoosac Tunnel, in Governor Butler's administration, and held many positions of trust. He is survived by two sons and two daughters.

DR. JOHN P. BLACKMER.

Dr. John P. Blackmer, who died in Springfield, Mass., April 15, was a native of Plymouth and for a time engaged in the practice of his profession at Sandwich before removing to Springfield, twenty years ago. He was a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, class of 1854, and during the War of the Rebellion served in both the army and navy as surgeon. Dr. Blackmer was prominent as a temperance worker and as a member of the Prohibition party, and was the gubernatorial candidate in several elections, first in New Hampshire and afterward in Massachusetts in 1889 and 1890.

DR. D. B. WHITTIER.

Dr. D. B. Whittier, who died in Boston April 16, was one of the prominent physicians in Fitchburg, having been in practice there thirty-two years. He was born in Goffstown, October 21, 1834, was prominently connected with all the homoeopathic medical societies, and was a member of the state board of registration in medicine. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

JAMES C. CHADWICK.

James Crumbie Chadwick was born in Keene, February 1, 1820, and died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 21. He learned the cracker baking business and first established himself at Nashua, later removing to Lynn, and thirty years ago to New York city where he was very successful until he retired, five years ago. He married Mary J. Rand of Nashua fifty-four years ago, and she survives him, as do two sons.

JOHN N. STEARNS.

John N. Stearns was born in New Ipswich and died in Greenpoint, L. I., April 21, aged 67 years. His entire life was devoted to temperance work, and he was a member of the national bodies of the three leading temperance organizations,—most worthy patriarch of the National Division Sons of Temperance in 1856, most worthy templar of the supreme council of Good Templars in 1876, and president of the New York State Temperance Society in 1875. He was a member of the Brooklyn board of education three years, county clerk for a term, and one of the editors and the publication agent of *The National Temperance Advocate* at the time of his death. As a temperance advocate he was well known in Europe as well as in America.

DR. MOSES R. GREELEY.

Dr. Moses R. Greeley was born in Hudson in 1827, and died in South Weymouth, Mass., April 25. He graduated from Dartmouth College, and from the Harvard Medical School in 1850. He practised his profession at Minneapolis for several years and at the time of the Sioux massacre at Fort Snelling was post surgeon and was an active participant. He was a veteran of the Rebellion, and since the war had been a resident of South Weymouth. He is survived by a widow, three sons, and a daughter.

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.—Rev. Dr. S. C. Bartlett's article on John Wheelock is not found in this magazine as promised, on account of its publication in the transactions of the New Hampshire Historical society, now in press.—The next number of the magazine will contain an article by Superintendent Fred Gowing of the State Department of Public Instruction, entitled "Recent School Legislation and its Effect on Existing Law."

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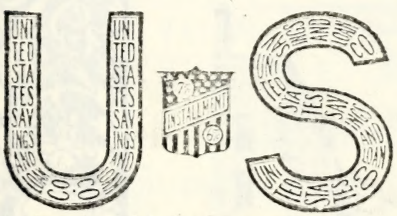
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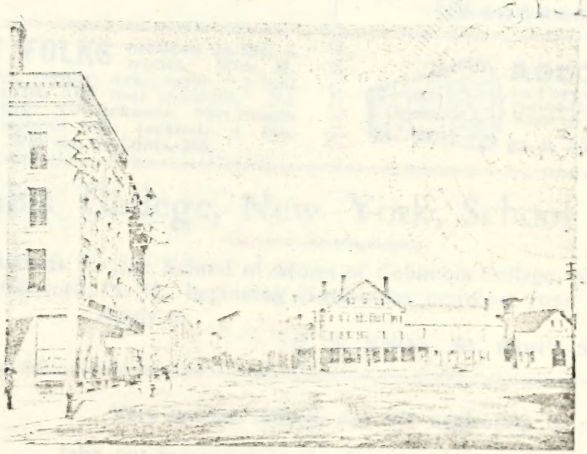
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A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



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1895

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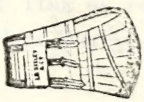
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JUNE, 1895.

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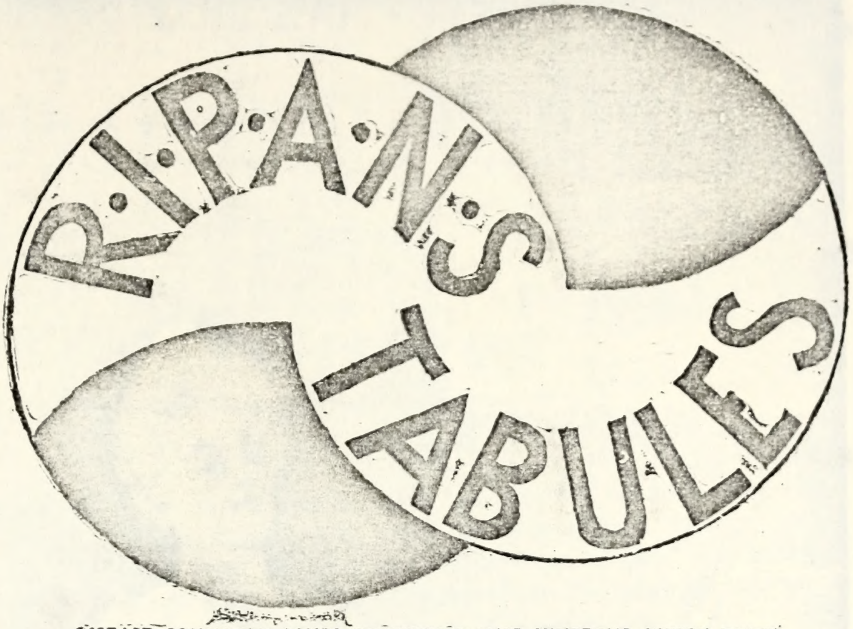
NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY 417

July Number: NORTH CONWAY, by Ellen M. Mason; RYE AND NORTH HAMPTON, by L. K. H. Lane, both profusely illustrated.

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AT THE SPINNET. See page 383.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. JUNE, 1895. No. 6.

WAR PICTURES.

[Illustrated from photographs by Henry P. Moore, Concord, N. H.]

By John C. Linehan.

IT is now nearly thirty years since the close of the Civil War, but to those grown to manhood at that time, the period since does not seem so long. To a boy, however, who was only five years old when Lee surrendered, it must seem different,—at least, that is the way it appears to the writer, for when about that age he saw for the first time a regiment in whose ranks paraded not a few who were with Wellington at Waterloo but thirty years before. It was in a town located not far from the chief commercial city of the south of Ireland. The regiment in question was on its march to the headquarters at Ballincollig barracks, and the soldiers were, in accordance with the custom of the times, billeted for the night on the townspeople.

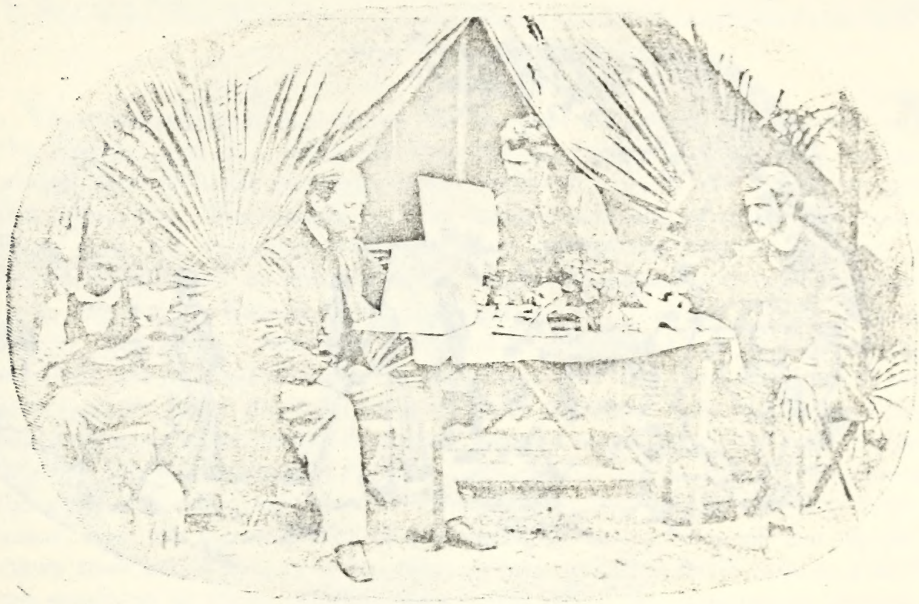
Among those thus quartered near by was a little bugler, in the gorgeous uniform of the English army, with epaulets on his shoulders, and cords on his breast. To his little five-years-old admirer the dandy trumpeter was the most exalted personage in creation.

But a short time since, upon looking at an illustration accompanying Campbell's beautiful poem, "The Soldier's Dream," the scene was brought to mind as vividly as when first witnessed nearly half a century ago. The picture, which was a reproduction of the one to be found in the old song-books of fifty years ago accompanying the poem, represented a boy bugler asleep beside a campfire on the battlefield; the sentinel on guard stood in the background, both dressed in the uniform so familiar to all born under the English flag. It needed but one look at the picture to revive forms and faces long since passed away, and whose remembrance creates a heart sickness known only to those whose love for home, friends, and birthplace finds vent in expressions of affection and devotion.

"Our bugles rang truce for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weakly to sleep and the wounded to die."

Just sixteen years from that time the boy who had fallen in love with the English red on the sturdy form of the little bugler, found himself clad in the simple but now familiar blue of the American volunteers, in the ranks of a New Hampshire regiment, which the fortunes of war and the necessities of the times called to Washington early in the autumn of 1861; and as the picture mentioned revived this almost forgotten event of his childhood, so a glance at a collection of photographs of scenes connected with the regiment, taken in South Carolina thirty-two years ago, brought to his recollection the stirring scenes of his early manhood, in which for a short period he took a minor part.

The Third New Hampshire, the regiment in question, left Concord for Hampstead, Long Island, on September 3, 1861, 1,040 strong, well officered, and with a first-class regimental band composed mainly of amateur musicians from Concord and Penacook, and led by Gustavus W. Ingalls, who was appointed band-master with the rank of second lieutenant, having for second leader the well known axle manufacturer, D. Arthur Brown, of Penacook.



Band-master and Tent-mates.

After a sojourn of several weeks at Long Island, the regiment was ordered to Washington, where it remained until the October following, when it was transferred to Annapolis, and there it became part of the Sherman expedition which a month later effected the capture of Port Royal and was engaged in the long cam-



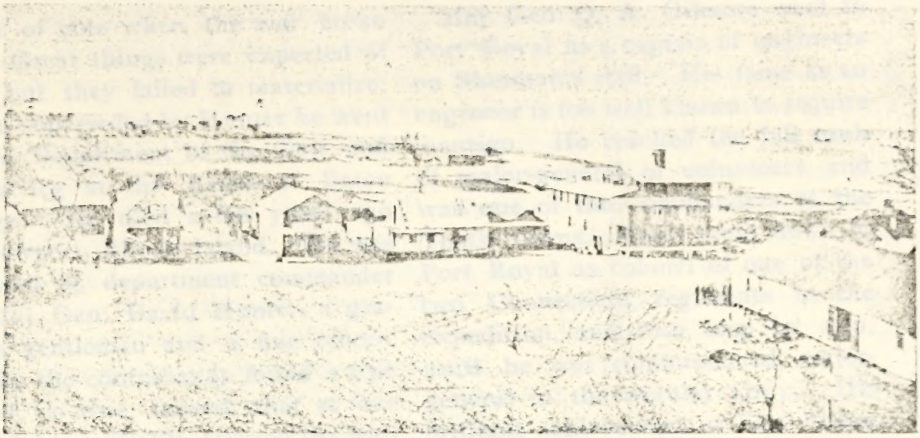
paign against Charleston, which was destined, however, to hold out against the combined land and naval forces of the Union until Sherman's march to the sea broke the backbone of the Rebellion.

In the spring of 1864, the regiment as a part of the Tenth Army Corps accompanied Gilmore to Virginia, where it remained, participating in the many bloody engagements about Petersburg, and along the James river,—including the expedition against Fort Fisher, in which it bore an honorable part,—until Lee's surrender ended the long struggle and saved the regiment from taking the journey back to South Carolina, on whose sandy shores so many of its brave boys had found their last resting places during the long, weary months they had been campaigning along the coast from Savannah to Charleston.

Early in 1862, Henry P. Moore, the well known photographer of Concord, went to Hilton Head, and the collection of pictures spoken of is a portion of the result of his labors at that time. His advent was quite an event, for his was the first arrival in the regiment from New Hampshire since it left there, and it seemed good to the boys (for boys they were then, in the real sense of the word) to see a person direct from Concord, which they had left six months before, but it seemed almost six years. He was not long idle, for all, individually or collectively, desired their "picters" taken; and it is not too much to say that the photographs of not a few who never returned are, perhaps, the only reminder of the husband, father, son, or brother who had marched down Main street in Concord on their way to the front on September 3, 1861.



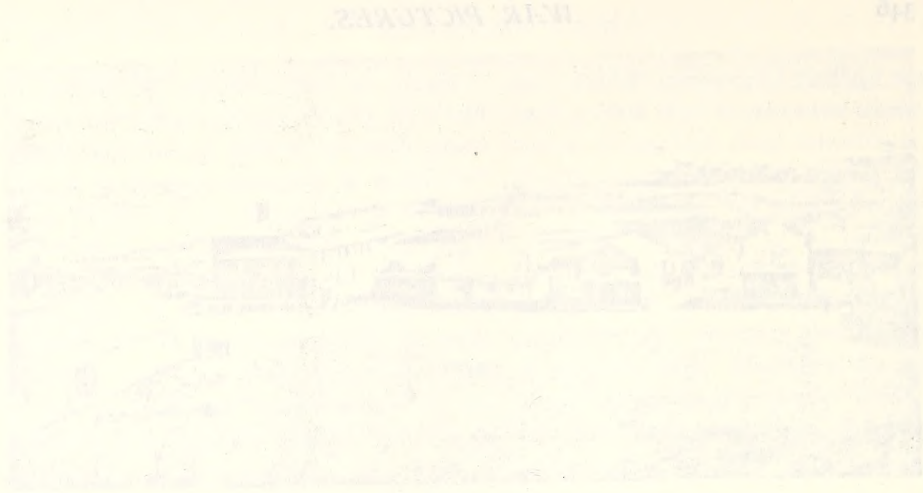
The Great Cause of War.



Hilton Head, Port Royal Bay.

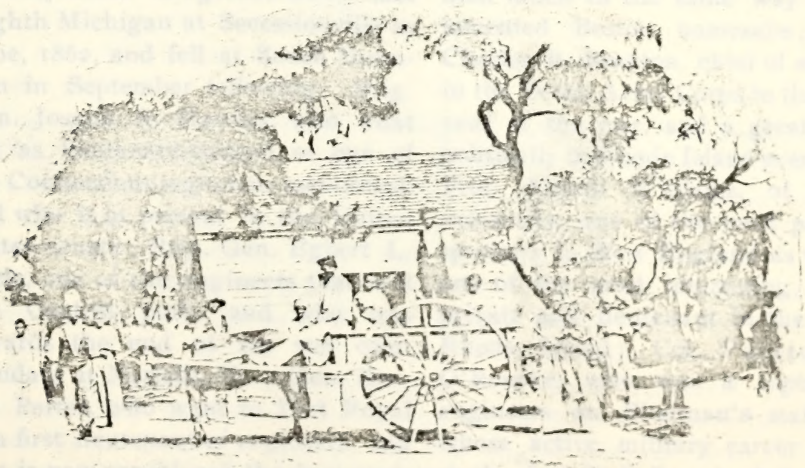
There was no lack of material for the camera, and the artist did not confine himself to the photographs of the volunteers. The vessels in Port Royal bay, the mansions of the departed aristocrats of the Palmetto state, the Popes, Elliotts, Draytons, Rhetts, Seabrooks, Mitchells, etc., who had left for the mainland on the arrival of the hated Yankee; the officers and crews of the men-of-war, the *Wabash*, the *Pocahontas*, the *Pembina*, the *Powhatan*, etc.,—all were of interest, and the reproduction of the views then taken will, in spirit, take the survivors of these stirring days back again to Port Royal, Beaufort, Fort Pulaski, Edisto island, and the Seabrook plantation, with its delightful and bewildering flower-gardens, conservatories, ponds, and parks; Jehossee island, the home of ex-Governor Aiken, where Company C of the Third was in temporary exile for a time; Pinckney island, with its sad memories of the surprise and capture of Company H; John's island, and the forced march which cost many of the boys their extra clothing and blankets; James island, the scene of their first engagement, and the beginning of the long investment of Charleston, with its sad memories of Morris and Folly islands, and the tedious siege of Wagner, a siege New Hampshire can never forget, for here fell the gallant Putnam of the Seventh and Libbey of the Third, and with them hundreds of the rank and file of both regiments,—the dead to be buried in the sand beside the hated negro, and the captured living to drag out a miserable existence in the prisons of the South, where very often death came as a merciful relief; St. Augustine, Fernandina, Jacksonville, and Olustee with its fateful memories, for here again a goodly quantity of New Hampshire's best blood stained the soil of the land of Ponce de Leon, and the Union soldiers received a rough welcome from "Old Finnegan."

There was no lack of men there either, many of whom, later, made their marks, either there or on other fields. Brig. Gen. Thomas W. Sherman, the commander of the land forces occupying Port Royal after its capture by the navy, was an artillery



officer of note when the war broke out. Great things were expected of him, but they failed to materialize. When superseded by Hunter he went to the Department of the Gulf, and lost a leg at the Battle of Baton Rouge. He died a few years ago at Newport, Rhode Island. He was followed as department commander by Maj. Gen. David Hunter, a gracious gentleman and a fine officer. In him the contrabands found a true friend, so true, indeed, that at one period his partiality aroused the jealousy of the troops who had at that time hardly arrived at the conclusion that a negro was as good as a white man. Major-General Mitchell followed Hunter, an ex-college professor and a man with a brilliant record in the Western army; but he fell before a foe more potent than even that equipped with shot and shell, for the yellow fever claimed him as a victim shortly after he had assumed command. Hunter was again at the head of the department, and was followed by Gilmore, Foster, and Terry.

Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore went to Port Royal as a captain of engineers on Sherman's staff. His fame as an engineer is too well known to require mention. He reached the full rank of major-general of volunteers, and was one of the commanders of the Tenth Corps. Terry went down to Port Royal as colonel of one of the two Connecticut regiments in the expedition, and rose, step by step, until he was commissioned major-general in the regular army. His brilliant achievement at Fort Fisher was a fitting conclusion to a long and honorable career in the Tenth Army Corps, and secured for him a prize not easily acquired by an officer in the volunteer service. Maj. Gen. John G. Foster more properly belonged to North Carolina, but he had command for a time at Port Royal. He was one of the original garrison of Fort Sumter when it surrendered to Beauregard, and if all of his associates were in possession of the same uncompromising spirit, a different story would have been told. He was a son of New Hampshire,



Happy Days at Hilton Head.



and was in the United States army from his early manhood, being severely wounded in the Mexican War. All are gone, Hunter, Gilmore, Terry, and Foster having received their final muster out.

Among others who acquired distinction afterwards, but who were at Port Royal in 1861–'62, were Maj. Gen. Horatio G. Wright, later commander of the Sixth Corps, one of the three brigade commanders of the expedition, and who possessed the love and esteem of all the men who had ever served under him; Brig. Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, who led the Adam Badeau, who accompanied the expedition as a newspaper correspondent, received an appointment as military secretary to General Sherman, went with him to the Department of the Gulf, and there met General Grant and fame; Col. Charles G. Halpine, better known as "Private Miles O'Reilly of the Forty-seventh New York," assistant adjutant-general on the staff of Gen. David Hunter, a typical Irishman, very much of the same character as his namesake, John Boyle O'Reilly, a soldier, a poet, and a genial gentleman with all the wit and versatility of his race, who



Col. J. C. Abbott.



Col. T. J. Whipple.



Maj. J. S. Durgin.

Seventy-ninth Highlanders and Eighth Michigan at Secessionville in June, 1862, and fell at South Mountain in September following; Brig. Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, who went out as lieutenant-colonel of one of the Connecticut regiments mentioned, and who is at present in the United States senate; Brig. Gen. Egbert L. Viele, one of the engineers that laid out Central park, and who was towards the end of the war commandant at Norfolk, Va.; Gen. Horace Porter, who went to Port Royal as a first lieutenant of engineers, and who is now considered the best post-prandial speaker in the world; Gen. died much in the same way as his lamented Boston namesake; Gen. Charles R. Brayton, chief of artillery in the Tenth Army Corps in the latter year of the war, and a great factor politically in Rhode Island ever since; Prof. Alonzo Williams, of Brown university, one of the most polished speakers in New England as well as one of the most interesting, was a private and lieutenant in the Third Rhode Island; Col. Patrick H. O'Rourke, who was a captain of engineers on Sherman's staff, and whose active military career began at the first Bull Run in July, 1861, and ended at Little Round Top,

where he fell at the head of his regiment, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, on July 2, 1863.

The Granite state was also well represented outside of the Third, for there were General Abbott, who succeeded the lamented Putnam in command of the Seventh; Maj. Jeremiah S. Durgin, of the same regiment, who had three sons in the service (the veteran residents of Concord will remember him as the old-time landlord of the Washington House in Fisherville); Col. Tom Whipple, of the Fourth, who died within a few years, —genial old Tom, whom his men idolized to the day of his death; Col. Louis Bell, of the same regiment, who fell at Fort Fisher in the hour of victory, and who was sprung from one of New Hampshire's historic families, and nobly maintained for nearly four years in active service the manly reputation of his ancestors; Gen. Joseph M. Clough, of New London, of the Fourth, and later of the Eighteenth, one of the bravest men the state sent forth, and as honest and square as he was brave; Col. Frank W. Parker, of the Fourth, who has acquired fame as an educator since the war, for a number of years superintendent of education in Cook county, Illinois, where his great success has given him a national reputation; Maj. Jeremiah D. Drew of the same regiment, who now resides in Lawrence, but keeps up his connection with his old comrades in New Hampshire by attending regularly the reunions at The Weirs (and no one is more welcome).



Col. Louis Bell.



Lt. Col. J. M. Clough.



Col. J. D. Drew.



Rev. D. C. Knowles.

The Third was at first brigaded with the Eighth Maine, and the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Forty-eighth New York regiments. The Maine regiment could boast of parading the largest men in line. The Forty-seventh was a New York city regiment, and whatever might be said

of their appearance they were fighters from the word go. Major Bedel of the Third, bluff, rough, and ready, was detailed to command them at one time. In him they found a man after their own heart, and in consequence his name is considered blessed among the veteran survivors of that regiment to-day. The Forty-sixth was composed of Germans, well officered, well drilled, and in perfect discipline. The Forty-eighth was from Brooklyn mainly, and was called Beecher's regiment from the interest he took in its organization. The colonel was a graduate of West Point, and when commissioned colonel of the Forty-eighth was a clergyman of the Methodist denomination. He was one of the finest looking officers in the corps. The material of this regiment was not surpassed, perhaps, by any other organization in the department. One full company was made up of students, and its captain was no less a personage than the Rev. D. C. Knowles of Tilton, the recent Prohibition candidate for governor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE MERRY, MERRY SPRINGTIME.

Hypatia, Diana, and I have been on a sketching tour through the by-ways of Strafford. Of course it was Hypatia's idea; she came in one May morning all aglow with it. "To-morrow," said she, in her own figurative and picturesque way, "we will strike our tents and be off. A far, faint blue robes the shimmering hills, the fields shine with the tender green of early summer, and all along the roadsides the gnarled and knotted apple trees are bursting into bloom."

"Ah, yes!" cried Diana flippantly, "the leaves shoot, and the bull rushes out. Strike we will!"

"My grandfather," continued Hypatia with dignity, "will lend us a conveyance and an animal to draw it."

"Will it be a buffalo and an ambulance, or a jinrickisha and a camel?" inquired Diana anxiously.

"I have heard," said Hypatia, with the air of a professor addressing a summer school of philosophy, "that very curious modes of travelling prevail among different nations, but I have never read that buffaloes have been broken to harness, or camels attached to jinrickishas Sometime," she added, turning to me, "it will be interesting to make an exhaustive, illustrated study of carriages, from the earliest records to the present day."

"Splendid!" cried Diana, "Chalk Talk by Sister Sophie! We'll hire a——"

"Diana," interrupted Hypatia with unusual emphasis, "one unalterable condition attaches itself to this expedition—all your belongings, to the last paint brush and bit of charcoal, must be ready tonight, for we start at sunrise."

"But why," remonstrated Diana. "Time was made for slaves, dear Hypatia, and the country ever has a lagging spring; let us throw ourselves into the spirit of the season, and lag also. Yankee briskness and

come-to-timeativeness are all incongruous with the artistic temperaments proper for three Marie Bashkirseffs on a sketching journey. What we should do is to set our faces, like a flint, against the eager haste and nervous intensity of the American nation, and cultivate 'Power through Repose.' In short," she added, coming nimbly down from her high horse, "let's take it easy."

Now Diana, with the soul of an artist, is, first and foremost, a mighty hunter, and does not scorn to take the field and consume unlimited time in pursuit of very small game. Gloves, handkerchiefs, tubes of paint, brushes, etc., are always among the missing when Diana travels, and Hypatia had so often been called upon to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, on these occasions, that even her serene philosophy had begun to give way. Still she only said rather vaguely, "'Experience keeps a dear school', Di, as old Ben Franklin said, and 'if you do not hear Reason she will rap your knuckles.'"

"I'm hearing her," cried Di, jumping up, "but let's not have any talk about rapping knuckles. I promise here and now, that whoever delays your grandfather's chariot wheels at the crack of dawn, it shall not be I.

And behold!—who may be seen by the first rays of the morning light, fetching and carrying and "searching her house diligently," but Diana.

Hypatia's ancestral conveyance proves to be a serviceable two-seated wagon, drawn by a tall sheep-faced horse, of a rusty red color. I mentally touch him up with a glaze of burnt sienna and ivory black. Hypatia, sitting on the rough front seat, like a queen on a throne, with Peter Paul Rubens, her pet Skye, beside her, I decide that I will not touch up, for the summer morning itself is not fairer than Hypatia in her simple flannel gown, and every hair of Peter Paul's pretty little blue-gray head shines with contentment and the best French soap.

Away into the beautiful new world of the early dawn we ride, past lanes and orchards sweet with blossoms, and fresh fields, "prime with green and starred with glory." Here and there the pinkish brown of the newly ploughed ground lies in charming contrast on the tender, glowing green, and the softly wooded hills of the middle distance melt in beautiful indistinctness into the far-away blue of the Strafford range. High above us early birds trill and thrill in floods of song. We wax poetical with the joy and loveliness on every side. "Oh, the golden world," I begin, when suddenly from the heart of a silvery-green willow, comes a song so sweet that we listen with breathless delight. Once and again it is carolled—there is a little flutter of wings—and our bird has flown.

"That's the wise thrush," quotes Hypatia. "He sings each song twice over, lest you should think he never could recapture

"The first, fine, careless rapture!"

"That's Mr. Browning," says Diana, in a finely feigned ecstasy. "I should never be wise enough to capture the rapture of some of his songs if he should sing them ten times twice over."

Hypatia, adoring Browning, and having been a president of one of his clubs, casts a glance of stern official

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rebuke upon Diana, but before she can give it voice I hastily interpose with a wondering remark upon the number of abandoned farms along our road. They have tidy little houses, for the most part, standing, in pathetic loneliness, with grass growing into the very doorways. One has neat green paper shades drawn carefully over the windows, and, through the half-open door of the barn we see an old-fashioned two-wheeled gig, leaning sadly on its broken shafts, with all its travelling days done. We speculate a little about the former owners, and wonder when they rode away for the last time, and why they rode, and where. Diana makes a hasty sketch of the little house, with its overhanging lilac bushes, which she says she shall use to illustrate a poem she means to write—"The Last Foot-fall on the Threshold."

A turn in the road shows us a fine, large mansion, in the old colonial style, which, to our surprise, is also deserted. It has a wide piazza, with a long row of Doric pillars; a drooping willow weeps forlornly over a side door, and there is a border of noble elms around the beautiful, curved lawn. We immediately people this house, after the manner of Mr. Tregg, with Uncle Parker, Mr. George, and Aunt Jane, and Diana plans a pretty Priscilla in the stately doorway, and a troop of lovers turning in at the wide gate.

"How simple, yet stirring," philosophizes Hypatia, "life must have been in the old New England days, when women had only two or three gowns each, few servants, and no bric-a-brac; and the men, with 'Nature and Satan and Indians to fight,' had no time for politics, base-ball, or bicycles. I should like to have lived then, and had a hand in bringing Freedom up and the wilderness down."

"I calculate," said Diana, "that it is nearly an eighth of a mile from the back door to that picturesque well down by the stone wall, and I have concluded that life, with water at that distance, would be altogether too 'simple and stirring' for me. I should prefer to do my Rebecca-at-the-well business with a tub of lemonade at a church fair, as we do in these days."

I consider that it is time for me to contribute a moral reflection to the conversation. "We look before and after at different ages," I begin, "very much as we look at these hills, through the purple haze of distance. If we were near enough to climb, we should either find trees to fell, and boulders to blast, or a rough, rocky path, with no blue romance about it. I believe that every age has its special, splendid opportunities. That is a fine, cheerful saying of Thoreau,—'I have never got over my surprise that I should have been born into the most estimable place in all the world, and in the very nick of time, too.'"

Diana says that these are excellent sentiments, and she would receive them standing, and in silence, if it were not for the unfavorable jolting of the wagon. For we have come to the place where, from the nature of the country, the miles begin to stand on end like those in the kingdom of Namgay Doola. Nancy takes the steep hills with unexpected dash; running rapidly down one, in a zigzag and devious way, she acquires sufficient headway to carry her half way

up the next. We decide that she is a reincarnated Arabian courser. Through fragrant, wooded passes we catch captivating glimpses of our promised land, and are wild with enthusiasm, or silently delighted in our different ways. Diana races over the high, rocky pastures with their stunted pines, and background of "heaven-kissing hills," Nancy, with a certain instinct that the journey is nearly over, strikes even a swifter pace, and Peter Paul, stirred to the depths of his being, by the beauty all around, and the sight of a squirrel flying along a stone wall, decides that he too will take the road. Hypatia suggests that we cast a critical eye upon the farmhouses along the way, that when we find one of sufficiently hospitable exterior we may alight and offer ourselves as guests for a few days. Diana says that any vague and flowery way of putting the case will not appeal to the Yankee house-keeping mind. We should say, "Here are three women, a horse, and a dog, who desire food and lodging for a few days, for which they are prepared to pay an equivalent in hard money—will you kindly take them in?"

It occurs to me that, during this discussion, we are passing desirable farmhouses, and as it is more a question of what we can get, than how we get it, I urge that we begin to appeal right and left at once. So we draw up before a pleasant looking, spacious house and advance upon it in rather formidable procession. A huge, yellow cat sits upon the wide door-step, with what appears to be a halo of blue ribbon round its moon-shaped face. Peter Paul hurries on to investigate this phenomenon, and his refined, artistic soul is shocked to the core to find that the ribbon is tied through long slits in the animal's ears. He casts a glance of deep disgust and horror upon her, and receiving in return a swift, sharp cuff on each ear, retires with loud lamentation beyond the enemy's country. Drawing nearer, we hear a flatiron thumping energetically up and down. Hypatia's knock is followed by a thump of unusual emphasis; then the approach of brisk footsteps, and a very brisk little woman indeed appears, and gives us a cheerful goodday. To her Hypatia states our case in her most winning way.

"Oh, dear!" says the brisk little woman, "I could n't have ye any way in the world; we 've got a lot of men on for the late planting, and I 'm drove to death; you 'd want us to bait the horse, too, I s'pose, and the barn 's full of creatures now; then Lady Henry would n't stand that little pup round; he 'd have his eyes scratched out the first thing.

"Dear me!" said Diana, with interest, "is Lady Henry the cat?"

"Yes," said the little woman, patting the bedizened head rather proudly, "Lady Henry Somerset. Sis, that 's my daughter, named her; Sis belongs to the 'Y's,' and nothing would do but she must have the blue ribbins in the cat's ears all the time; I do n't set no such store by 'em myself. Now," she continued, returning to a friendly consideration of our case, "if I was you, I 'd try the Widder Hiram Huckins; turn down the next lane, second house on the right hand side. She 's had summer boarders, and 's a master hand doing for strangers."

We thank her and turn away, when, with a kindly instinct of hospitality, she calls after us,—"Here!" she says, "I c'n give ye a dish of tea, and a slice of pie 's well as not, if ye say so."

Hypatia looks back undecidedly, but two pairs of dissenting hands lay hold of her wavering skirts, and, with heartiest thanks, we drive away.

"I could never stay in a house with that Feejee Islander, in the shape of a cat, not to mention the 'dish of tea' and the pie!" declares Diana.

"You must understand, young ladies," says Hypatia, "that we have crossed the pie-line, as Mr. Kipling or some one else calls it, and are now in the region of perpetual pie; so you see that sneers or jeers at this article of food are quite out of place. Besides," she continues, warming to the defence of the despised viand, "a well-made pie is a very good thing; call it a gooseberry tart, and it will be English and desirable and perhaps taste no better nor worse."

"Say no more," says Diana,—"be it ever so humble I will eat my pie henceforth as a patriot should."

The "Widder Hiram Huckins" received us very cordially. She could put us up as well 's not, she said, and was real glad we 'd happened along. She told us, furthermore, that she was expecting old man Berry from over 't the Ridge, with some pullets he 'd promised to trade for some blamed little roosters she wanted to get rid of, and if we 'd take pot luck to-day, she 'd risk but she 'd give us "brilers" to-morrow. We considered this a joyful hearing, and having cheerfully quenched our thirst and hunger on tea, doughnuts, and pie, we set forth to immortalize ourselves and the whole Strafford county-side.

Diana obtained Hypatia's consent to hand Nancy down to posterity in the foreground of one of the rocky pastures that she had set her heart upon painting. She said that Nancy would not only add just the right touch of life and color, but that she was distinctly a New England type—one of the Pilgrims, described by Saxe—"If their faces were long, their endurance was longer." She was very sure, was Diana, that Nancy's long-suffering countenance in connection with the scanty turf, grey boulders, and scrubby pines of the pasture land, would make a most harmonious composition that could not fail to win fame and dollars for the master-mind that conceived it.

I felt compelled to remind Diana of the wise old saying that "perfection does not consist in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary ones extraordinarily well." I myself sat humbly down before a little weather-beaten cottage, with an apple tree leaning picturesquely over a stone wall in the foreground. I resolved to make a symphony in brown and pink of this composition, in which I succeeded, to the lively satisfaction of an army of small boys, whose teacher, they told me, had gone to a grangers' meeting. They enjoyed my painting and my society in such a flattering manner that I could not find it in my heart to send them away, though they were embarrassingly numerous. One of them, with a polite idea of making some return for the entertainment I had furnished, brought up a few tiny fish

from the pond near by, which he offered to skin for my amusement. And when, the light beginning to fail, I conclude to return to the hospitable roof of the "Widder Huckins," they show themselves very courteous little knights, escorting me up the road, and carrying my painting traps, with the greatest pride and pleasure.

Hypatia presently joins us, coming from a lane, where she says she has found some marvellous grey-green willows—"veritable Corots,"—and as we draw near the high pasture Diana also appears, leading the much-enduring Nancy. She has tied her umbrella, easel, etc., into one of her inimitable bundles, which is fastened in a mysterious, one-sided fashion upon Nancy's back. As the two come slowly down the hill I am reminded of a Sioux squaw about to pitch her tepi on the banks of the Platte. A bright-faced lad of sixteen lets down the bars for the cavalcade to pass through, and leads Nancy into the large, comfortable barn.

A delightful odor of coffee and griddle-cakes steals upon the evening air, and mingles harmoniously with the fragrance of the pines. Peter Paul, from the safe haven of the back door, regards the "blamed little roosters" with anxious friendliness. Contentment wraps us about as with a garment.

"I could stay here forever!" says the Sioux squaw.

MY TREES.

By Virginia C. Hollis.

Along the sidewalk in front of my home, stand an elm, a linden, and two maples, planted twenty-five years ago, by one of nature's lovers. Ever since we came here, one bright, spring morning, they have been my unfailing comrades and comforters. Their first overtures towards friendship were little, furry buds dropped into my lap as I sat upon the porch, and the most enticing book could not compel my attention, for ever and anon my gaze would stray to the thickening foliage which extended like a vast umbrella over the lawn and porch, even to the windows of my dwelling. It was delightful to throw my head back and look and think. Birds built their nests there, and wakened me at earliest dawn by their carollings. One learned my name, and would pipe forth "Ma-ry, Ma-ry," as regularly as morning came. I detected this familiar sound and spoke of it to my husband, whose poetic sensibilities are dim and shadowy, and he laughed at it as nonsense, but a dear friend, to whom I had boasted of rising at a certain hour, visited us, and the next morning after her arrival remarked, "No wonder you can wake regularly with a bird calling 'Ma-ry, Ma-ry' as soon as daybreak." I could not help a triumphant look at my husband.

In the sweet June mornings it was lovely to lie in bed, my chamber windows wide open, while my trees murmured greetings and told me of

the day. Was it rainy, they swished against the panes and said, "Nice, cosy day to stay in doors and read and sew and talk with us; we are here, and the birds, twittering, twittering—no intruders to-day,—you and we—we and you, so charming!" Was it sunny, the couch could not hold me so long. "Out on the porch, out on the porch," whispered my trees; so I despatched my duties, and if there were apples to pare or peas to shell, out on the porch I took them. What have I not done on that porch? Yards of stitching on my sewing-machine, which would have been so tedious in doors, was merriment itself as I hummed in time to the whirring of the wheel. Cutting out garments on my little work-table, with such surroundings, lost its perplexities; while the irksomeness of darning socks dissolved under the charm of low benedictions from my trees, continuous, continuous.

July scorchings and August heats were divested of their terrors. More protective grew my friends, and closer I clung to them. Who would care to wander from such delightful company? Acquaintances had fled to the mountains or the seashore, but I was contented at home. The sweet seclusion suited me. Occasional drives into adjacent suburbs gave variety of vision, but I was always glad to return. Sunsets, as viewed from my porch, were glorious. I had to get lower down as the evening deepened, for my trees, as if jealous of my admiration for aught but them, impeded my view. Indeed, they seemed to have all human attributes—jealousy? Anger likewise, when September gales roused them to violent thrashings of their branches. October made them gay and worldly in their gaudy dresses; November, sad and melancholy as they were shorn of their glory. In December they peacefully accepted, as we all must at last, the inevitable shroud of white.

But, thank God, this is not the end. Life again awaits us and them: after the burial the resurrection, after the repose of January and February, in March comes the awakening, and through these months I love my trees the more. For the life is there, and it is sweetly said by Emerson, "Before the leaf-bud bursts, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less." So it is with my trees. In the time of their seeming barrenness, I think of the marvellous life within.

OH! 'T WAS THE FUNNIEST THING!

BUT I 'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.

By Edward A. Jenks.

"I 'd had a d'licious birthday! I was just 'xactly eight:
So Mamma told my Grandpapa, who came in awful late—
Soon after all the dollies and their mothers 'd gone away,
And I and Ann Maria were so tired we *could n't* play,
Although I 'm sure *he* wanted to—but Grandpapa is nice:
He said he 'd 'xcuse us this time, but he could n't do it twice!

"And was n't it the sweetest thing?—dear Mamma 'ranged it all!—
To have my birthday come in May, when apple-blossoms fall
Like great warm rosy snow-flakes all over the soft grass,
And the dandelions have to blow and struggle through the mass
To get their heads above the snow, p'cisely as the boys
Do in the winter-time, but not with such a mis'ble noise!

"So after dolly 'd said her prayers—I b'lieve I'd said mine too—
And Mamma 'd kissed me—just how many times I never knew—
And said 'Good-night, with pleasant dreams,' and tucked us all in tight
(You would n't b'lieve it! but I tumbled out of bed one night
And bumped my nose!) I went to sleep, and never knew a thing
Until, along towards morning, I heard a ting-a-ling-ling.

"Well, p'r'aps I was n't wide awake!—but I just gave a leap
Right out of bed, and left poor Ann Maria fast asleep,
And hurried to the window where it opens on the lawn—
And what d' you think I saw out there, all in the early dawn?
Why, forty hundred dew-bells rung by forty hundred elves!
Nobody heard those elfin chimes but just me—and themselves!

"I heard them ring as plain as day;—and down among the trees
I saw the funniest goings-on!—Some great fat Bumblebees,
And Humming-birds, and Butterflies, and lots of other things—
Each one before a dew-drop mirror prinked, and stretched her wings,
And combed her hair—then washed her face and bathed her pretty toes
In the little pools that nestled in some sleepy Jacqueminots.

"And then, to end their frolic—all their toilets being done—
They found a 'normous dew-drop, just as golden as the sun—
Almost as fat and jolly—which they whirled and danced around—
The skirt dance!—I know how myself!—with not a single sound
Except the cut-glass elfin bells, and the laughter of the bees
As they kicked, and bowed, and swayed, and twisted, underneath the trees.

"I could n't stand it 'nother minute—rushed headlong down the stair
Bare-footed, in my 'nighty,' dragging dolly by the hair—
My own hair flying wildly—and we joined the merry-go-round
Till the dew-drop grew so dizzy she rolled over on the ground:
'T was then the Butterfly trod upon old Bumble's sorest toe,
And the touchy thing just threatened 'sassination to her foe!

"*She always carried*—so she said—*a dagger or two for use*
In just such cases, and 't would give her pleasure to intr'duce——
But the speech was never finished, for the Butterfly flew away—
And the Bumblebee sent for a doctor—and the rest of us *would n't* stay—
And—what seems *most* inexp'cable—my Mamma 'Good-morning' said,
And I looked around, and there we were, both snug in our little bed!"

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S SEVENTH CITY.

A SKETCH OF THE ANCIENT TOWN AND MODERN MUNICIPALITY OF ROCHESTER.

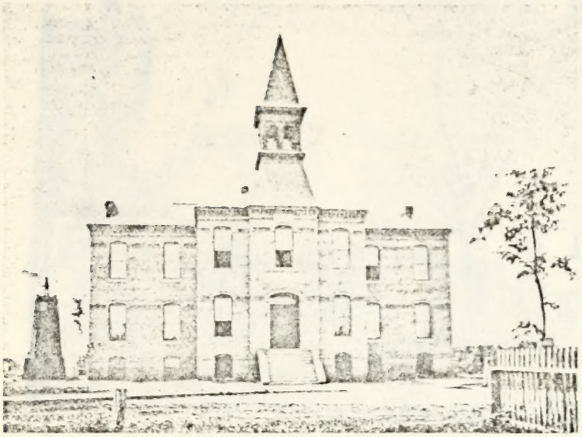
By Willis McDuffee.

"IF all the places I have seen in the East, none reminds me so much of a thoroughly typical western town as this," was the remark of a citizen of Minneapolis on the occasion of a recent visit to Rochester. It was a statement in line with numerous utterances on the part of strangers concerning this energetic young municipality of south-eastern New Hampshire.

In certain respects the same thing could be said of many places in the Granite state. New Hampshire does at first glance bear a striking resemblance in not a few particulars to portions of the great West. Its sons who have staid at home and lent their energies to the development of its resources have largely the same characteristics as have their brothers who have emigrated to distant parts of the country. New Hampshire has enterprising, thriving towns, which in point of wonderful growth and rapid development may almost bear comparison even with those far-famed regions where villages spring up from the bare plains, as it were, in a night and large cities are but the work of a decade. The large agricultural interests of our state also afford an additional instance of this similarity, and, sad to say, our commonwealth has not always been free from some of the popular fallacies concerning social, economic, and financial problems which, carried to greater lengths in many western localities, have sometimes brought disastrous results.

New Hampshire, however, has the advantage of age and experience, which tend toward conservatism and stability, and, besides possessing an attractive present, it offers an interesting field for the historian and the lover of romance. A great many of its towns and cities are peculiarly rich in their fund of legendary lore and fascinating incidents connected with the old colonial times, the days of Indian warfare, and of the struggles of the early settlers in subduing the new and untamed land.

Perhaps no place within its borders better illustrates these general characteristics of the Granite state than does the ancient town and present city of Rochester. The traveller who should to-day enter Rochester for the first time would be at once impressed with its air of business prosperity and enterprise. The large factories, full of activity and industry, which pass before one's eyes as he comes into the city by rail, the immense network of railroad tracks, covered with freight cars and moving trains, the bustle and rush at the Union station into which



High School Building.

yet Rochester possesses an abundance of such treasures, not only for the life-long resident and him who takes pains to hunt for them, but even for the casual reader. Its history, begun years ago by the late Franklin McDuffee, and completed after his death by his college classmate, Rev. Silvanus Hayward, under the direction of Mr. McDuffee's father and family, is one of the most fascinating local histories ever written, and is of great interest.

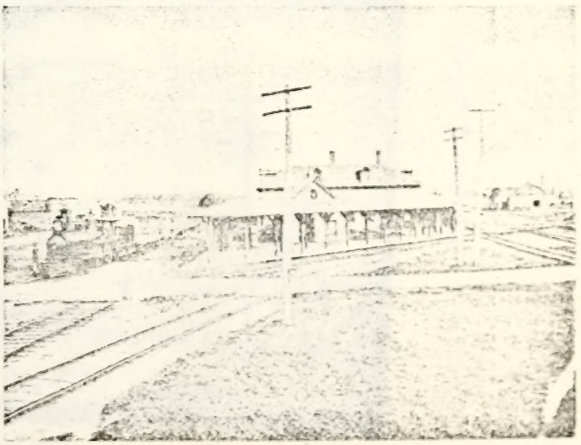


Rochester, from the side of Haven's Hill.

run four different railway lines, the business streets alive with traffic, the large and handsome stores crowded with shoppers, — all this presents to one's mind a picture of present activity, a flourishing little municipality still in the first vigor of its youth, destined perhaps for great things in the future.

There is little in such an introduction suggestive of interesting historical associations, of quaint characters, of romantic episodes, and of valuable relics connected with the days before the Revolution. And

The original town of Rochester was located, not on the broad plain where



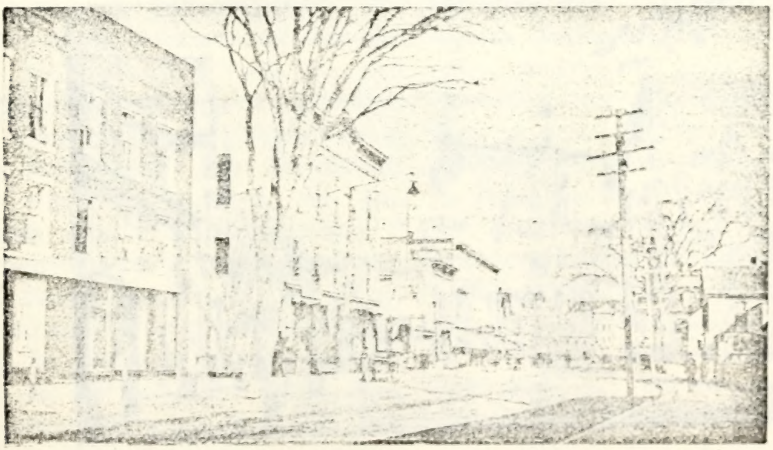
Union Station—Junction of Four Railroads.



Main Street, from Central Square, previous to 1868.

the present city stands and which adds much to that western appearance already spoken of, but on the summit of a long, gently sloping hill some two miles below the present site. It was a most suitable spot on which to found a new settlement in those early days of the eighteenth century. Not only did its commanding position and its wide view of all the surrounding country provide security against a lurking foe, but the grand prospect which its situation afforded was well calculated to give encouragement and inspiration to the sturdy colonists in their struggles against such overwhelming odds.

Towards the south-east arose the full, blue outline of Agamenticus, the historic old mountain which overlooked the Maine settlement of that name, afterwards changed to York, a famous place in those days and one which has since furnished much material for the romancer and the historian. A few miles south was the town of Dover, from which many of these settlers had come, visible from



Upper Main Street.







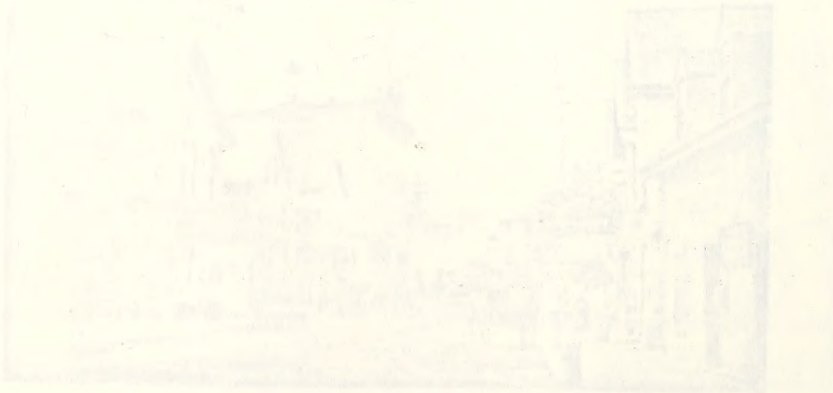
Wakefield Street, from Central Square.

an adjoining summit only about a quarter of a mile distant and affording a certain sense of companionship and safety to the isolated inhabitants so beset with dangers on every hand. Towards the southwest they could see the peculiar outlines of the Pawtuckaways, and in the east was visible the triple-peaked Bauneg Beg, mountains now renowned for their beauty and their Indian associations. And looking north, across the broad stretch of beautiful wooded valley, through a gap in the nearer hills, they might behold in a clear day the gleaming side of the King of the White hills himself, Mt. Washington, as well as some of his neighbors in the Presidential range. It was altogether a scene to appeal strongly to these rugged and indomitable spirits, and to give them strength and courage.

Rochester was incorporated as a town in 1722, but nine towns in the state being of earlier date. It was not, however, until some years later that it was actually settled. The first settler was probably Capt. Timo-



Hanson's Street.





Mayor R. V. Sweet.

thy Roberts of Dover, who moved his family here in 1728, although his claim to this distinction has been disputed. The town may be said to have been fairly started in 1730, when it was voted to build a meeting-house, the church in those days being always the heart of the town, and the histories of church and state being closely bound together. This church was built in the following year.

Rev. Amos Main was the first pastor. He was born in York, Me., and in ruggedness of character, plainness and force of speech, faithfulness to duty, and influence over the community where he labored, he was scarcely inferior to that minister of his native town, so famous in literature, Parson Moody. He was a physician, as well as preacher, and his work in this line sometimes called him as far away as Wells, Rye, Greenland, Dover, Durham, and other neighboring places. Parson Main died in Rochester, after twenty-three years of ministry, and his remains lie in the old burying-ground at the top of the hill, beside the spot where his church used to stand.

From the time when the church was fairly started Rochester grew and prospered. Its citizens were sturdy, energetic, and patriotic. For nearly



Postmaster C. W. Bickford.

twenty years after the settlement of the town there were, fortunately, no serious Indian disturbances. But when occasion did arise for soldiers Rochester men were found good fighters and, after the Indians were subdued, the town was not backward in doing its share toward defending the colonists' liberties, against the trained armies of the mother country.

Many fascinating incidents there are connected with the Indian warfare carried on by Rochester citizens, and their part in the Revolution, which might be told, did not lack of space forbid. One of the sturdiest and most skillful of fighters, and one

who likewise was most influential in the civil affairs of the town and the state, was Col. John McDuffee, whose family was among the earliest settlers in the town. He was a lieutenant in the Earl of Loudon's expedition against Crown Point, held a similar commission in William Stark's company of Rangers, was engaged in the siege of Louisberg, commanded a detachment under General Wolfe at the attack on Quebec, and was active in the Revolution, besides holding all sorts of civil offices.

One incident in Colonel McDuffee's life shows his independence and force of character, and serves as an illustration of the stern stuff which the men of that day were made of. Governor Wentworth had become incensed at some remark of Colonel McDuffee's which had come to his ears, for the colonel was a man whose words had weight. Accordingly the governor despatched a courier to the colonel's house with a note, demanding satisfaction on the field of honor. The courier was shown into Colonel McDuffee's presence, and delivered his message. As he read it an awful cloud settled over the colonel's stern features. Rising to the full height of his six feet, two inches, he faced the trembling messenger. With one stalwart arm he pointed to the door and in tones of thunder he shouted, "D——n you, you start your boots." The invitation did not have to be repeated, and the colonel was never troubled thereafter with challenges.



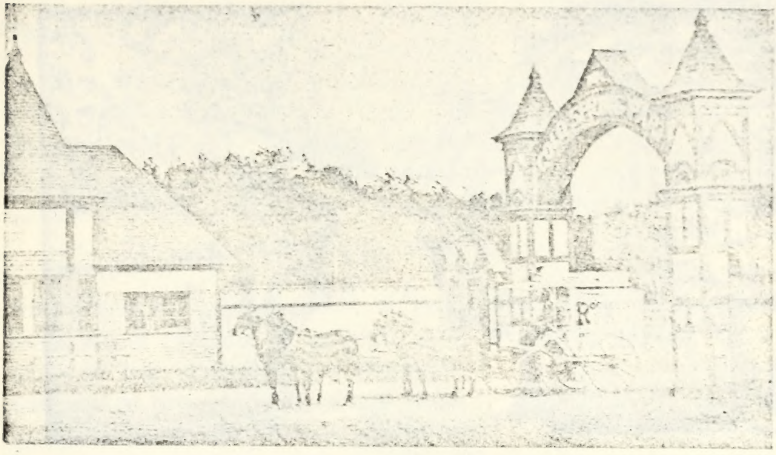
Charles Greenfield.

Among the other names of Rochester men enlisted in His Majesty's service during the Indian wars were Daniel Alley, John Copp, Jr., Jabez Dame, Ensign Wm. Allen, William Berry, Ichabod Corson, Gershom Downs, Eleazer Rand. Hon. John Plummer, Deacon James Knowles, Dr. James Howe, Parson Haven, and others were leading citizens during the Revolutionary period. Among

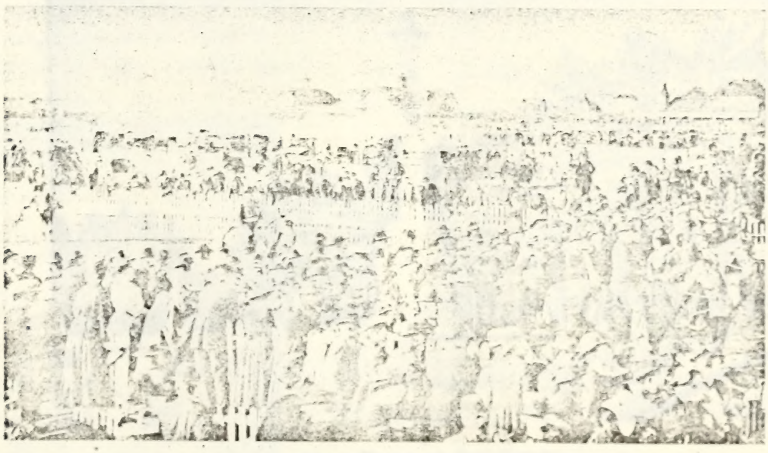


Benjamin W. Ball.

the still familiar names of soldiers in the Continental army from Rochester were those of Pearl, Heard, Place, Foss, Downing, Chamberlin, Chesley, Cook, Ricker, Rollins, Watson, Palmer, Ham, Horn, Rogers, Wingate, which formerly watched over it has long since departed. Within this church-yard repose the remains of many of these founders of the town. Some have monuments above their graves, with inscriptions thereon, the



Entrance to Fair Grounds.



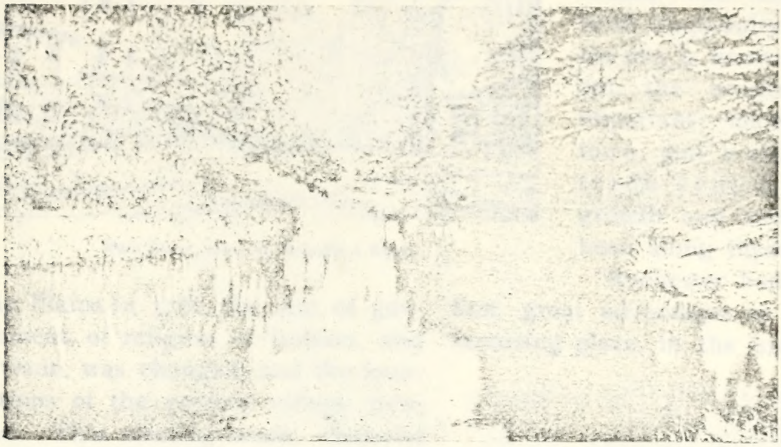
Scene on the Fair Grounds, 1894.

Durgin, Doe, Shaw, Ellis, Allen, Sargent, Smith, Peavey, Coffin.

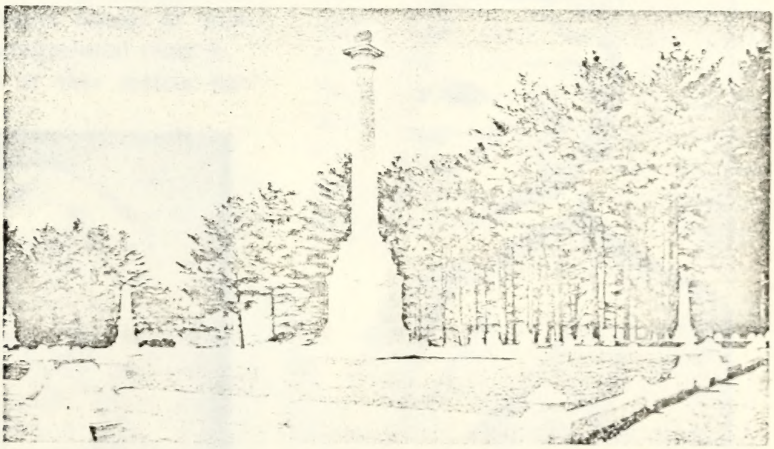
There are today on Haven's hill several relics of the original settlement. The burying-ground still remains almost at the very summit of the hill, although the old church oldest one now legible bearing the date of 1752. Other graves are marked simply with rough stones, or with nothing but mounds of earth, although they contain what is left of the mortal parts of many as brave and sturdy heroes, and as true men,



as any that New Hampshire ever owned as citizens. Less fortunate than some of their neighbors, their names are perhaps forgotten, or at least the exact location of their final resting place is lost. They sleep just as peacefully, however. Their work was well and faithfully done, and its results will endure as long as does the world.



Scene on the Cocheco River.



Adams Monument, New Cemetery.

On this hill also stands the first parsonage house, built in 1760. The cellar and well of the old Wolfe tavern, the first Rochester hostlery, still remain. This inn was kept by Stephen Wentworth, a relative of Governor Wentworth, who often stopped here. It was the scene of many important events, including the recruiting of soldiers for the Revolutionary army. An old block-house, that formerly stood on the hill, is at present a portion of a dwelling near its original location.

With the division of the parish and the erection of a new church on Nor-





Main Street, showing McDuffee's Block.

bid our dwelling longer on these early days of the town, interesting as the subject is. At the beginning Rochester, like all other New Hampshire towns, was an agricultural community. To-day the city is known throughout the country as an important manufacturing town, and a railroad and trade centre, and its growth and success have been along these lines.

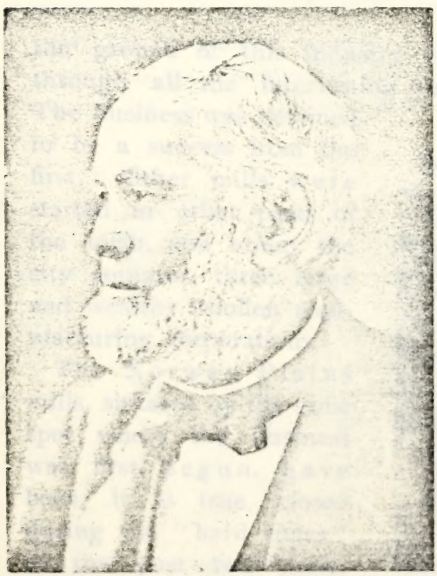
Rochester had from the first great advantages as a manufacturing place, in the water power of the Cocheco and Salmon Falls rivers here. These were soon utilized for saw-mills and grist-mills, and as early as 1788, the beginnings of the present industrial importance were made by the establishment of a fulling mill by Jabez

way Plains in 1780, the seat of government, of religion, of fashion, and of trade, was changed, and the foundations of the present village were laid. This meeting-house, removed from its original location, and many times remodelled, enlarged, and beautified, is the present house of worship of the Congregational church.

But the limits of this article for-



Dominicus Hanson.



The late John McDuffee.

Dame and Col. John McDuffee, on the present site of the Norway Plains Upper Mill. In 1811 a carding machine was introduced by Eliphalet Horne, and thus was started the woollen manufacturing business here. It is impossible in this article to trace



Hon. James Farrington.



Charles B. Gafney, Esq.

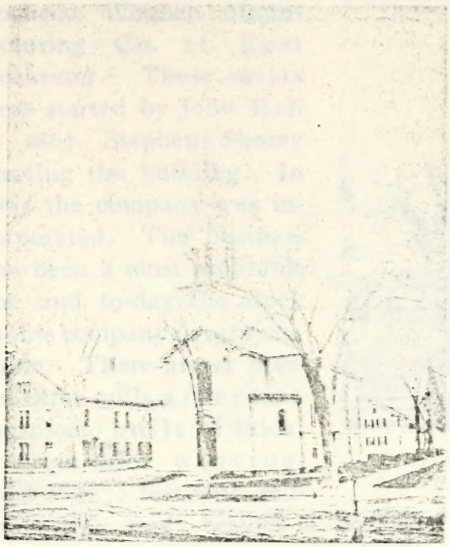
the growth of this industry down through all the intervening years. The business was destined to be a success from the first. Other mills were started in other parts of the town, and to-day the city contains three large and wealthy woollen manufacturing corporations.

The Norway Plains mills, situated on the same spot where the business was first begun, have been, it is true, closed during the "hard times" of the past two years. From the incorporation of the company, however, in 1846, up to within a few years, its business had been a most successful one. The plant, from its small beginnings, has grown to one of the finest to be found anywhere, the money invested in it being $250,000. This valuable plant, with its fine brick buildings, improved machinery, and excellent water power, supple-



The old Colonel McDuffee Mansion.





Congregational Church.

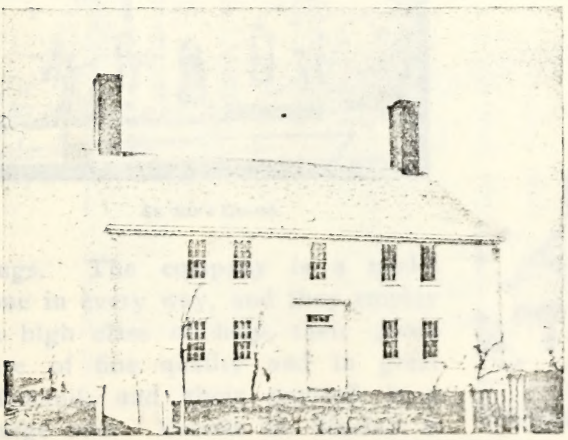
mented with steam, is bound to be again utilized in the very near future.

The second woollen factory to be developed in the town was that of the Gonic Manufacturing Co., situated at the village of Gonic or West Rochester, about two miles below the centre of the city. As a producer of woollen goods for the general market it dates back to 1838. The present mills were started by N. V. Whitehouse. In 1859 the company was incorporated, among the stockholders being Parker, Wilder & Co., who are the present owners. The property includes today as handsome and convenient a set of brick buildings for their purpose as any in the country,



Methodist Episcopal Church.

the grounds and everything about the place being made to present a most neat and attractive appearance. The machinery is of the latest and nearest perfect pattern, and the goods turned out, which are largely for women's wear, are of a high grade, and have an excellent reputation in the markets of the country. The value of their product is nearly half a million dollars yearly. Stephen C. Meader is the local agent.



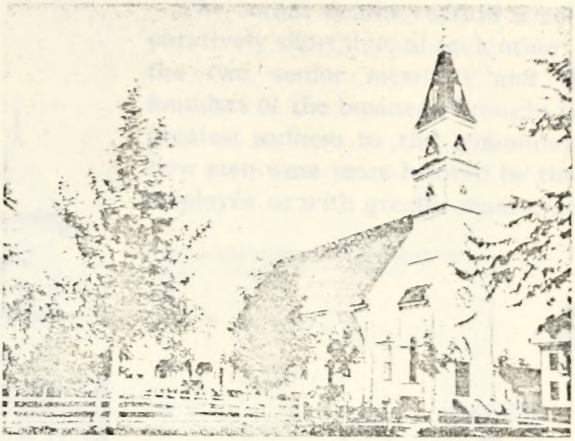
The First Parsonage, Haven's Hill.

Parker, Wilder & Co. are also interested in the

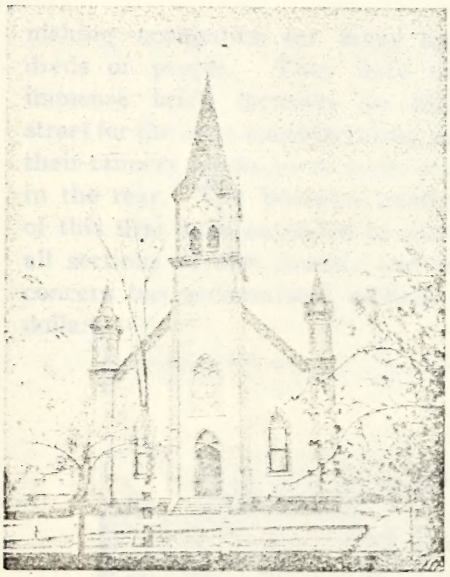




Cocheco Woollen Manufacturing Co. at East Rochester. These mills were started by John Hall in 1862, Stephen Shorey erecting the building. In 1863 the company was incorporated. The business has been a most profitable one and to-day the stock in this company is very valuable. There are at present three mills, a fine count ing-room, built of brick, a large brick weaving-shed 168x72 feet with self-supporting roof, besides a box-factory, planing-mill, and other buildings. The company is a model one in every way, and they employ a high class of help, their goods are of fine quality and in great demand, and their pay-roll is a large one. Everett M. Sinclair is the present agent.



St. Mary's Church and Parochial Residence.



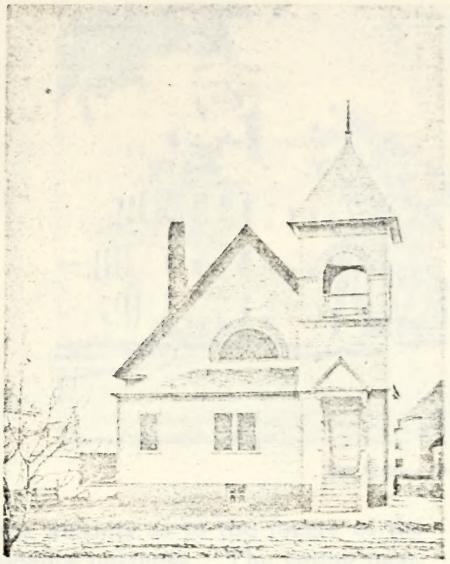
St. Ann's Church.

The main stay of the city of Rochester, however, is the shoe and leather manufacturing concern of E. G. and E. Wallace. From most modest beginnings, when the firm was founded in 1858, employing six or eight hands, it has grown to be one of the largest of its kind in the world, manufacturing shoes, as well as tanning, which was the original business, and fur-



True Memorial Church—Free Baptist





Advent Church.

nishing occupation for many hundreds of people. They have two immense brick factories on Main street for the shoe manufacturing, and their tannery works cover many acres in the rear. The business interests of this firm have extended to nearly all sections of the country and the concern has accumulated millions of dollars.

The recent deaths, within a comparatively short time of each other, of the two senior members and the founders of the business, brought the greatest sadness to the community. Few men were more beloved by their employés or with greater reason, and



Church of the Unity.

everybody recognized what they had done for Rochester. There was also

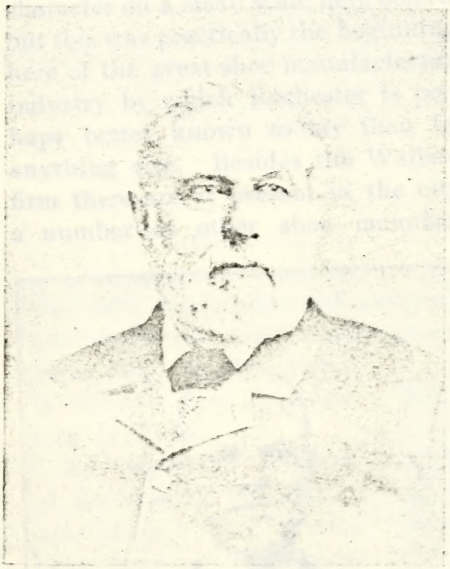


Odd Fellows' Block.



The Wallace Shoe Factories.

some anxiety as to the future of the immense business. The young men,



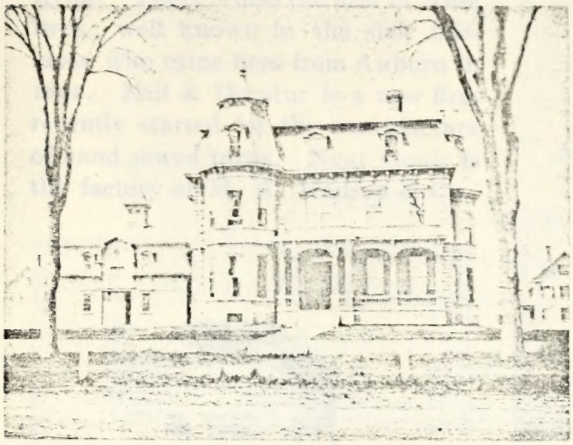
The late Edwin Wallace.

however, Messrs. Albert, Sumner, and George Wallace, had long been connected with the business and understood its management thoroughly. Recent developments have proved their purpose to continue it on its present large scale. A magnificent electric power plant has just been constructed for the running of all their machinery and for lighting. It is undoubtedly the finest power plant of its kind in the state and was put in at a large cost.

It was certainly an era in the town's history when the Wallaces began the manufacture of shoes, to create a demand for their own leather, at the



The late E. G. Wallace.

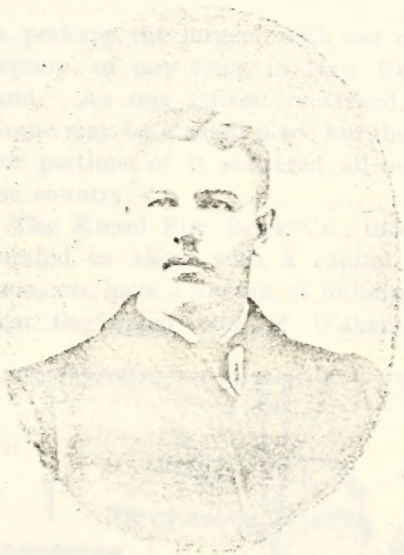


Residence of George E. Wallace.

beginning of the Civil war. There had been some business of a similar character on a small scale here before, but this was practically the beginning here of the great shoe manufacturing industry by which Rochester is perhaps better known to-day than by anything else. Besides the Wallace firm there are at present in the city a number of other shoe manufactories. There are two large factories at East Rochester, both of which were built by the citizens. The first was erected in the fall of 1873 at a cost of $8,688.73. The second cost some $16,000, is a model and modern shop with every convenience. Both are occupied at present by the Mudge Shoe Co., many citizens having small holdings of the stock. The manager is Mr. John D. Fogg, who has long been the most prominent figure in the shoe business at East Rochester. A large and profitable business is being done at present.



Albert Wallace.

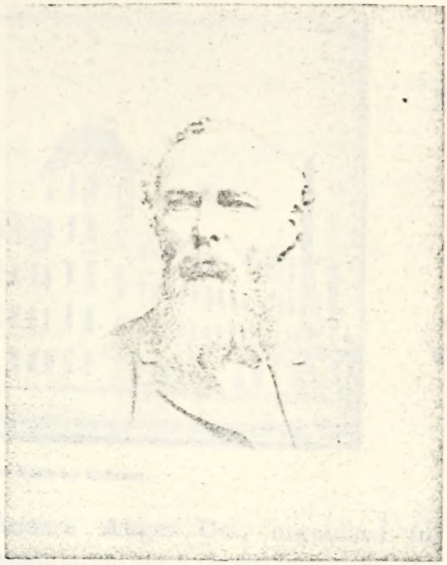


George E. Wallace.

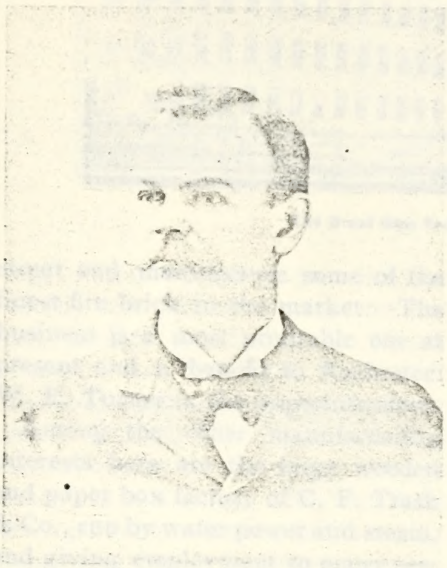
In Rochester proper there is the large shop, 200 feet long and four stories high, built by the citizens recently, at a cost of some $21,000, and occupied by Francis W. Breed of



Lynn. There is also the firm of Nute Bros., well known in the shoe business, who came here from Auburn in 1892. Hill & Decatur is a new firm recently started for the manufacture of hand sewed turns. Near Gonic is the factory of M. A. Hanson & Co.,



Hon. Charles S. Whitehouse.

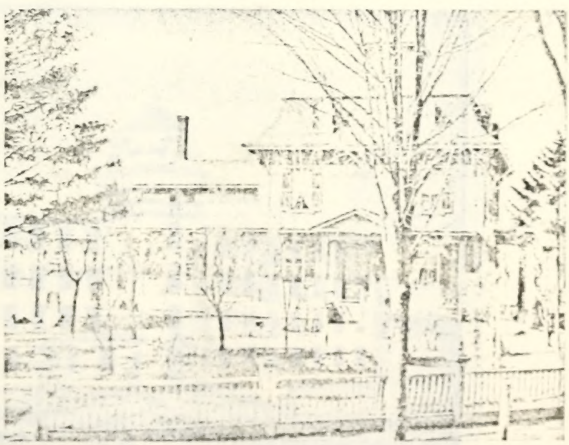


Sumner Wallace.

who do a comfortable and prosperous business in this line. Steps are now being taken by the citizens to build a new shoe factory at Gonic.

An important industry of Rochester is brick manufacturing. Two yards have been in continuous operation for more than a century, and to-day at Gonic there are about a dozen yards with an annual output of over thirty million brick. This is a larger brick product than any other town in New Hampshire can show, and is, perhaps, the largest, with one exception, of any town in New England. As one citizen remarked,—Gonic may be a small place but there are portions of it scattered all over the country.

The Kiesel Fire Brick Co., incorporated in 1889, with a capital of $200,000, have a fine set of buildings near the upper end of Wakefield



Residence of Hon. C. S. Whitehouse, Gonic.



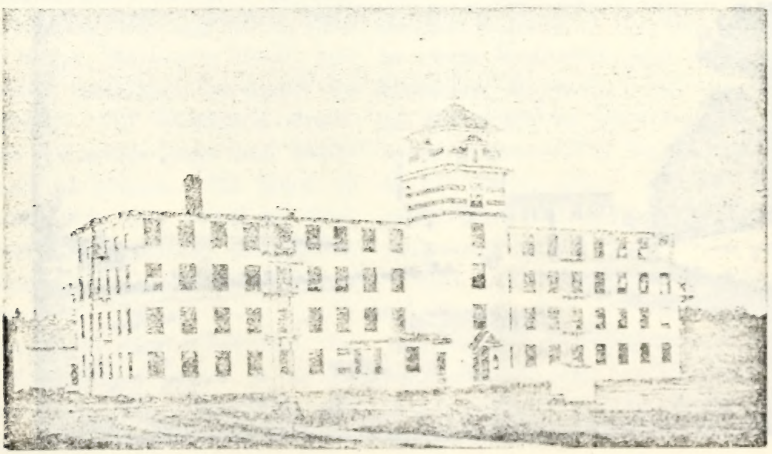


The Breed Shoe Factory—Built by Citizens.

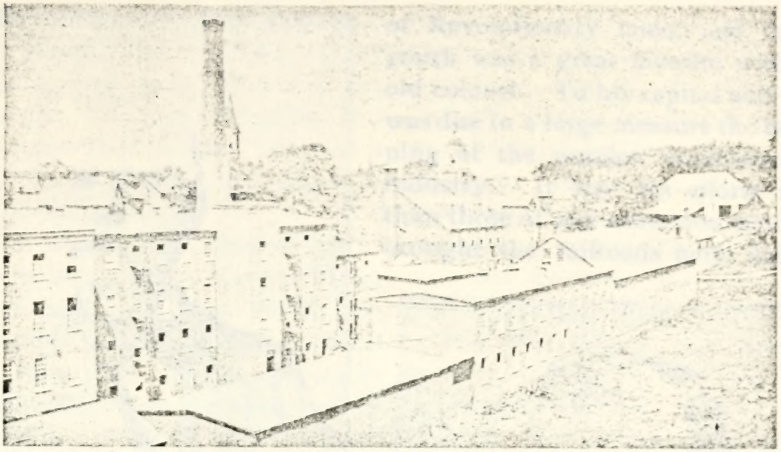
street and manufacture some of the finest fire brick in the market. The business is a most profitable one at present and a benefit to Rochester. W. E. Turner is the superintendent.

Among the other manufacturing interests here are the large wooden and paper box factory of C. F. Trask & Co., run by water power and steam, and giving employment to many persons, the box-factory and saw mill of George O. Richards, Thompson's box shook factory, Corson & Knox's saw mill at East Rochester, the Pearl Square Auger Co., organized for manufacturing a recent invention of a Rochester citizen, an auger for boring a square hole, the ax-handle factory of Capt. E. F. Smith, C. A. Davis's candy factory, and several cigar manufacturing firms.

An era in the business development of Rochester, scarcely second in importance to the introduction of manufacturing, was the advent of steam railroads. The first regular trains were run into the town over the Great Falls & Conway railroad, March 6,



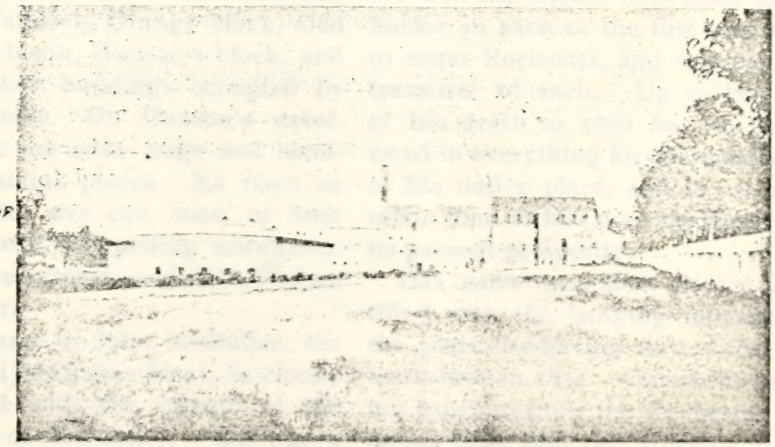
The Mudge Shoe Factory East Rochester—Built by Citizens.



Norway Plains Mills.

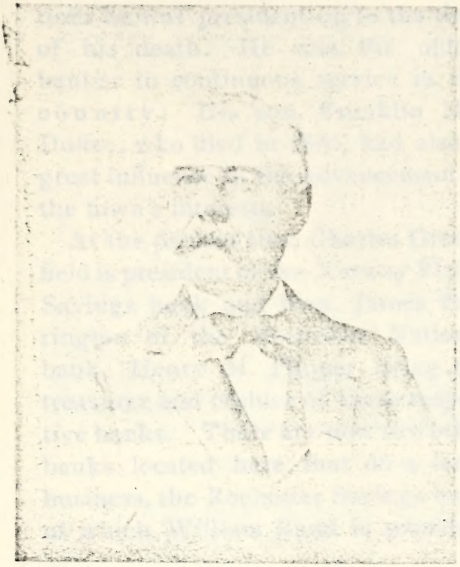
1849. To-day there are four different railway lines that meet here,—the one just named, the Dover & Winnipiseogee, the Worcester, Nashua & Rochester, and the Portland & Rochester,—making this city the greatest railway centre in the state, with the exception of Nashua. The first three are a part of the Boston & Maine system and all have important connections. As many as fifty trains arrive at and depart from the Union station daily, and the yard presents a busy appearance at almost any hour.

With such railroad facilities Rochester could scarcely fail to become an important place in the way of trade. The year 1868 was an epoch in the town's history in this particular. It was in that year that McDuffee block, the first business block of any pretensions, was erected. This building was built of brick and was one of the best and most substantial in the state at that time. To-day it is a fine specimen of that sort of architecture and is still the principal block of the city. From the time of its erection Roches-



Cocheco Woollen Mills, East Rochester.

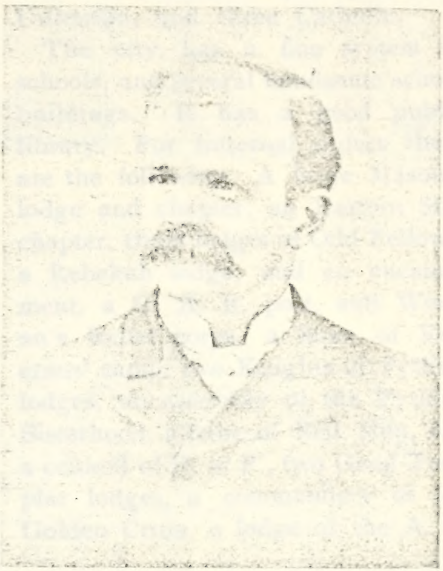




Capt. A. W. Hayes.

ter grew and prospered in its business, gradually taking the trade from the northern country that formerly went below to Dover and Somersworth, until to-day it is second to no place in south-eastern New Hampshire as a trade centre. On Main street now there are three large blocks owned by Ezekiel Wentworth, fine brick blocks owned by Capt. A. W. Hayes and Charles S. Barker, Salinger's block, Grange block, Odd Fellows' block, Hanson's block, and many other buildings occupied by single stores. On Hanson's street, too, there are some large and handsome business places. No town or city of its size can boast of finer stores, more enterprising merchants, or a more extensive retail trade than Rochester.

The name of John McDuffee, the builder of McDuffee block, is closely connected with the growth of the business of Rochester. He was a grand-nephew of Col. John McDuffee of Revolutionary fame, and in his youth was a great favorite with the old colonel. To his capital and work was due in a large measure the beginning of the woollen manufacturing industry. It was his efforts more than those of any other one man that brought the railroads here, and he



Henry M. Plumer.

had money invested in all of them. He was the largest individual stockholder in each of the first two roads to enter Rochester, and was the first treasurer of each. Up to the day of his death in 1890 he was interested in everything for the upbuilding of his native place, and to no man more than to him does the place owe its present prosperity.

His name was most closely identified with the banking interests of the place, he having started the first bank here in 1834. Out of his banking business grew the Rochester National bank and the Norway Plains Savings bank, of both which institu-

tions he was president up to the time of his death. He was the oldest banker in continuous service in the country. His son, Franklin McDuffee, who died in 1880, had also a great influence in the advancement of the town's interests.

At the present time Charles Greenfield is president of the Norway Plains Savings bank and Hon. James Farrington of the Rochester National bank, Henry M. Plumer being the treasurer and cashier of these respective banks. There are now two other banks located here that do a large business, the Rochester Savings bank of which William Rand is president



A. S. Parshley.

and S. D. Wentworth treasurer, and the Rochester Loan and Banking Co., Sumner Wallace president and John L. Copp cashier.

There is much more that might be written regarding the development of Rochester in these and other directions. Socially, educationally, and religiously, it has many advantages. In the same year that McDuffee block was built, the M. E. church was erected. It is a handsome and substantial brick edifice, the largest in the city. There are altogether in Rochester fifteen churches, one Congregational, two Methodist, four Baptist, two Friends', two Advent, one Unitarian, and three Catholic.

The city has a fine system of schools, and several handsome school buildings. It has a good public library. For fraternal orders there are the following: A large Masonic lodge and chapter, an Eastern Star chapter, three lodges of Odd Fellows, a Rebekah lodge, and an encampment, a G. A. R. post, and Woman's Relief corps, a Sons of Veterans' camp, two Knights of Pythias lodges, an assembly of the Pythian Sisterhood, a tribe of Red Men, and a council of D. of P., two Good Templar lodges, a commandery of the Golden Cross, a lodge of the A. O.



Ex-Mayor O. A. Hoyt.





Residence of H. L. Worcester.

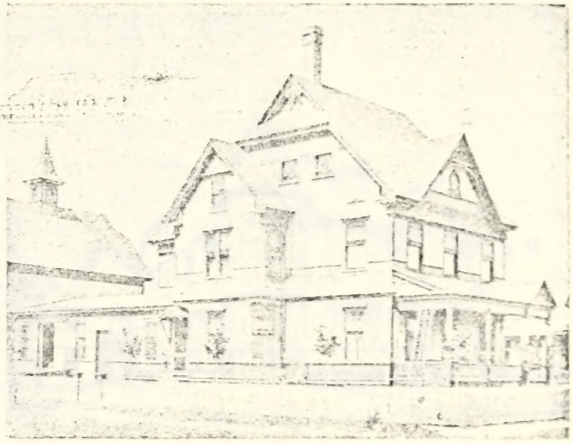
their magnificent rows of large elm trees, are unsurpassed in beauty.

There are not many very costly residences, but a large number of attractive and pleasant ones, and not a few of architectural pretensions. The finest is that built by the late Edwin Wallace, and now occupied by his children.

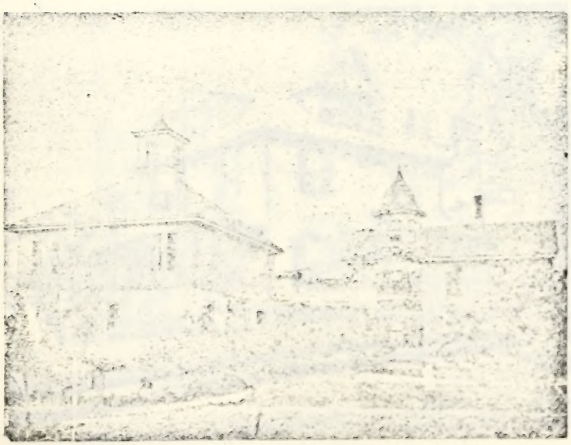
Rochester has several excellent hotels. The old-

U. W., and of the Knights and Ladies of Honor, a division of the A. O. H., a St. Jean Baptiste society, and a Lasters' Protective Union.

The city is finely located as regards natural scenery. Beautiful roads for driving lead out from it in every direction, it has one of the most charming of rivers for boating, and the principal streets within the city, with



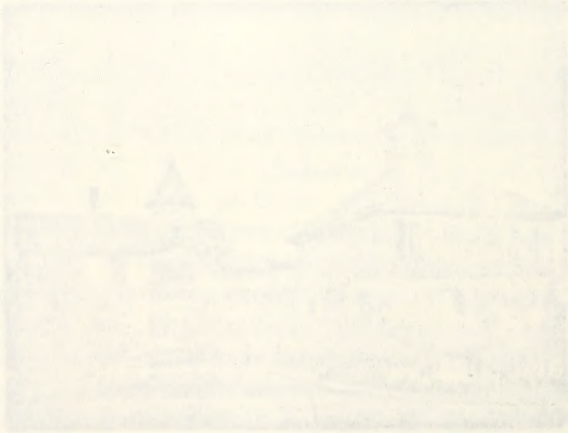
Residence of Charles M. Bailey.

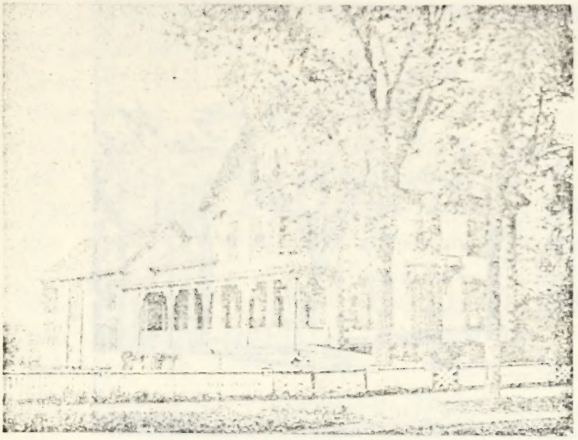


Residence of John D. Fogg, East Rochester.

est is that now owned by J. T. Dodge, Dodge's hotel being a name which dates back to 1834. The central post-office is a second-class office, Charles W. Bickford being postmaster. There are two other post-offices in the city.

Rochester has in time past sent out many illustrious men, some of them being noted throughout the nation. Foremost among these names stands





Residence of Hon. I. W. Spring

separated at the time it was removed and made into three different houses.

Connected with the name of John P. Hale is that of Jacob H. Ela, who was likewise a powerful anti-slavery worker. He was a member of congress and held various other important positions in public life. Among the other famous names of Rochester's sons are those of the Lothrops, that of John P. Hale, the great anti-slavery statesman, United States senator, nominee of the Free-Soil party for president, and minister to Spain. His name to-day is one of the most honored in the history of his state and nation. The house in which he was born stood until within a few years on the site now occupied by Cocheco block. It was



Residence of W. B. Neal.



Residence of S. C. Meader, Gonic.

the founders of the great publishing house; Thomas Cogswell Upham, the renowned philosopher and religious writer, and professor in Bowdoin college; Dr. James Farrington, representative in the twenty-fifth congress; David Barker, elected to congress in 1827; Enoch Freeman Whitehouse, one of the finest ballad singers that ever lived, and renowned throughout the country;

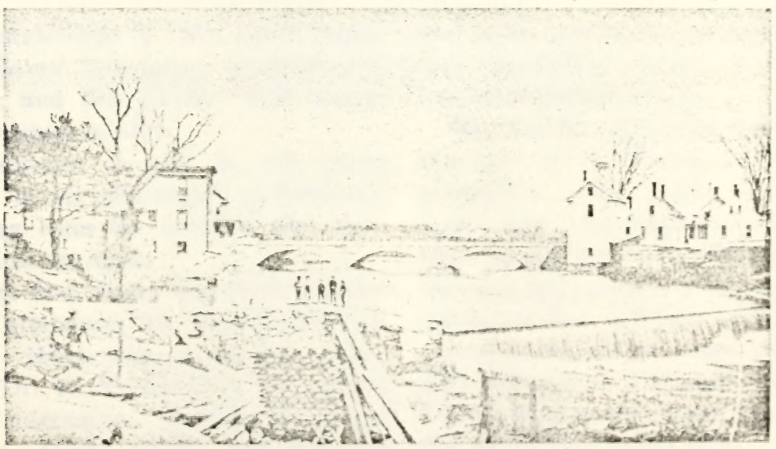




Mills of the Gonic Manufacturing Company.

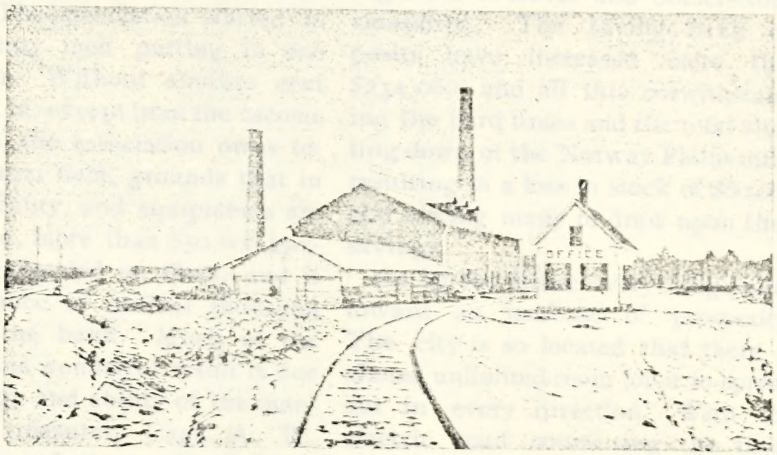
Isaac and Seth Adams, manufacturers of the celebrated printing presses, of which the former was the inventor; Jonathan Peter Cushing, president of Hampden Sidney college in Virginia, from 1821 to 1835; Charles Main, great-great-grandson of old Parson Main, and at present one of the wealthiest merchants in San Francisco; and many others of local, county, and state fame.

There are still living in Rochester men of note throughout the state at least,—such men as the Wallaces; Hon. Charles S. Whitehouse, a son of the late N. V. Whitehouse, one of the town's pioneer manufacturers and most prominent citizens in former years, and himself a man of distinction in public life; Benjamin W. Ball, renowned as a journalist, poet, and scholar; Hon. James Farrington, of Governor Tuttle's council; Charles B. Gafney, Esq., the noted lawyer and railroad magnate, besides scores of prominent and enterprising business and professional men, and men of enviable reputation locally.



Stone Bridge and Upper Dam.

Besides the industries already spoken of Rochester has many smaller ones of value to the place. The magnificent stone bridge on Main street is a standing tribute to one of our granite workers, Silas Hussey. There are other stone workers, there are machine shops and foundries, carriage factories, several large bottling concerns, contractors and builders, masons, plumbers, etc., in large numbers, two soap factories and all classes of ordinary business. There are three local newspapers, the *Courier*, established in 1863, eight pages; the *Record*, four pages, established in 1877; and the *Leader*, four pages, established in 1886.



Kiesel Fire Brick Company.

Rochester is now in the fourth year of its municipal government, having been the seventh city chartered in the state.

The first mayor was Hon. Charles S. Whitehouse, the second was Hon. O. A. Hoyt, who served two terms, and Dr. R. V. Sweet is the present chief executive. During this period many great public improvements have been made. The town was lighted with electricity and had a fine system of water-works before, but the city has purchased the latter, made many improvements and extensions, until it has at the present time a system that is unsurpassed, considering the city's needs, with an almost unlimited water supply. A complete system of sewerage is being put in, parts of it being already in use; the city has obtained one of the finest public squares in New Hampshire by the purchase and removal of an old building; new sidewalks of concrete and brick are being constantly laid, and throughout there is a steady march of improvements.

Nor are the finer arts neglected in the race for industrial and business prosperity. Few places of its size have more accomplished musicians than Rochester. Its church choirs are of a high order, it has an abundance of fine soloists, and it has a choral union which, under the direction of Henri G. Blaisdell of Concord during the past two years, has become one of the best in the state.

There is one other institution con-

nected with Rochester's prosperity during the last few years, without which this article would not be complete. Perhaps nothing has done so much to advertise the city and spread its name far and wide as has the Rochester Fair. It is one of the most widely known and largely attended of all the immense annual cattle shows of New England, and it brings thousands of visitors every year from remote points, and thousands of dollars into the city. Whereas most institutions of this kind have been financial failures, this has been a phenomenal success. The association started in 1874, seventy men putting in one dollar each. Without another cent being paid in, except from the income of the fairs, the association owns today, free from debt, grounds that in location, beauty, and equipments are unsurpassed, more than $50,000 having been expended on them, and it has a balance of several thousand dollars in the bank. Much of the credit for this wonderful result is due to the energy and ability of the manager and treasurer, Capt. A. W. Hayes, although the president, Hon. I. W. Springfield, and the secretary, Mr. A. S. Parshley, have contributed a great deal towards it.

The story of Rochester's interesting history, wonderful recent growth, and present advantages has only been faintly outlined. But the limits of this article have been reached, and with a few figures this sketch must end. Between 1880 and 1890 Rochester gained more in population than any other place in Strafford county. Since then there has been a steady gain, until now the population is estimated to be nearly 9,000. Within the past four years the valuation of the city has increased $700,128, a gain larger than that of the neighboring cities of Dover and Somersworth combined. The savings-bank deposits have increased more than $234,000, and all this notwithstanding the hard times and the total shutting down of the Norway Plains mills, resulting in a loss in stock of $60,000, and forcing many to draw upon their savings.

As for the future everything points toward an increase of prosperity. The city is so located that there is almost unlimited room for it to spread out in every direction. With the electric road connecting the three villages, which will probably be constructed within the next two years, added to its other advantages, no place in the whole Granite state has any brighter prospects.

HUMBLE TOIL.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

Do now the small things well, nor wait
A moment for service grand and great;
The first well learned prepares the way
For the splendid deeds of some future day.

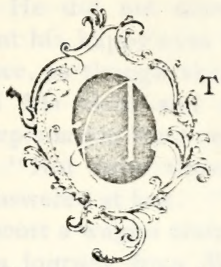
WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

CHAPTER XV.



AT the deep window of the large living-room at Steinhovel stood a dark rose-wood spinnet, which Lore told Ulrike used to help the happy Frau von Reutlingen to shorten many a lonely evening during her husband's absence from home. Ulrike was also fond of music, and played very skillfully upon the spinnet, while Heinz accompanied her upon the flute, this latter instrument having become very popular because of the king's fondness for it. Frederick was as expert in the use of this instrument as he was in handling an army, and it was therefore taken up by many who looked upon the genial monarch not only as their general, but as their model in all things. Heinz, therefore, practised daily upon the flute, and found much pleasure and profit in his sister's well played accompaniments.

A few days after their visit to Zellin they were one evening trying a new piece by Johann Sebastian Bach, a talented composer, whom the king esteemed very highly, and they were both absorbed in the beautiful music, which lifted the soul from this commonplace world to a higher sphere. So they cared not for the February storm that howled around the old house, and whistled among the tiles on the roof. The candles in the candelabra on the spinnet threw their golden light over the keys, and over Ulrike's silvery hair, while the rest of the room was in semi-darkness. Heinz's gaze followed the movements of her white hands attentively, and they neither of them heard the great hall door below open and shut, the loud voices in the hall, the barking of the hounds below, nor the firm tep that ascended the stairs.

Suddenly the room door op ed, and the master of the house, Jobst von Reutlingen, stood upon the threshold. The flickering light glistened upon his arms and uniform, as his quick glance ran hurriedly over the room, and finally rested upon the little group in the candlelight by the spinnet.

The music ceased with a discord, and Ulrike started up with a frightened look, and remained standing. Heinz laid aside his flute and rose also.

"Why, hello, wild one; where in the world did you come from? I thought it was the storm making all the noise, and never once thought of you."

"I beg your pardon if I have interrupted you," said the captain. It seemed to him that the pleasant anticipations with which he had come were out of place here, and the thought made him unhappy.

"Have you come all the way from Coszdorf, Herr von Reutlingen?" asked Ulrike in a low voice, advancing to meet him as she spoke.

He did not answer immediately, but his happy eyes feasted upon her face, as though that were the object of his visit, and as if no further explanation were necessary.

"Not from Coszdorf direct," he answered at last. "My troop had to escort a wagon train on one stage of its journey from Berlin to Wittenberg, and that took us to Grenze, where we were allowed a half a day to rest. As it is but three hours away I rode over, but I must go back this evening."

"That was good of you," remarked Heinz, "but I should think it was a pretty tough ride for such a short time at home."

"A half a day to rest," repeated Ulrike. "And the others took advantage of it; only the overworked captain always finds more work to do."

"Was it anxiety for me that so startled you both when I entered?" asked Reutlingen. "If so I am more than repaid for my fatigue."

He threw his hat and sabre upon a chair, and sank upon a bench by the fire. "It is cold; will you order me a hot drink, pretty housewife?"

"I will go at once. Throw a couple of logs on the fire, Heinz, so that your brother can warm himself." As she glided from the room his gaze followed her until she was gone, and then he turned to Heinz.

"Now, my boy, how are your wounds getting along; aren't you soon going back to your regiment? His majesty needs all his officers."

Heinz laughed, and tapped him upon the shoulder.

"Have no fear; I am going as soon as I can. Don't begrudge me these little tête-à-têtes with your pretty wife."

"Nonsense," growled Jobst, shaking off his brother's hand, and jumping from his seat. He paced restlessly to and fro, across the room, asking question after question without waiting for answers to any of them, and finally he sent for the steward.

Soon Ulrike returned followed by old Ferdinand, who threw open the folding doors to the dining-room, where a hearty supper had been quickly prepared. The three took their places at the table, and soon the tired rider recovered his elastic spirits, although his hearty, ringing voice did not return.

"How are the other officers at Coszdorf; are the quarters comfortable?" asked Ulrike, forcing herself to talk.

"Thank you, they are passable, and nothing more," answered Jobst. "We are in the same town with the Schmettau cuirassiers, and it is a bit small for us all; the quarters are not to be compared to Langenrode."

"What do you think, Ulrike," began Heinz, with the smile that always tried his brother's patience, "Jobst says that I must return to my regiment at once. Will you let me go?"

"I don't believe I can," she answered unaffectedly. "You are a very refractory convalescent, dear

Heinz, and I am not going to let you get away from my control until I am sure you are well."

"Hold on a moment, my jailoress; you are opposing your husband, for he is urging my speedy departure."

"I don't want to drive you away," cried Jobst, in a rage. "You understand perfectly well that you must go as soon as you are able, for you know as well as I do that his majesty cannot spare his officers."

"This fellow is always getting mad," remarked Heinz phlegmatically, "and then he wonders that his delicate wife is frightened, instead of glad, when he comes home."

"Don't be silly, Heinz," cried Ulrike anxiously. "You know what your brother means; why do you take delight in misunderstanding him?"

The captain gazed angrily at his brother. In his ears rang the words that he himself had spoken but a short time before: "He is no wild Reutlingen; he will please you better than I."

Heinz laughed unpleasantly. Ulrike's confusion was pleasing to him, as was also the storm that he saw gathering upon his brother's brow, but in spite of all this he thought it advisable to call a halt, and so turned the conversation to other subjects, asked after Eickstadt and other dragoons whom he knew, and so, little by little, brought back pleasanter thoughts to the minds of the others.

At last they returned to the sitting-room, the steward came, and some time was spent by Jobst in talking with him upon business matters. Ulrike went to the window and gazed out into the night. He must go out into the darkness and the storm, while she remained warm and safe within. How strange it all was, and what would finally come of it? The thought so weighted and overburdened her heart that it seemed as if it must burst.

It was late when the steward left, and Reutlingen looked at the clock.

"I must be off," said he, "for the way is dark, and I want to be with my troop by midnight." He went up to his brother. "Heinz, old fellow, you know that I am thankful for every day that you are able to keep quiet and take care of yourself. You surely haven't misunderstood me?"

"No, no, Jobst! God forbid!" cried Heinz warmly. "Whoever knows you at all, knows what a good fellow you are. Under the circumstances no one could think for a moment that you envy me my furlough."

"Let me know when you leave, Heinz; do you hear?" interrupted Jobst. "Send me a message to Coszdorf, for we shall remain there some time longer."

"Yes, yes; I'll let you know. Remember me to Hertzberg and Norrmann."

"With pleasure. Go and order my horse for me, my dear fellow."

Heinz disappeared, and Reutlingen approached the window where Ulrike was standing. She turned toward him, and he could see the traces of tears upon her cheeks, and a look of pain in her eyes.

"Have you been crying again, foolish child? You were going to greet me with a laugh when I came again, and you have not done it; you looked frightened when you first saw me instead."

"I have not been crying," she

answered softly, "and I remember having laughed. You haven't been watching me."

"Indeed I have been watching you; you have laughed for Heinz, but not for me. I was given the same old startled look, nothing more."

Involuntarily she raised her timid, questioning eyes to his, but he had just been so angry that she was afraid to speak to him.

"It is barely possible," he went on, "that a similar errand may bring me into this part of the country again. Shall I come here if it does, Ulrike; will you be afraid of me if I do? You don't answer me; would you rather that I stayed away?"

"Oh, Herr von Reutlingen, how can you ask such a question? No, I will not be afraid of you whenever you may come."

He grasped her hand. "God bless you, Ulrike!"

"Good-night, Herr von Reutlingen, and a safe journey to you."

"Ulrike, him—," and he hesitated, with an impatient motion of his head toward the door, "him you call 'Heinz,' even 'dear Heinz,' while I must be thankful if you even stay in the same room with me, and address me as 'Herr von Reutlingen.' Do you really know my Christian name?"

"Why, of course."

"Then say it, only once."

She could not speak it quickly, and he knew not how to wait.

"I beg your pardon; that is doubtless also contrary to our agreement. Don't trouble yourself. Good-bye, dear lady."

He turned quickly away from her, took up his hat and buckled on his sword, while impatience, pain, and anger mingled in his face. His brother had just returned, and noticed his expression.

"So I will expect news when you leave, Heinz. No, don't come into the hall; it's too cold. God bless you, dear fellow!"

He pressed his brother's hand, and went heavily down the stairs, stopping in the open door while the stable boy brought up his horse. Reutlingen looked out into the night and the storm, and then gazed back into the warmth and light of the house. It was his house, and his wife, but he left them behind, with another in his place, while he went away to duty and hardships, to battle, and perhaps death—a homeless soldier.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a rough and tiresome ride through the dark night and the wintry gale as the brown mare picked her way carefully over the uncertain path. The rider's heart was heavy and he could not understand the pain within it, a pain from which he could find no relief.

It was very late before wild Reutlingen reached his troop, and when he did he found fault with everything, reprimanding the guard, punishing a dragoon, and greeting his lieutenants with sharp, unwelcome words of reproof. This irritated demeanor he maintained throughout the whole day of tiresome escort duty, until he finally saw the wagon train in safety and his troop once more settled in its quarters at Coszdorf.

Tired and chilled, Reutlingen sat

during the evening in the room which he shared as usual with Wolf von Eickstadt. His head rested on his hands, and he gazed moodily into the glowing coals on the hearth. Wolf lay upon his bed and watched his friend disapprovingly.

"Go to bed, man, and sleep; you must be tired out, for the last two days have certainly not been easy ones."

Reutlingen shook his head.

"Come over here and sit for a while then, so that I can talk to you comfortably."

No answer.

"Jobst, what's the matter with you?" cried Wolf impatiently. "Speak out; what ails you? I can't understand you!"

"Nonsense, youngster; what should be the matter with me? You must be crazy!"

"Come here, Jobst; sit by me and tell me," insisted Wolf. Wearily and reluctantly, Reutlingen at last sat down upon the bed beside him.

"I have nothing to tell."

"Very well, then; but still, I want to know how your wife is, whether she was glad to see you, how you found Heinz, and how things are going at home."

"She didn't seem glad to see me, that question I can answer at least."

"How so? Why do you think that?"

Then Jobst told him all, how he had found them absorbed in their music, how they had appeared surprised and disturbed at his entrance, and even repeated the impressions he had received from it all.

"If I only had n't told him of the coldness between Ulrike and myself," he ended with a sigh, "he might have looked upon his brother's wife with different eyes."

Wolf sat up and rested his head on his hand.

"You seem to have settled it all in your own mind, dear Jobst, but listen to me nevertheless. I am convinced that Heinz is interested in Susanna von Techow, I have been as jealous as you are now. Of course one of us must be wrong."

Reutlingen rose quickly.

"If you have any cause for complaint against him you can call him out and shoot him down—if he stands in your way—he is n't your brother!"

"Hold on, wild one, you overshoot your mark; you have no reason to think of your brother in such an angry way. And first of all, you must change your tactics with Ulrike."

He bent forward and rested his hand upon Reutlingen's arm.

"Listen to me, Jobst. Ride to Steinhovel again as soon as you can, even though it be but for a quarter of an hour; see Ulrike alone and tell her that you love her, then everything will be well, depend upon it."

Reutlingen shook off his hand impatiently.

"Oh, nonsense! How can I tell her that; it is n't true?"

"Oh, you idiot!" laughed Wolf, throwing himself back upon the pillows. "What are you going to wait for; until some one else loves her, or until you have broken your own neck? What do you know about love anyway, will you be good enough to tell me?"

"You are silly," muttered Reutlingen. "You are too childish,

Eickstadt; you have nothing in your head higher than love affairs."

"You may be right, but at least give me credit then for understanding such things better than you do. Believe me, Jobst, tell your wife the real truth, that you love her dearly, and then she will be happy and contented, will ask for no Heinz, indeed for no one but you, and then you can leave her to wait quietly for your return without being alarmed about her constancy."

"You speak foolishly, Wolf," persisted Jobst, but nevertheless it seemed as though the sting had been drawn from his heart; his whole appearance changed, he became as happy and free from care as he usually was.

"But you are a good fellow," he continued rising, "and you are right; I am terribly tired and we must both go to sleep."

There was no rest that winter for the Prussian troops. That night as the powerful force that lay along the banks of the Elbe to cover the frontier of Brandenburg—dragoons, cuirassiers, hussars, and all—lay deep in sleep, the alarm sounded through the streets of Coszdorf, passing from village to village through the cold, still February morning, while the drowsy soldiers roused and armed themselves and hastened to their appointed assembling places. An Austrian field-marshal, General von Beck, had surprised the Prussian outposts between Groszenhayn and Burgsdorf, had driven them in, and now threatened the whole Prussian force. However, "Old Fritz's" motto, "The cavalry must never allow itself to be attacked but must always attack," was here carried out to the letter. At a sharp gallop, General von Ezetteritz and his men charged the Austrian advance guard, which broke and fled before the terrible onslaught. The Prussians had checked the advance, and now only the Desoffy hussars maintained the Austrian position, being left to bear the brunt of the attack.

"Those are the Desoffy hussars," Reutlingen heard one of the officers behind him say to another, and his heart leaped at the thought that his bitter personal enemy, Benno von Trautwitz, was one of the opposing force.

The enemy quickly reënforced their line of battle and a terrible fight ensued. Like lions, King Friedrich's brave dragoons charged the vastly superior Austrian force, which had as yet been untouched by the wave of battle. The field was at last cleared, but with terrible loss; General von Ezetteritz's horse was shot beneath him, and he himself was taken prisoner.

The thundering voice of the wild Reutlingen once more collected his shattered troop for a last forlorn hope, and in a quick gallop they again charged the foe. By his side Reutlingen saw Lieutenant von Hertzberg, bareheaded, his sabre flashing among the enemy, and then saw him fall from a sabre cut upon his bare forehead.

To avenge his friend, the captain struck a mighty blow, but his horse stumbled, and with a cry of rage he was thrown to the ground, his steed's body covering him and pinning him down, while a triumphant voice rang in his ears:

"Reutlingen, you scoundrel, you are my prisoner!"

It was Trautwitz, who, in spite of his parole, was still fighting against the Prussians with his regiment, and who now saw a chance of winning glory at the expense of his defenseless enemy.

"Not yet, liar!" cried Reutlingen, and with a mighty effort he freed himself from his burden. In a moment he was up, and his sabre point sank deep into his opponent's carelessly guarded left flank. Trautwitz reeled in the saddle, and with a single blow Reutlingen felled him from his horse, and sprang lightly into his place himself without touching the stirrup. A moment later he was again in the heart of the fray, fighting his way through the Austrians to his own troop, glad to die with his men rather than yield an inch.

Suddenly he heard the bugle call to charge, that most welcome and glorious of all music to the Prussian soldier, and the Schmettau cuirassiers came down like the wind from their position near Blumberg, and brought relief and encouragement to the sorely pressed dragoons. It was help in time of need, for the enemy still fought savagely as these fresh troops drove them back past Groszenhayn and Coszdorf.

The victory was won, but at a terrible cost. General von Ezetteritz and six officers of the Baireuth dragoons were taken prisoners, Hertzberg was dead, and nearly two hundred men had fallen or were in the hands of the enemy, together with many horses and great quantities of stores. The cuirassiers had also lost heavily.

In gloomy silence Reutlingen led his shattered troop to its quarters. Hatred and the lust for revenge filled his heart.

"God in heaven, only let me live to take revenge for this hour of misery! Only one chance for victory and revenge, and then, do with me as you will!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The severe cold of winter was at last broken by the coming of the spring rains, the ice and snow melted away, and the moist brown earth began to prepare itself for the coming of warmer days.

"Now I am well and must be off to my regiment," said Heinz von Reutlingen, and Ulrike did not attempt to dissuade him, for she realized that his highest duty called him back to his king's army as soon as he was able to bear arms.

"I am going to ride to Zellin to say good-bye to Fraulein Susanna; who knows whether I shall ever see her again? Wish me good luck upon my journey, dear sister."

He stood before her, wearing upon his shoulder the bright blue cloak trimmed with white fur, which had inspired their great chief to speak of the Puttkamer hussars as his "charming wolves in sheeps' clothing," and Ulrike gazed at him earnestly.

"My good wishes upon such a journey will not be worth your having, dear Heinz, but they are yours today as always."

"I am not so sure of that, my dear sister, but we will have more to say about it later." He kissed her hand, and departed, Ulrike remaining in the window and watching the slender, manly figure until it disappeared in the forest.

Much earlier than she expected, before evening in fact, she heard him returning.

"He will not be coming home this way after to-morrow," she thought. "It is too bad he is going, for it will be very lonely here without him."

She did not see him again until supper, when he appeared still wearing his uniform, but with an expression of great ill humor upon his face, which made the two more silent over their meal than usual. When they rose from the table he followed her into the sitting-room, where the crackling fire dispelled the dampness of the April evening. Silently, and with clouded brow, Heinz stared at the flames, and then at last his gaze rested upon Ulrike, who sat with folded hands before the spinnet, sunk in reverie.

"Ulrike, why don't you ask me a single question?" he cried suddenly.

"I don't wish to force myself into your confidence," she responded quietly. "If you have anything that you wish to tell me I am ready and glad to hear it."

"Oh, I've nothing to say except that I've been a fool. All women are false; I might have known that. Oh, Ulrike, if I only had the right to gaze into your deep eyes! You, and only you, are pure and true; why must I turn to others?"

He covered his eyes with his hand. Deep quiet reigned in the room, except for the fire snapping on the hearth, until at last a spark fell upon his hand and startled him.

"Play me a farewell song, Ulrike," he begged. "My heart is so heavy."

And so she played an old *volkslied* in deep, soft chords like the low tones of a harp. The feeble flames of the wax candles cast their soft light upon her hair, and a sad smile lingered in the wide, childlike blue eyes. The sight, a living picture of the mournful tones, was too much for Heinz's overwrought nerves. He sprang up and threw himself down before her, drew both her hands from their task, pressing them to his face and covering them with passionate kisses.

"Ulrike, you are the only one that I love!" he cried in a trembling voice. "How could I be such a fool as to seek other women when I saw before me you, the pearl of your sex? Don't push me from you; I am an unhappy man who lies at your feet, seeking your favor."

She freed herself firmly from his trembling grasp.

"You seem ill and unnaturally excited, my good Heinz. What do you wish of me? Pray remember that I am your brother's wife."

"What does that matter to me?" he cried, rising to his feet. "His wife; and still he has never clasped you in his arms, nor have his eyes sought love in yours. I am before him; I ask for your love, Ulrike. You know that it will cost but a word, and he will set you free."

Ulrike stepped back, and her flashing eyes kept him at a distance. Her timid helplessness had disappeared, and firm determination had taken its place; her courage had returned now that heart and duty needed it. Perhaps, too, her ear was unaccustomed to words of passion, and so her heart remained unmoved, notwithstanding the fact that she was alone with him, and unprotected. Something of the unaffected dignity of the girl, as well as of the pride of the woman, surrounded her with an

unapproachable majesty. She stood there the mistress of her husband's home; what harm could this man do her?

Heinz knew her well enough to go no further, and his excitement was replaced by a feeling of shame.

"This is the last evening of our life together at Steinhovel," she began at last in a pained voice, "therefore we will not quarrel, but will part as friends. Your brother shall never learn from me how shamefully you have abused his hospitality; he would never be the same to you again, of that you may be sure. But I know that you were ill, excited; I lay no stress upon your words. Good-night, Heinz; may God go with you—and take good care of yourself."

She hesitated to give him her hand, but he stepped up to her quickly.

"Please give me your hand that I may kiss it once more. Ah, if my brother could only have seen you then he would have fallen at your feet as I did."

The next morning he went out into the world, into the excitement of war, but the loneliness that she had the day before so dreaded, Ulrike today found very welcome. How disagreeable had been that last evening with her brother, how totally characterless and without honor he seems, how unlike his brother. Yes, Jobst had been right, Heinz was entirely different; and still she did not like him better than the wild Reutlingen. She was entirely alone, and yet she felt the hot blood flame into her face. Of what use was that question—she was not compelled to answer it?

The day passed quietly. It was April, the violets were in bloom, the bright sunshine laughed down from the bright blue sky, and Ulrike put on a white muslin dress for the first time that spring, and with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders and a parasol in her hand, wandered forth into the warmth and brightness of the beautiful day. She stopped at the edge of a forest, where the fir trees sent forth their fragrance, and the birds sang in their joy, and, leaning against a tree, gazed under the waving boughs where spots of sunny gold played among the dark shadows. A sudden breath of air brought to her ear across the heath the sound of a galloping horse and, turning quickly around, her heart stood still when she saw the rider. He came nearer and nearer, over the fresh green meadow, the sunlight glistening upon his sabre, upon the silver trimmings of his bright blue uniform, and upon the snow white feather in his three-cornered hat.

He evidently saw her light figure against the dark background of the forest, for he turned quickly from the road and came directly towards her, his black horse, the foam flying from his flanks, clearing at a leap the ditch that lay between him and the path in which she was walking. Now he approached her and sprang from the saddle, standing upright and strong before her, his breast rising and falling with joy, and his eyes flashing with youthful fire. It was the wild Reutlingen.

"Here I am, dear lady, as though blown in by a storm. A short rest for my horse, two words with yourself, and then I must be off again."

Ulrike stretched out her hand to him. Yes, it was actually he; she

really saw him before her, and it could not be a dream.

He pressed her hand to his lips, and gazed over it into her eyes.

"How pale you have grown already," he exclaimed reproachfully. "You shy little woman, can you never see me coming without this irresistible fear?"

A rosy blush spread over her face.

"Oh, it isn't fear; you mustn't always say that, Herr von Reutlingen. It was only my great astonishment, for I little thought——"

"Do you never think of me, Ulrike?"

She turned away her face, and a shadow crossed his own. No, No! Wolf had spoken foolishly. How could he tell her?—Impossible.

"Give me your arm, my dear lady. The black will enjoy the walk after his sharp canter."

"What brought you here?" asked Ulrike, as she walked beside him; "another escort trip?"

"The campaign is opened and winter quarters are at an end. My regiment is attached to the corps of Prince Heinrich, and we are marching against the Russians and General von Laudon on the banks of the Oder. It will be a tiresome campaign, with much marching, and I hope a victory for us at its end."

"And your line of march passes through here?" she asked.

"A few miles from here. We have a day's rest in a miserable little village."

She looked at him, laughingly now.

"A day's rest! And that brings the wild Reutlingen here as usual!"

"You take that for granted now? To-day I have stirred up Wolf von Eickstadt also; he has gone to Zellin to pay his respects to Susanna von Technow."

"Really; I am glad to hear it! And what is the news since you were here last?"

"Bad, very bad!" Then he told her of the terrible fight with the Austrians at Coszdorf, and of his regiment's heavy loss. Ulrike shared his sorrow, and was deeply pained to hear of Hertzberg's death. Of his meeting with Trautwitz, however, Reutlingen said nothing.

They had now passed the ivy-arched gate, and the captain called one of the servants to take his horse, while Ulrike hurried into the house with a light step, borne upon the wings of a stormy passion which she could not understand. She had luncheon served upon the carved table in the sitting-room, and herself placed upon its centre a vase of violets. At last she heard Reutlingen enter, but she continued her arrangement of the table without looking around. He remained standing behind her, watching her quick movements.

"Ulrike!" he said at last in an undertone.

She did not answer at once, and he stepped nearer and gazed laughingly into her eyes.

"You are always so attentive in getting me something to eat and drink, and yet you grudge me a kind word. Do you think to satisfy me by food alone?"

"I don't know—Oh, no! Have you any cause for complaint?"

"No, of course not! It would be against the terms of our agreement for me to complain of that; otherwise I should certainly say yes."

He sat down and enjoyed his lunch while Ulrike listened to his gay talk of camp life and of his brother officers. At last Reutlingen drank his last glass of Rhinewine to her health, and then arose, lighted his pipe, and threw himself into an easy chair by a window, into which the sun cast its golden rays. How pleasant it was, how cheerful and enticing, to sit there and rest and dream! His gaze rested steadily upon Ulrike who sat upon the window-seat before him, the sun shining upon her blond hair.

"You are very much alone here, Ulrike," he said suddenly, "are you never afraid?"

"It is very lonely," she responded with a sigh.

"The road to Leitnitz is now open; could n't your cousin or one of your other relatives come to visit you here? Will you see if you can't arrange it? I should feel much happier."

Ulrike shook her head, and stepped from the sunlight of the window to a chair in the shadow, where she seated herself.

"No, I thank you, Herr von Reutlingen!" she began firmly. "If the road to Leitnitz is open, then—I would rather return to my relations."

"What!"

He sprang from his seat; a wave of angry color overspread his face.

"Don't be angry!" whispered Ulrike, after a short silence. "I thought that it would please you."

"I have no answer for you!" he replied at last with undisguised anger. "Do you hate my house now that my brother is gone?"

She gazed at him in terror.

"Your brother? What has he to do with it? You told me that the road to Leitnitz was clear, and you know that my relatives know nothing of what has become of me!"

"A letter will reassure them and make them happy. You shall not leave Steinhovel; not even for a visit! Any one that you wish to see may visit you here!"

It was a command, and Ulrike was perplexed.

"But why so?" she asked at last. "Why can't I go away if I wish?"

"Because it is contrary to our agreement," he cried. "Keep your part of it as well as I do mine; it is not always an easy task for me, I assure you."

"Herr von Reutlingen, I did n't mean to make you angry," whispered Ulrike, looking up at him.

"But you did it."

He stepped to the window and looked out. The sun had set, and the dull red glow of evening covered the western sky, the clear-cut outline of the fir forest standing out sharply against it.

"The sun has gone down, and I must leave," he said, with an impatient sigh. "My commanding officer is the most exacting man in the world." He approached her again and remained standing beside her chair.

"Ulrike, why did you say that; don't you like it here any longer?"

"Yes, oh, yes! I like it so much. I wish I knew how to show you my gratitude."

He turned away with a short laugh.

"Gratitude! That is as though you gave me water at dinner, instead of Rhinewine."

He went out to order his horse, muttering to himself, "How foolish

was Eickstadt's advice. How can I talk to her of love? She wouldn't understand me. She prates of gratitude, and wants to leave my house, the foolish child."

He returned to the room with his hat in his hand and his sabre by his side.

"Now, little prisoner, I must go."

"Good bye, Herr von Reutlingen."

"Ulrike, don't you really know my name?"

"Good night—Jobst."

"Say it once more, and look at me while you say it—please."

"Good night, Jobst," she whispered once more, and slowly the trembling eyelashes were lifted, and he gazed into her deep blue eyes.

A shudder ran through his frame, and a mist clouded his eyes. Outside his horse waited for him; hard service was before him, and this, perhaps, was farewell forevermore. His hat fell to the ground; he took her face between his hands and kissed her again and again.

She felt it, resistless as a storm, and scarcely realized what had happened. Then a heavy footstep, a clashing of spurs, the door closed, and he was gone.

Ulrike stood motionless, with closed eyes and her lips pressed close together, and listened. The gallop of a horse reached her ear, at first distinctly, then faintly, and finally died out in the distance. She sank upon the floor and buried her face in her hands, a hitherto unknown feeling surging in her heart.

"Oh, if he could only love me, and I him! It would be so beautiful, so easy, so good. Oh, how noble he is, how large hearted, and true!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UPON THE LAKE.

By John H. Bartlett.

When cheerful morn, in dewy vestments clad,
Brings day anew, and bids the earth be glad;
When over yonder heights the first rays gleam,
To wake to joyous scenes the tenter's dream;
And fishes splash, and lilies kiss the pad;—
Then life and joy in happy wedlock seem
Upon the lake.

At eventide the waters, dark, are still,
The blushing day has hid behind the hill,
And Luna, fair, directs the skipper's way,
While harp and banjo tune the lover's lay,
And maiden laughter, like the rippling rill,
In joyous cadence echoing seems to play,
Upon the lake.



The Club's Birthplace and First Meeting Place.

THE CONCORD WOMAN'S CLUB.

By Mrs. Mary P. Woodworth.

IF it is true that the environments of a people have a strong effect upon their character, it is not strange that there should be a certain staid quality in New Hampshire men and women that prevents them from taking up without due consideration every new thing that is in vogue. "Prove all things" is rather a favorite sentiment in all New England, but particularly here, and the granite quality of our soil seems in some way to have ground its way into the individuality of our people. It is then but natural perhaps that twenty-five years should elapse after the formation of the first broadly organized woman's club in the United States before any New Hampshire women should be moved to start a similar organization.

We have long been familiar with the club idea. We have worked together in literary, charitable, and social lines for many years. Indeed, we had so many small associations of divers sorts that when the first suggestion was made that we form a woman's club, with half a dozen different departments of activity, the instinctive feeling at once arose that we already had more on hand than could be properly attended to, and that no new thing should be added to our overcrowded interests. But, happily, there were good arguments brought forward to convince us that by the formation of a club, which should include many women of widely differing characteristics in a common bond, we should enlarge our sympathies and break down the narrow boundaries that the small clubs,



Mrs. Lilian Carpenter Streeter, President.

made up of purely congenial spirits, inevitably possess. There is nothing clearer to us now than that, however delightful may be a small gathering of women who act and think about as we do, it is infinitely better for us to have matters presented from many points of view. But we gratefully acknowledge the benefit received from the many Shakspeare clubs and classes for the study of art, sciences, literature, history, and the modern languages that have flourished here for many years. They have been an excellent preparation for the work now before us.

When a new movement is to be made, it seems a great part of the motive power that to one person should be given the clear sight, the earnest enthusiasm, and the capacity for practical work that are the essentials of success. The formation of our Concord Woman's Club is a marked example of the power that radiates from the steadfast faith of one individual, and it is to Mrs. Lilian Carpenter Streeter that we are chiefly indebted for this new source of pleasure and profit.

The little band of women who "took counsel together" with Mrs. Streeter were Mrs. Lydia F. Lund, Mrs. Fanny C. Stevens, Mrs. Julia



Mrs. Ella H. J. Hill, Vice-President.

R. Carpenter, Mrs. Ella H. J. Hill, and Miss H. Maria Woods, and, as a result of the conference, about thirty women, of different ages and representing most of the churches of the city, were invited to meet at the home of Mrs. Streeter on April 21, 1893.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Carpenter, and a draft of a constitution and by-laws was read by Mrs. Streeter, who had been appointed chairman of a committee for that purpose at the preliminary meeting. The articles were carefully considered and voted upon, and when every member present had signed the

constitution, it was found that the Woman's Club of Concord had a roll of twenty-seven charter members. This number was soon increased to the full limit of membership, and it was not long before there was a good sized waiting list.

The officers elected at this meeting, with Mrs. Streeter as president, were a vice-president, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, treasurer, auditor, and five directors, and they were of such a character as to give the highest prestige to the club and to raise the brightest hopes for its future usefulness.

So much of the spirit and purpose



Mrs. Elizabeth G. Blanchard, Recording Secretary.

of the club is shown in article V of the constitution that it may properly be given here:

"Section 1. This association shall be limited to seventy-five active members, who shall each pay an annual fee of two dollars and contribute in some way personally her part towards the interest of the club, and ten associate members, who shall not be eligible for office and who shall each pay an annual fee of five dollars.

"Section 2. Any woman of Concord shall be eligible for active membership who is interested in the objects and work of the association, and is willing to promote them by accepting and performing any part assigned her by the executive board or standing committee, as prescribed by the by-laws."

There are eight standing committees of three members each, as follows: Art and Literature, Education, Current Topics, Domestic Economy, Science, Philanthropy, Music, and Social Entertainment; and the chairmen of these committees, with all the other officers, constitute an executive board which has entire charge of the management of the club. They are required to hold regular meetings on the third Friday of each month from October to May, and to call special



Miss Edith H. Carter, Corresponding Secretary.



meetings at the written request of any ten members of the association. To them is also given power to fill vacancies in office, to elect honorary members, and to change the time or subject of any regular meeting when the best interest of the club requires it.

Candidates for membership are voted upon by secret ballot, two adverse votes rejecting the candidate. Applicants for active membership must be vouched for by two members, and for associate membership, by four members of the club.



Mrs. Armenia White Hobbs, Treasurer.



Mrs. Elizabeth L. Walker, Auditor.

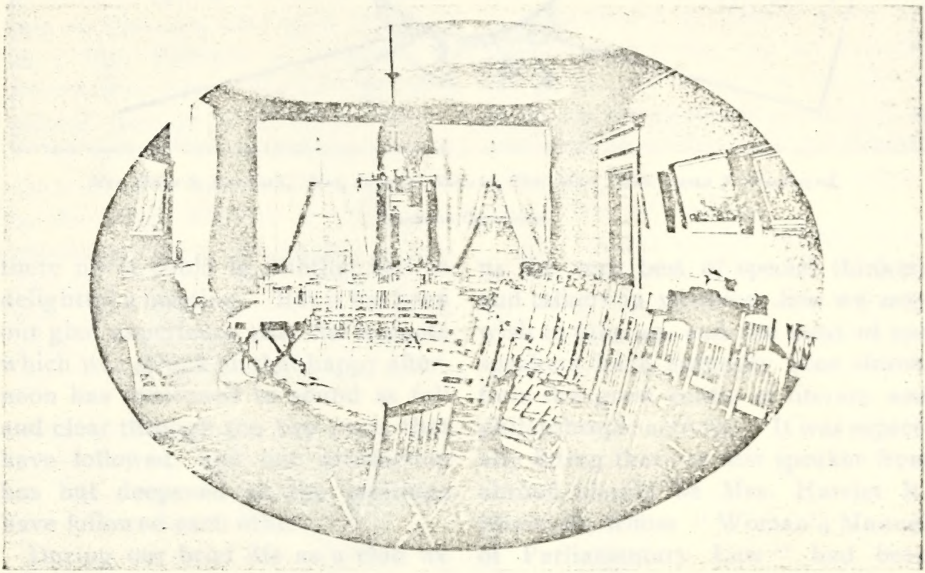
The standing committees have charge in turn of the entertainment of the club, each committee being responsible for two meetings every season, and they must present a paper or its equivalent at each meeting.

Promptness in arranging the programme for the year is insured by the requirement that each chairman call her committee together to arrange a plan of work for the coming year before July 1st, that a complete report may be submitted at the first meeting of the executive board which occurs in October. With the exception of the annual meeting, which is regarded as purely a family affair, members may bring visitors to all regular meetings, by the payment of twenty-five cents each, provided no resident of Concord be invited more than once during the season.

The meetings of the club occur on the second and fourth Friday afternoons of each month, from three to five o'clock, and a feature that has come to be relied on as one of the pleasantest, as well as the most important, of the events of the afternoon is the fortnightly *resumé* of current events, read by the member appointed when the yearly programme is made up. It requires no little skill to collate the world's news and give the result in such a way as to interest and

benefit one's fellow members, but it is excellent practice in the art of making up a paper, and a sure stepping-stone to the kind of writing that requires original thought.

Thus far few of our women have been able to present their subjects without the use of a manuscript, nor have many of those more experienced speakers who have visited us, given us the pleasure of hearing them talk instead of listening to a formal paper.



The Club's Present Meeting Place.

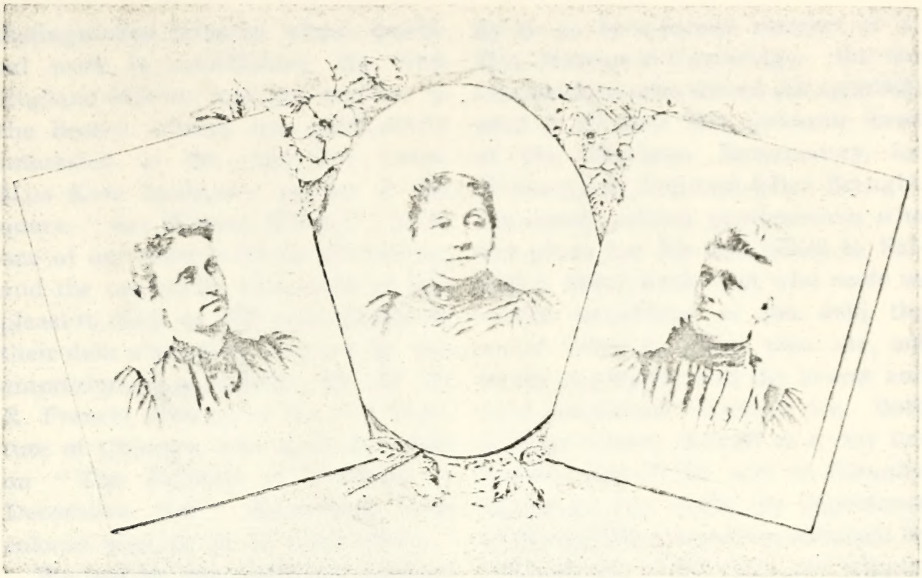
One of our resident physicians, Dr. Maude Kent, has been so notable an exception to this, and has given us so much pleasure and profit by her charming talks on the two subjects, "College Settlements," and "Two Food Supplies, Air and Water," that she deserves special mention and, we may say, special emulation.

It is very gratifying to be able to say that the interest which is always aroused by the main paper or papers of the day almost invariably calls forth a most interesting discussion on the part of club members, and many a timid woman who two years ago had hardly courage enough to second a motion, has found herself so interested in such subjects as the consideration of the health of school children or the method of lightening woman's work, that she has found courage to lift up her voice and to add her mite for the edification of the club.

The usual policy adopted by each committee in making up the year's programme is to utilize home talent for one of its meetings and to secure some good speaker from abroad for the other one, and this plan has worked admirably.

When the first regular meeting occurred in the autumn of 1893, and four fifteen-minute papers were read on literature in general, history and its place in literature, religious reading, and the place and importance of fiction, we all felt perfectly sure that





Mrs. Delia S. Marshall. Mrs. Fanny C. Stevens, Chairman. Mrs. Susan J. Woodward.

Education Committee.

there never could be another half so delightful a meeting. But it has been our glad experience that the keynote which was struck on that happy afternoon has continued to sound as full and clear through the two years that have followed, and our satisfaction has but deepened as the meetings have followed each other.

During our brief life as a club we have had thirty-eight different topics under the six departments for discussion, and of these I find that seventeen, nearly one half, relate in some way to the home or to children, which shows what is the true spirit of women, and it is not possible that our homes should not be made better by the thoughtful interest given to all things pertaining to their welfare by these "women in council."

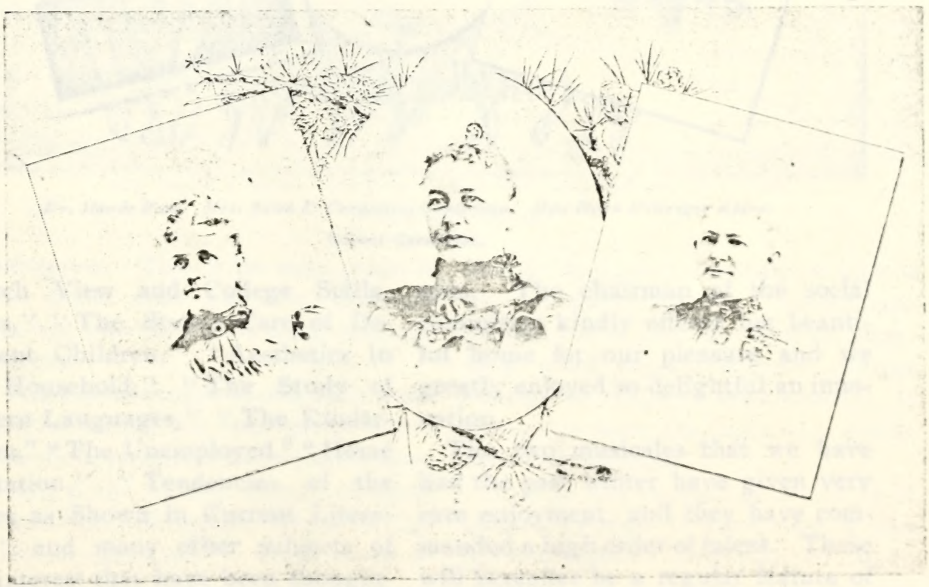
In seeking the outside aid that is demanded in order to attain the best results, it has been most fortunate for us that Boston is so near as to furnish us the very best of special thinkers and talkers in whatever line we may wish to take up, and the most of our speakers have naturally been drawn from this great centre of literary and philanthropic activity. It was especially fitting that our first speaker from abroad should be Mrs. Harriet R. Shattuck, whose "Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law" had been adopted as our official guide. Mrs. Shattuck spoke on "Club Methods and Club Ethics," a very appropriate theme, and the brief parliamentary drill at the close of the lecture was an object lesson that formed just the needed complement to the spoken word.

Among the other speakers from Boston were Miss Zilpha D. Smith of the associated charities, Mrs. E. M. H. Merrill, Mrs. Ellen Battelle Dietrick, Miss Charlotte W. Hawes, and Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the

distinguished scientist whose practical work in establishing the New England kitchen and hot lunches in the Boston schools has particularly interested us the past few years. Miss Kate Sanborn's answer to the query, "Are Women Witty?" made one of our most brilliant afternoons, and the committee that gave us this pleasure made us still more deeply in their debt when they secured for our entertainment as lecturer, Mr. W. M. R. French, director of the Art Institute of Chicago, who gave us a talk on "The Relation of Pictorial to Decorative Art," illustrating with colored crayons as he went along.

We had for one meeting a pleasant discoursing on the art of conversation by the gifted daughter of a still more gifted mother in the person of Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and another afternoon the inspiring example of the Chicago Woman's Club was held up to us by a former member of it, Mrs. Marean of Cambridge. But the two speakers who stirred our members most of all were Mrs. Johnson, head of the Sherborn Reformatory for Women, and Adjutant Ellen Brengle, the sweet, refined gentlewoman who has given her life and talent to Salvation Army work, and who made us realize something of the debt the world owes to those who are not afraid to grapple with the lowest and most abandoned victims of vice. Both of these women showed us a very unfamiliar side of life, and no thoughtful person can doubt the importance of having the sympathies enlarged by a knowledge of the trials and temptations of which we can have experienced little or nothing.

But interesting and inspiring as the outside speakers have been, it is the universal feeling of the club that its most satisfactory and profitable sessions have been those carried on by



Mrs. Carrie H. Johnson. Mrs. Alice M. Nims, Chairman. Mrs. Mary W. Eastman.

Current Events Committee.



our own members, and it is certain that a surprising amount of latent ability has been developed among those who never suspected that they could possibly speak or write anything worthy of attention. A few of the subjects treated by club members will show something of what has taken their attention, viz.: "The Duties of Parents in This Town to the Children of This Town," "The Sociological Problem, embracing the Church View and College Settlements," "The State's Care of Dependent Children," "Aesthetics in the Household," "The Study of Modern Languages," "The Kindergarten," "The Unemployed." "Home Sanitation," "Tendencies of the Times as Shown in Current Literature," and many other subjects of like interest that have been thoughtfully discussed.



Dr. Maude Kent. Mrs. Julia R. Carpenter, Chairman. Miss Helen McGregor Ayers.

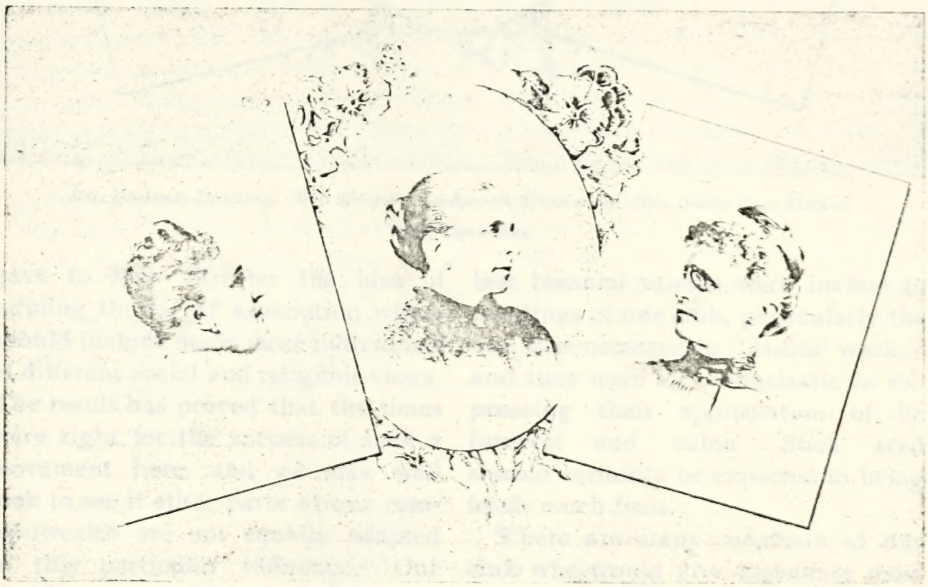
Science Committee.

We have had an occasional gathering for purely social purposes that we might become better acquainted with each other through the unrestrained interchange of informal talk, and our club teas, one of which must always occur at the annual meeting, have made an agreeable change from the intellectual character of our regular meetings. On one occasion a handsome reception was given to the friends of the members, especially to the husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons. The chairman of the social committee kindly offered her beautiful home for our pleasure and we greatly enjoyed so delightful an innovation.

The two musicales that we have had the past winter have given very rare enjoyment, and they have commanded a high order of talent. These will hereafter be a regular feature of the year's work and pleasure.

Last year we had as a supplement-

ary study a course of six lectures or talks by Hon. James O. Lyford on current events, dealing chiefly with Hawaiian affairs, the silver question, and such other public matters as were of current interest. A course of twelve lessons in parliamentary usage has been enjoyed by a class of twelve or more women this year under the tutelage of Mrs. Etta H. Osgood of Portland, an experienced parliamentarian, who made a most charming instructor. Two drills were given to the whole club and the members entered into them with much zest and interest.



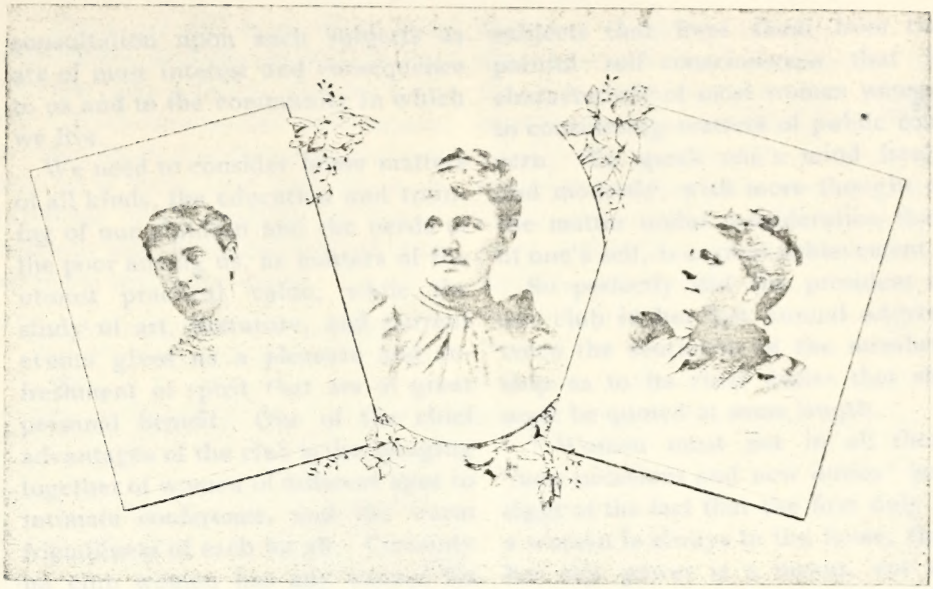
Mrs. Rosalie A. Porter. Mrs Laura S. Hill, Chairman. Mrs. Frances K. Lane.

Philanthropy Committee.

This brief sketch of our club work and recreation has been given with a sincere hope that it may make it seem worth while to the women of many other New Hampshire towns to "go and do likewise." In a score at least of the cities and large towns of the state, clubs just as successful as ours could be formed to the great profit and enjoyment of the community, and in smaller places, even in the farming regions, less elaborate associations for mutual improvement could easily be brought about. It would be a great help to the schools of the state if women throughout its length and breadth would make some study of the best educational methods for the children, and the club is one of the best mediums for such study. It is by no means necessary to have a club of many interests. Indeed, one subject alone, like the study of literature, some natural science, current events, or village improvement, is enough to form the basis of a profitable organization.

And in this connection it will be of interest to some to know that it was a bible class of twenty-five or thirty women who were earnest in thought and ready in expression, that first





Miss Gertrude Downing. Mrs. Mary P. Woodworth, Chairman. Mrs. Louise Gage Kimball.

Music Committee.

gave to Mrs. Streeter the idea of forming the larger association which should include many more individuals of different social and religious views. The result has proved that the times were right for the success of such a movement here, and we may well look to see if other parts of our commonwealth are not equally adapted to this particular influence. Our sister state of Maine gives us an excellent example to emulate. In 1892 but one club, that of Portland, was represented by its three delegates at the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Chicago, but two years later a delegation of twenty-five, representing between eighty-five and ninety clubs, was sent to the Philadelphia meeting of 1894.

There is perhaps some ground for hope that there will be an extension of the work in New Hampshire from the fact that many wives and daughters of legislators during the last biennial session were invited to meetings of our club, particularly the one that occurred in "ladies' week," and they were all enthusiastic in expressing their appreciation of its interest and value. Such seed should certainly be expected to bring forth much fruit.

There are many members of our club who would give assistance most gladly to any one who would like the benefit of our experience with a view to forming a large or small one in any part of the state.

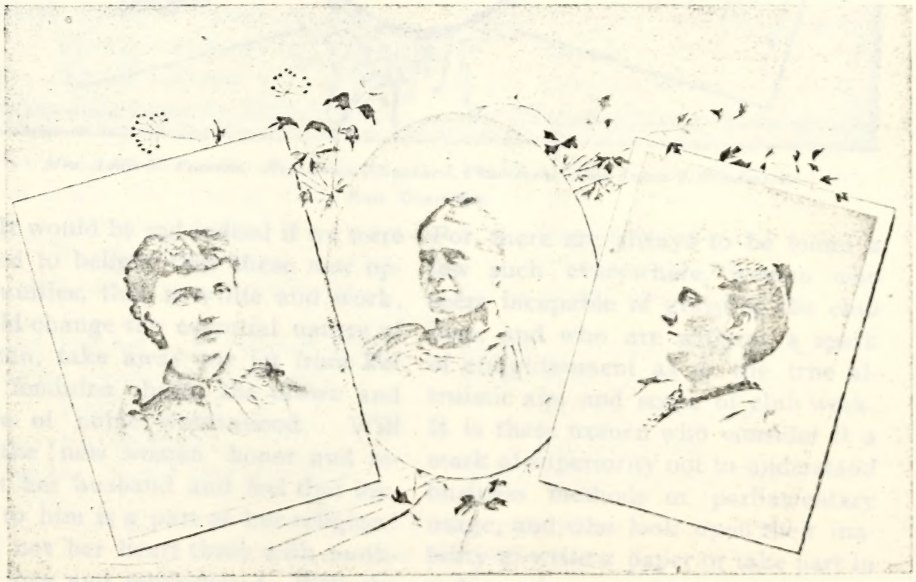
Of course the ideal club is the one made up of both men and women. Our sister city, Nashua, is so happy as to have this most desirable possession, but in most towns this state of things seems almost impossible of attainment. So many men in these busy times are too deeply absorbed in business to be willing to give the necessary time, that it seems all the more important for us women to meet together for

consultation upon such subjects as are of most interest and consequence to us and to the community in which we live.

We need to consider home matters of all kinds, the education and training of our children and the needs of the poor among us, as matters of the utmost practical value, while the study of art, literature, and current events gives us a pleasure and refreshment of spirit that are of great personal benefit. One of the chief advantages of the club is the bringing together of women of different ages in intimate conference, and the warm friendliness of each for all. Certainly no club woman has any excuse for gossip, unless it be of the golden sort that Mrs. Whitney so winningly presents in her last book, there are so many better things to talk about. Another advantage of the club is that women learn a self-forgetfulness in their absorbing interest in different subjects that frees them from the painful self-consciousness that is characteristic of most women unused to considering matters of public concern. To speak one's mind freely and modestly, with more thought of the matter under consideration than of one's self, is a great achievement.

So perfectly did the president of our club in her last annual address voice the sentiment of the membership as to its chief duties that she must be quoted at some length.

"Women must not in all these 'new occasions and new duties' lose sight of the fact that the first duty of a woman is always to the home, that her new power is a means, not an end, a means whereby she may make her home brighter, healthier, happier, train her children into better and nobler men and women, keep pace with them in their studies, keep her heart young to enjoy their pleasures with them.



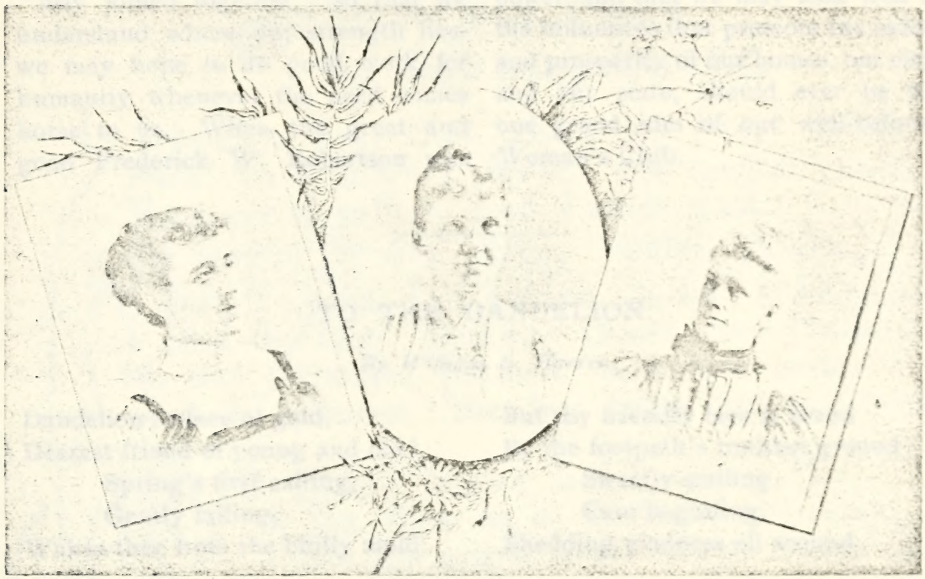
Mrs. Lillian M. Chandler. Mrs. Helen E. White, Chairman. Mrs. Sally L. M. Bethune.

Social Committee.

"There are still to be found men and women, too, who maintain stoutly that the clubs interfere with the home life. Each club woman must remember that the eyes of the world are upon her, as it were, and that she is to maintain the standard of home-making and housekeeping of club members before the world.

"'Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.'

devotion? I am sure she will. . . . The type of true womanhood is changeless, eternal as the stars, whether found on the plains of Israel 4,000 years ago or in the modern twentieth century club woman. It is the giddy, frivolous sisters, vain, petty, selfish, and sometimes spiteful, thinking only of themselves, working only to gain their own ends, who cast discredit on the club movement, and through it upon the new woman.



Mrs. Addie M. Pearson. Miss Grace Blanchard, Chairman. Mrs. Susan J. Woodward.
Press Committee.

"It would be sad indeed if we were forced to believe that these new opportunities, this new life and work, would change the essential nature of woman, take away one jot from her true feminine charm, the crown and grace of noble womanhood. Will not the 'new woman' honor and respect her husband and feel that loyalty to him is a part of her religion? Will not her heart throb with motherly love and tenderness? Will she not be true to the claims of filial

For there are always to be found a few such everywhere, women who seem incapable of grasping the club idea, and who are without a spark of enlightenment as to the true altruistic aim and scope of club work. It is these women who consider it a mark of superiority not to understand business methods or parliamentary usage, and who look upon their inability to write a paper or take part in a discussion as evidence of unusual sensibility and refinement. But each

year it will be found that these Dora Spenlows of the clubs will grow smaller and smaller in number till it were easier to find a needle in a hay-mow than one such unworthy member."

Truly it is self-forgetfulness, an interest in others, and a spirit of helpfulness that marks the ideal club woman, and when we of the Concord Woman's Club shall have grown into a compact body of units, "fitly joined together," so that we understand where our strength lies, we may hope to do good work for humanity whenever the need comes home to us. When the great and good Frederick W. Robertson was giving a list of rules for his own life he set it down as one of his duties that he should "learn to take a deep interest in the difficulties of others," and this is a purpose that may well be formed by a club like ours whenever there are troubles or wrongs that it takes the united action of many to set right. The vital questions of our times demand the deepest thought and the strongest moral power, and that we may look well to the influences that promote the safety and prosperity of our homes, our city, and our state, should ever be the one grand aim of our well-beloved Woman's Club.

TO THE DANDELION.

By William S. Harris.

Dandelion!—face of gold,
Dearest friend of young and old!
Spring's first calling,
Gently falling,
Wakes thee from the chilly mold.

When adown the greening hills
Run in glee the rippling rills,
At thy gleaming,
Welcome beaming,
Every heart with rapture thrills.

Thou dost not in woodlands drear
Veil thy countenance in fear;
Nor in hiding,
Unconfiding,
Keep thy beauty and thy cheer.

But thy friendly face is found
By the footpath's trodden ground;
Sweetly smiling,
Care beguiling,
Shedding gladness all around.

In the vales where grasses spring,
On the hills where robins sing,
By the highways
And the byways,
Joy to all thy greetings bring.

Richer gold than miser knows
In thy pure cup freely glows;
And earth's poorest
Are the surest
Of the wealth thy love bestows.

Human friends untrue may prove;
Naught can dim thy smile of love;
Friendly ever,
Faithless never,
Constant as the heaven above.

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Speeches of the clubs will grow small-
er and smaller in number till it were
easier to find a needle in a hay-mow
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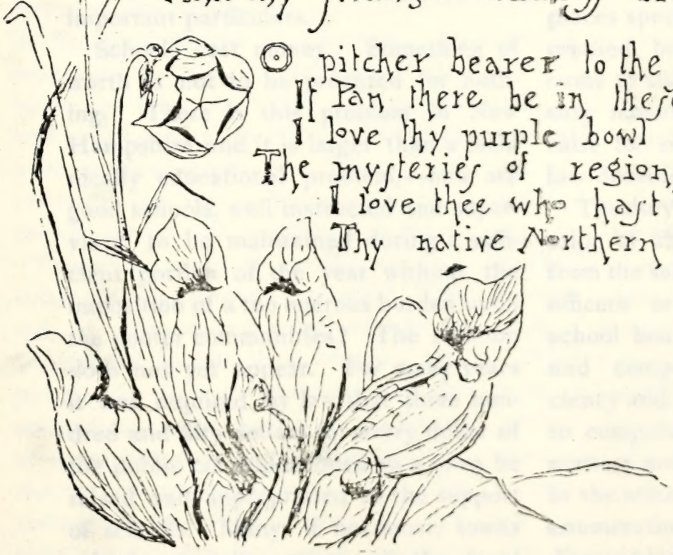


SARRACENIA

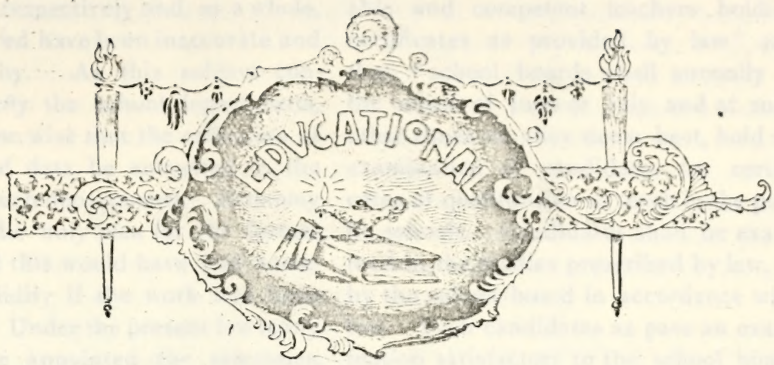
By FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

In trackless bogs that skirt the forest lake,
Mid water-blasted shrubs and tangled swale,
The haunt of bittern and of water rail,
Of dragon fly and slimy water snake,
At dead of June, half hidden in the brake,
I find thy tiny beakers chaste and frail
As rare satsuma, packed in mosses pale,
And thy strange bloomless bloom but half awake.

O pitcher bearer to the sylvan Pan,
If Pan there be in these far solitudes,
I love thy purple bowl where darkly lie
The mysteries of regions strange to man;
I love thee who hast never left the woods,
Thy native Northern bogs except to die.







Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

RECENT SCHOOL LEGISLATION AND ITS EFFECT ON EXISTING LAW.

Adaptation to present needs and improvement are constant necessities in school affairs as in all departments of human activity. In recognition of this principle, the school laws of New Hampshire were modified by the general court during the January session of 1895 in important particulars.

Schools cost money. Something of worth is not to be procured for nothing. There is this problem in New Hampshire, and it is larger than a technically educational problem,—how are good schools, well instructed and supervised, to be maintained during a sufficient portion of the year without the imposition of a too onerous burden upon the poorer communities? The solution does not yet appear. For many years it was required by law that three hundred and fifty dollars for every dollar of the public tax apportioned to a town be raised and appropriated to the support of schools. Many, if not most, towns raised sums in excess of the legal requirements; some raised just the amounts required by law. In 1893 the requirement was raised to four hundred dollars for every dollar of the public tax. Beginning January 1, 1896, the amount to be raised will be five hundred dollars for every dollar of the public tax apportioned to a town. Comparatively few districts will be affected by this change. It is probable that in some places special appropriations will be decreased, but the chief advantage will come to such towns as, having the necessary means to support better schools, raise for school purposes just what the law demands and no more.

The duty of making an annual enumeration of children has been transferred from the selectmen or assessors to truant officers or agents appointed by the school boards. The basis of statistics and computations regarding the efficiency and enforcement of laws relating to compulsory attendance and kindred matters must be the number of children in the state of school age. The annual enumeration has been slighted or wholly disregarded by the town and city officers in general. Fifty-two, thirty, and fifteen towns and cities have failed to make any returns of enumerations for the last

three years respectively and, as a whole, those received have been inaccurate and untrustworthy. As this subject concerned chiefly the school departments, it would seem wise that the collection of the required data be entrusted to the officials of such departments. Economy has been the only plea for the former method and this would have had somewhat of validity if the work had been well done. Under the present law many towns have appointed the selectmen as their agents. Suggestions as to desirable items made by the local superintendents of the state were sent to all towns and cities from the department of public instruction and generally adopted. It is reasonable to expect that the most careful and accurate returns ever compiled will be received this year, and that the discrepancies rising into the thousands will largely disappear.

With the possible exception of this enumeration of children, no subject of school legislation has attracted so much attention and aroused so much interest as the examination of teachers. As long ago as 1789, the legislature provided for the examination of teachers, and certificates of qualification to teach were required until 1891. The last revision of the Public Statutes removed the requirement of certificates to teach. "The school board shall select and hire suitable and competent teachers." This was all. Fitness and ability were to be determined by the local boards. The present law leaves the matter with the school boards, but there is a recognition of a possible state standard of qualification as there should be in a state that through its normal school officials regularly confers diplomas upon graduates of such an institution as the state normal school. The new law requires that "the school boards shall select and hire suitable and competent teachers holding certificates as provided by law" and that "school boards shall annually in the month of June or July, and at such other times as they deem best, hold an examination of candidates for certificates of qualification to teach in the public schools. Candidates shall be examined in the studies prescribed by law, or by the school board in accordance with law. Such candidates as pass an examination satisfactory to the school board and present satisfactory evidence of good moral character and capacity for government, shall receive certificates of qualification signed by the school board, to continue in force not more than one year from the date thereof." Here is a return to previous conditions. It is true that some school boards may be incompetent to determine properly the necessary qualifications for teaching. It is true that many examinations were farces. This law, however, is certainly no worse than the one it displaces, and does have the additional important feature of an authoritative, signed certificate. This feature of a required certificate of qualification, taken in connection with the optional acceptance by local boards of a state certificate, the really new feature of the legislation relating to the examination and certification of teachers, is a progressive step in the desired improvement of the teaching force of the state.

What may constitute the examination to be given by local boards? It is important that the meaning of the term examination has been restricted in educational affairs to a formal oral or written test in certain branches of study. The scope of the word is much broader than this. The fundamental meaning involves the idea of accurate weighing and just this idea should predominate

in the determination of a teacher's qualifications for the performance of his functions. Scholarship, moral character, capacity for government, are important attributes of a suitable and competent teacher. Just as in our best schools instructors no longer depend solely upon formal written tests, given at stated times, for determining the promotion of pupils from class to class, but judge merit in a larger, broader, truer way; just as college presidents accept statements from principals of approved schools regarding the ability of students to enter their institutions, so school officers judge teachers by wiser and more satisfactory methods. Under the present law, school boards may demand that teachers, regardless of length and efficiency of service, in spite of intimate acquaintanceship on the part of those in authority, shall take an annual written examination. This is wholly unnecessary, if not unwise. Frequent visitation of the teacher in the school room, a study of the work of the teacher and the pupils, a careful inspection of the results secured, a thoughtful study of the teacher in his entirety, are better bases for sound judgment in the issuance of certificates than any other test, oral or written. An examination of this sort is sufficient. In the case of new or untried teachers, a test, oral or written, or both, seems to be a necessity. While scholarship, and not always that, may be somewhat fairly judged by the results of a written examination, something more is desirable, and school officers must ever be good judges of human nature. Without further detail, it may be said that for teachers already in the corps, an examination, a weighing of results, of the school generally is best; for those unknown, untried, or doubtful, who seek admission to the force, a test, oral or written, preferably both, should be applied. By this mode of procedure the spirit of the law will be kept.

The law providing for the examination and certification of teachers by the superintendent of public instruction is plain, and as the details of plans for carrying out its provisions have not yet been completed, no explanations are necessary at this time.

An Act to provide for the examination and certification of school teachers by the superintendent of public instruction.

Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives in general court convened:

Section 1. The superintendent of public instruction shall cause to be held at such convenient times and places as he may from time to time designate, public examinations of candidates for the position of teacher in the public schools of the state. Such examinations shall test the professional as well as the scholastic abilities of candidates, and shall be conducted by such persons and in such manner as the superintendent of public instruction may from time to time designate. Due notice of the time, place, and other conditions of the examinations shall be given in such public manner as the superintendent of public instruction may determine.

Sec. 2. A certificate of qualification shall be given to all candidates who pass satisfactory examinations in such branches as are required by law to be taught, and who in other respects fulfill the requirements of the superintendent; such certificate shall be either probationary or permanent, and shall indicate the grade of school for which the person named in the certificate is qualified to teach.

Sec. 3. A list of approved candidates shall be kept in the office of the department of public instruction and copies of the same, with such information as may be desired, shall be sent to school committees upon their request.

Sec. 4. The certificates issued under the provisions of this act may be accepted by

school committees in lieu of the personal examination required by section 6 of chapter 92 of the Public Statutes.

Sec. 5. A sum not exceeding three hundred dollars may be annually expended from the income of institute fund for the necessary and contingent expenses of carrying out the provisions of this act.

Sec. 6. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

The good sought is the improvement of the great body of our teachers. None of its provisions are obligatory upon teachers or school boards. Teachers are not compelled to take the examinations, school boards are not compelled to accept state certificates. This, however, is but the beginning. It is hoped that ultimately a state certificate may be demanded of every teacher seeking or holding a position in a public school. At present this demand would be unwise and unjust, and would secure the defeat of the desirable and desired end by the accompanying hardships imposed upon teachers and school boards not yet prepared for so radical a change. The present expectation is that teachers of the progressive sort will prefer the state certificate to frequent examination for new positions, as the certificate may be accepted throughout the state. It is hoped, too, that school boards, particularly in the smaller towns, will give the preferance to such teachers as have secured the state certificates. One desirable feature is not to be overlooked, the separation of the examining and appointing powers. Favoritism can be more readily eliminated. The worth of the law will depend upon the wisdom of its execution and the coöperation of teachers and school officers.

In the statute relating to the dismissal of teachers, the clause "and every contract for the hire of a teacher, however expressed, shall be taken to be subject to these conditions" was stricken out and the remainder rearranged, so as to read simply: "They shall dismiss any teacher found by them to be unsuitable or incompetent or who shall not conform to the regulations by them prescribed." This is in harmony with the requirement for the hire of teachers.

Annually blank forms are sent from the state department of public instruction to the local boards. Hereafter these forms are to be filled out and returned to the state office on or before the first day of August instead of the first day of April as heretofore. The new law provides also that "the school year shall begin with the fall term." It formerly happened that the cities and many towns gave statistics relating to attendance and other distinctively school matters for the year ending the previous summer. These statistics were somewhat ancient history by the time of publication in the state report late in the winter following the making of the returns. Uniformity is now ensured. Boards report to the towns as usual in the spring, and may make returns on financial matters for their last fiscal year, but school items should include the school year just previous to the time of reporting, August 1. The statute is clear as to what items shall be reported.

The duties of the superintendent of public instruction have been so amended that hereafter he shall investigate the condition and efficiency of the system of popular education in the state, especially in relation to the amount and character of the instruction given to the study of physiology and hygiene, having special reference to the effects of alcoholic stimulants and of narcotics upon the human system, and shall recommend to school boards what he considers the

best text-books upon those subjects and suggest to them the best mode of teaching them. As the fulfillment of this duty involves the examination of a large number of books and practically the arrangement of a course of study in temperance physiology, together with suggestions as to the best pedagogic methods to be used, time will be required for a careful consideration of the whole matter.

School boards, too, are now required to "see that the studies so prescribed (physiology, etc.) are thoroughly taught in said schools, and that well approved text-books upon these subjects are furnished to teachers and scholars. If any member of the school board shall neglect or refuse to comply with the provisions of section 6 (the preceding), he shall forfeit the sum of two hundred dollars.

The purpose of these provisions is to strengthen and improve the study of temperance and right living in the schools. Some questions may arise in the practical operation of the law, but it may be well not to anticipate difficulties.

Time restrictions in the adoption and continuance of text-books have been removed. The following amendment to the free text-book law is made: "They (the school board) shall make provision for the sale of such books at cost to pupils of the schools wishing to purchase them for their own use."

A weak feature in the school system is the lack of skilled supervision. "A school district may require the school board to elect or appoint a superintendent of schools." The will of the district still determines whether there shall be a superintendent of schools or not, but the selection of the individual rests with the school board.

There was no doubt that districts might unite in the employment of a superintendent of schools, but the following permissive act was passed:

Two or more towns or special districts may, by vote of each, form a district for the purpose of employing a superintendent of the public schools therein, who shall perform in each town the duties prescribed by law and the regulations of the school boards.

Such superintendent shall be appointed by a joint committee composed of the school board of each of the towns in said district, who shall determine the relative amount of service to be performed by him in each town, and shall fix his salary and apportion the amount thereof to be paid by the several towns, and certify such amount to the treasurer of each town. Said joint committee shall, for said purposes, be held to be the agents of each town composing such district.

The observance of Memorial Day in the public schools has become general, and this noble custom is now crystallized into this law:

In all the public schools of the state the last regular session prior to Memorial Day, or a portion thereof, shall be devoted to exercises of a patriotic nature.

Too much cannot be made in the schools or out of patriotism and loyalty to the institutions and flag of our country.

The income to be devoted to institute work is diminished one third by the act reducing to four per cent. the rate of interest on trust funds held by the state. Much greater sums could be profitably employed in this work, which has been enlarging. By increased labor and a modification of plans the benefits of the institutes will be maintained.

No changes were made in the laws relating to compulsory attendance of children at school or the employment of child labor in manufacturing establishments. As school boards must issue

certificates of attendance at school to children between the ages of twelve and sixteen years, and as no uniform regulations existed in regard to certificates for children attending private schools, the following provision was made:

> No certificate as provided in the foregoing sections (see Public Statutes, *c.* 93) shall be issued for attendance at any private school unless such school shall have previously been approved by the school board of the district in which it is situated, as furnishing instruction in the English language in all the studies required by law equal to that given in the public schools of said district and unless the record of attendance should be kept in the form required of the public schools, and be open to the inspection of the school board of the district at all times.

It is the duty of the state to see that every child who ought to be in school is in school; that he remains in school for as long a time as possible; that while in school he is under the best possible instruction and supervision. Not only should it be possible for every child to obtain an education, but it should be impossible for him not to get one.

Briefly this article deals with the principal features of the new laws as they modify or displace the old. Changes come slowly, and more remains to do. A subsequent article will deal with some improvements, desirable and feasible, that should be made in the present school laws.

THE THIRD ANNUAL SESSION OF THE N. H. SUMMER INSTITUTE.

In 1873 the great "Teacher," as he loved to be called, Louis Agassiz, established his famous Summer School on an island in Buzzard's Bay. His plan was to give practical instruction to young naturalists, and to "establish a school where teachers from our schools and colleges could make their vacations serviceable both for work and recreation by direct study of nature."

The encouragement was so great by the attendance and interest that other departments in Harvard University determined to increase their efficiency in a like manner. Their success was great. Now the Summer School is not only a strong factor in the departments of many of our leading universities, but particularly so in the public school system of the state. The states are few indeed who can not now boast of a summer school or school of methods for the teachers of the public schools. Some are but a week in duration; some charge a slight tuition; others last two or three weeks, and are free to the teachers of the state. That these schools are annually increasing is a sufficient reply to those who have yet to learn their value, or pretend to think them a passing "fad." It is unquestionably a fact that the change of surroundings and work, the stimulus of congenial companions interested in the same subjects, are the best preparations for the hard work of the school room. The location and equipment of such a school is most important.

In 1893 the first state summer school ever established in New Hampshire was opened by the State Department of Public Instruction at Plymouth in the Normal School buildings. The attendance was more than encouraging and the work done and the interest shown proved that the teachers of the state

were ready and waiting for just such help. In 1894 the attendance at the school was nearly doubled, in spite of the fact that a summer school of biology had been opened at Durham. Some teachers were in attendance at both.

The third annual State Summer Institute opens at Plymouth on August 17, lasting two weeks—tuition free as heretofore to New Hampshire teachers. The programme is a strong one, the instructors all leading educators, and no New Hampshire teachers whether from the rural ungraded or the city school can afford to miss this opportunity. The prospectus will be issued early in June. Teachers, send for it to the Department of Public Instruction, Concord, N. H.

SECOND ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL OF BIOLOGY, DURHAM.

The success attending the first session of the School of Biology, held during the summer of 1894, has led to the conviction that the college may do good service to the educational interests of the state, by establishing such a school as a regular feature of its yearly programme. The present announcement of the second session, to be held July 8 to August 3, 1895, is therefore issued. The chief purpose in view will be, as before, to give teachers in the secondary and lower schools a sound knowledge of the essential features of plant and animal life, by means of laboratory studies of the more important organic types; but special attention will be devoted to those phases of natural history which are likely to prove useful for nature studies in the lower schools. To this end a special series of lectures and exhibits is arranged for.

In order that those who so desire may take advantage of the school, the fee has been reduced to $10 for the entire course. Board and room may be obtained for $3.50 to $4 per week, so that the expense of attendance will be moderate. Most of the summer school students can get rooms and board near the main building.

The situation of the college is peculiarly favorable to the study of natural history. Plants and animals inhabiting a great variety of land surface, as well as fresh, brackish, and salt water are easily accessible.

It is very desirable that all who intend to enter the school should notify the president as early as possible, that plans may be made for the number in attendance. Applicants may address, President Charles S. Murkland, Durham, N. H.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—The portraits of President Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland, accompanying Senator Chandler's article in the May number of THE GRANITE MONTHLY, were engraved from photographs by Bell of Washington, whose reputation is national, and whose artistic taste was perhaps never shown to better advantage than in THE GRANITE MONTHLY originals.

IN THE ORCHARD.

By Belle Marshall Locke.

The apple-trees bend, with blossoms pink-hearted,
A faint, subtle perfume is filling the air.
I lean 'gainst the bars, where last year we parted,
And dream of the face that to me was so fair.

That pale, pensive face, blue eyes, with curled lashes,
And hair all a-gleam, like a frame-work of gold.
The picture, clean-cut, across my mind flashes,
And the memory, sweet, to my heart I enfold.

'T was a day all full of bird-song and sunlight,
That shimmered and danced through blossoming trees;
Over yon mountain a cloud floated, fleece white,
And the soft air was filled with humming of bees.

The words of all words that morning I 'd spoken,
And a circlet of gold shone on your white hand,
Emblem of love and of fond vows unbroken;
It made you my own, dear, that tiny bright band.

Then we walked arm in arm down through the meadow,
And we talked of the year that must intervene
Before I should see you, and a dark shadow
Stole over our hearts, keenly felt, though unseen.

The year glided by, slow-winged, heavy laden;
And nothing remains but a little, green mound.
You came to me, dear, a pale, waxen maiden
The angels in heaven had sought for and found.

The days and nights are alike to me now, Clare,
My heart is a dead thing, that beats 'gainst my will.
I wonder if you, in your heavenly home, there,
Can know I am waiting, am true to you still.

Send me a message, to comfort me, dearie,
Oh, whisper it soft on the next breeze that blows;
A word to lighten my burden so weary,
That will comfort my heart and bring me repose.

A strange, quiet feeling o'er him came creeping,
The wind softly sighed through the branches above.
They found him at sunset quietly sleeping,
Life's labor ended, he 'd gone to his love.

NECROLOGY.

EX-GOV. JAMES A. WESTON.

James A. Weston was born in Manchester August 27, 1827, and died at his home in that city May 8. In his youth Mr. Weston began the study of civil engineering, teaching school winters. At the age of 19 he had acquired a singular proficiency and was appointed assistant engineer of the old Concord Railroad. In 1849 he became chief engineer, a position he held for many years. For a series of years he occupied the positions of roadmaster and master of transportation of the Concord and the Manchester & Lawrence railroads. As chief engineer of the Concord & Portsmouth Railroad, he superintended the construction of the greater portion of that road. Later Mr. Weston built the Suncook Valley road. Besides his railroad work, he found time to put in Concord's Penacook Lake system of water works. In politics Mr. Weston was always a Democrat. He was the first Democrat elected mayor of his city—in 1862. Mr. Weston ran for mayor six times, being elected three times. Mr. Weston was called upon to stand as the gubernatorial candidate of his party at the election in March, 1871. His opponent was Rev. James Pike. The election resulted in no choice by the people, but in the following June the legislature elected Mr. Weston governor, the first Democratic governor since 1855. Gov. Weston was renominated, but was defeated by Ezekiel A. Straw. Both men ran again in 1873, Gov. Straw being re-elected. For the fourth time Mr. Weston was nominated for governor, and at the election in March, 1874, he was far ahead of his opponent, Gen. Luther McCutchins, but the scattering vote defeated a choice. The Democratic legislature, chosen at that time, again selected Mr. Weston for governor. Gov. Weston served as chairman of the New Hampshire Centennial commission, and was appointed by congress a member of the board of finance. On the establishment of the state board of health, he was selected one of its members, and retained the position up to the time of his death. Gov. Weston became interested in various financial enterprises, especially banking. In 1877 he was chosen president of the City National Bank, which in October, 1880, was changed to the Merchants' National Bank, and continued at the head of that institution during his life. He was also treasurer of the Suncook Valley Railroad. He was one of the organizers of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, and had always been its president and a member of the directorate except a few of the earlier years of its existence, when he was the vice president. In August, 1880, the supreme court appointed him chairman of the board of trustees for the bondholders of the Manchester & Keene Railroad. Mr. Weston was a most public-spirited citizen, and his death is keenly felt by his

associates in all of the many institutions with which he was actively connected. He is survived by five children. His wife died three years ago. In 1871 Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He was a member of the Amoskeag Veterans, high in the Masonic fraternity,—ever since the institution of Trinity Commandery, Knights Templars, had been its treasurer.

REV. GEORGE W. GARDNER, D. D.

George W. Gardner was born at Pomfret, Vt., October 8, 1828, and died at New London April 28. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1852, and in the following year became the first principal of the New London Literary and Scientific Institution, now Colby academy, in which position he remained eight years. He was ordained as a minister in 1858 and installed pastor of the First Baptist church, Charlestown, Mass., in 1861, where he remained eleven years. Dartmouth College conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity in 1867. In 1872 he became corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He travelled in Europe, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece in 1870. In 1876–'78 he was pastor of the First Baptist church in Cleveland, O. When President Dunn retired from the Central University of Iowa, Dr. Gardner was called to fill the vacancy, and from 1881 to 1884 was its head. He was then pastor of the Beth Eden Baptist church, Waltham, Mass., from 1888 to 1890 when failing health compelled him to return to New London. He has ever since been connected with Colby academy as trustee, and instructor in Biblical literature and Christian evidences. For the past eight years he has edited *Summer Rest*, a summer souvenir annual. He also had editorial connection with the Baptist Missionary Magazine and the *Watchman*, besides writing extensively for magazines and newspapers. He is survived by a widow, a daughter, and two sons.

ELIHU WILDER.

Elihu Wilder was born in Peterborough, September 26, 1838, and died in North Cambridge, Mass., May 13. He was a mechanical engineer, and had made many valuable inventions in sewing machines and fixtures, knitting machines, firearms, coal elevators, bicycles, carriages, wood and iron working machinery, cuff and collar machines, etc.

DR. NATHAN FRENCH.

Nathan French was born in Sandown, and died in Malden, Mass., aged 84 years. He was educated at Dartmouth College, and in medicine at Boston. He began the practice of his profession at Malden in 1839, which was ever afterward his home. He was twice married, and is survived by a widow and one daughter.

CAPT. GEORGE E. GLINES.

Capt. George E. Glines, the oldest member in point of service of the New Hampshire National Guard, died at Manchester, May 22, aged 60 years. He was a veteran of the Rebellion (1st Light Battery), and was for some years captain of the night watch, Manchester police force.

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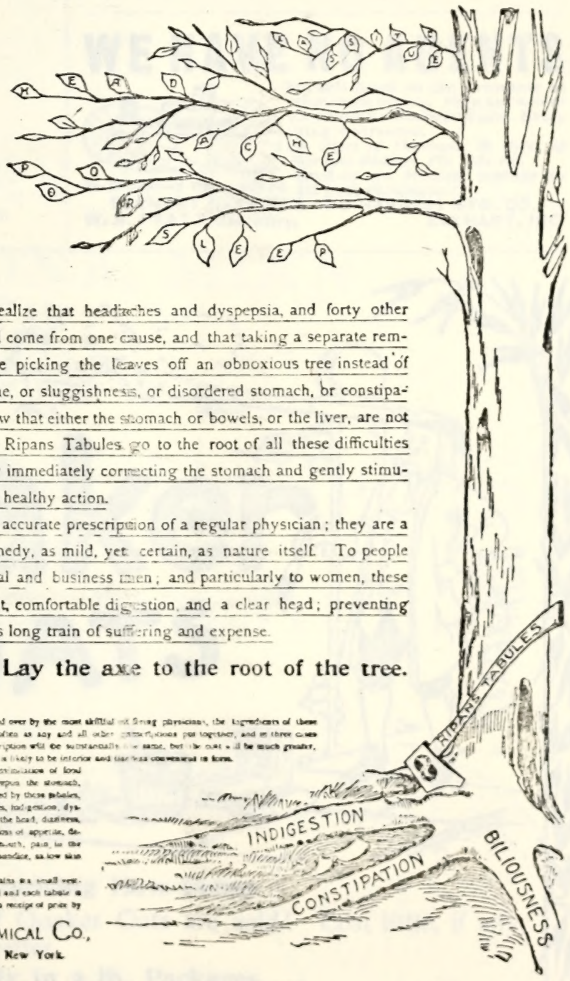
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Lay the axe to the root of the tree.

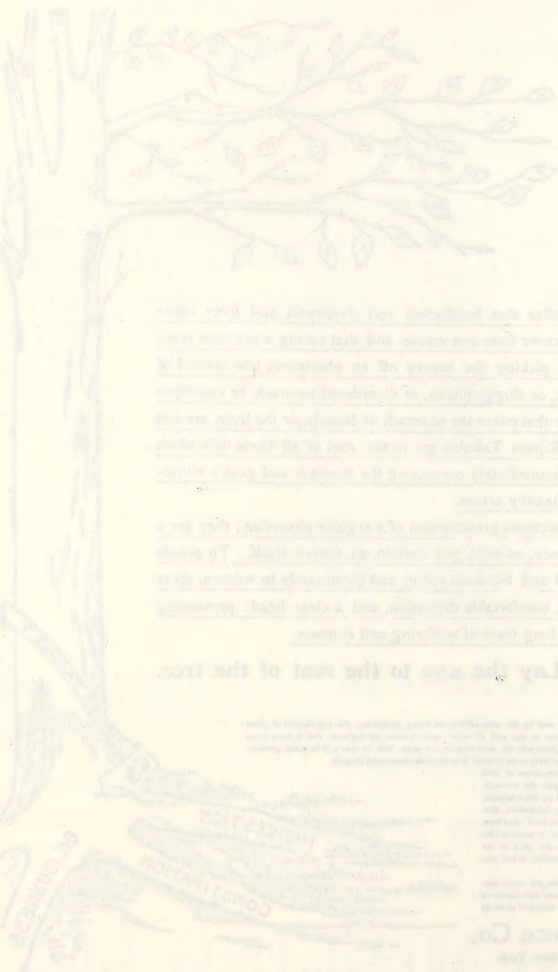
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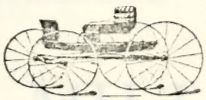
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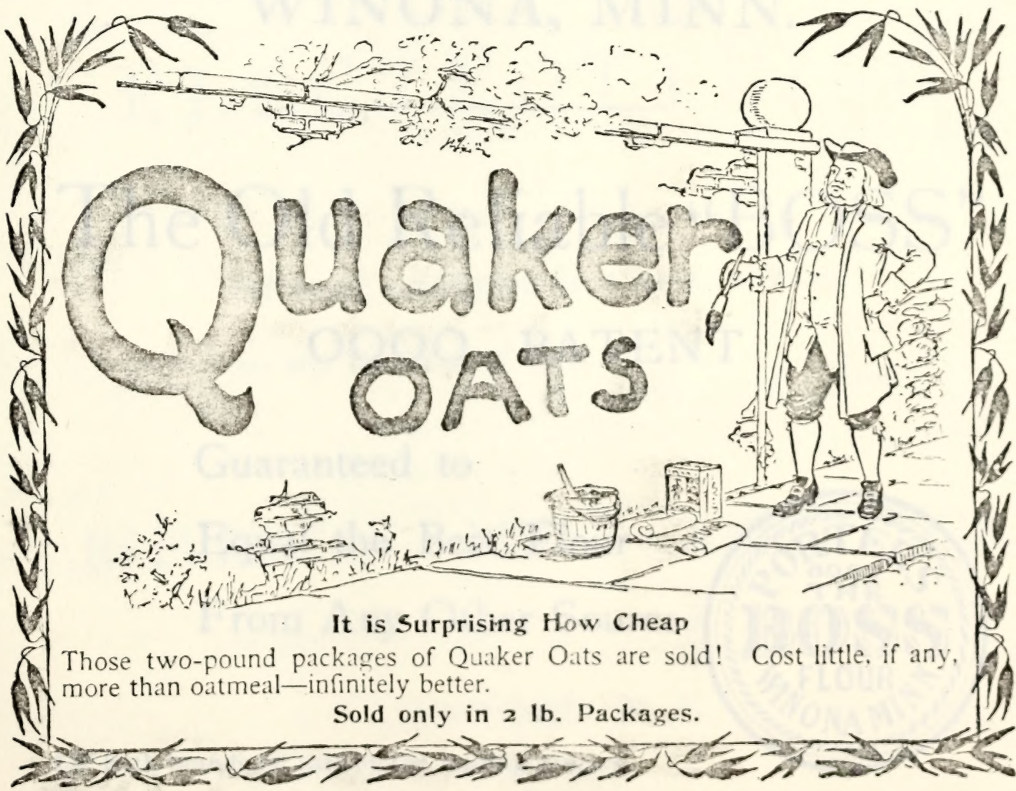
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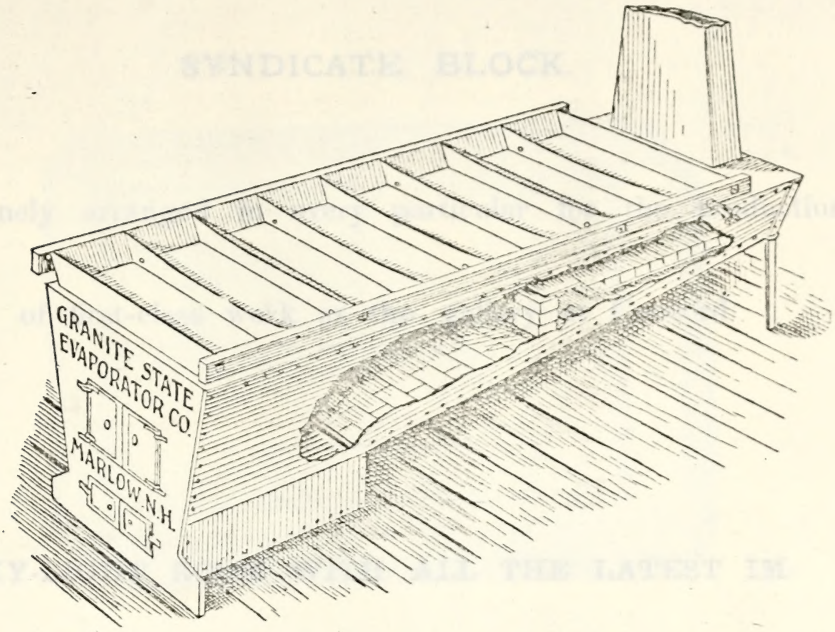
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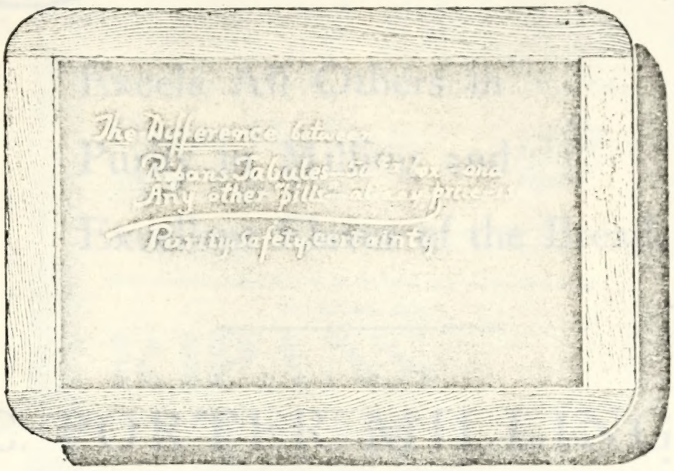
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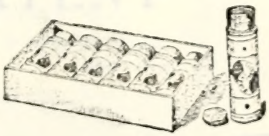
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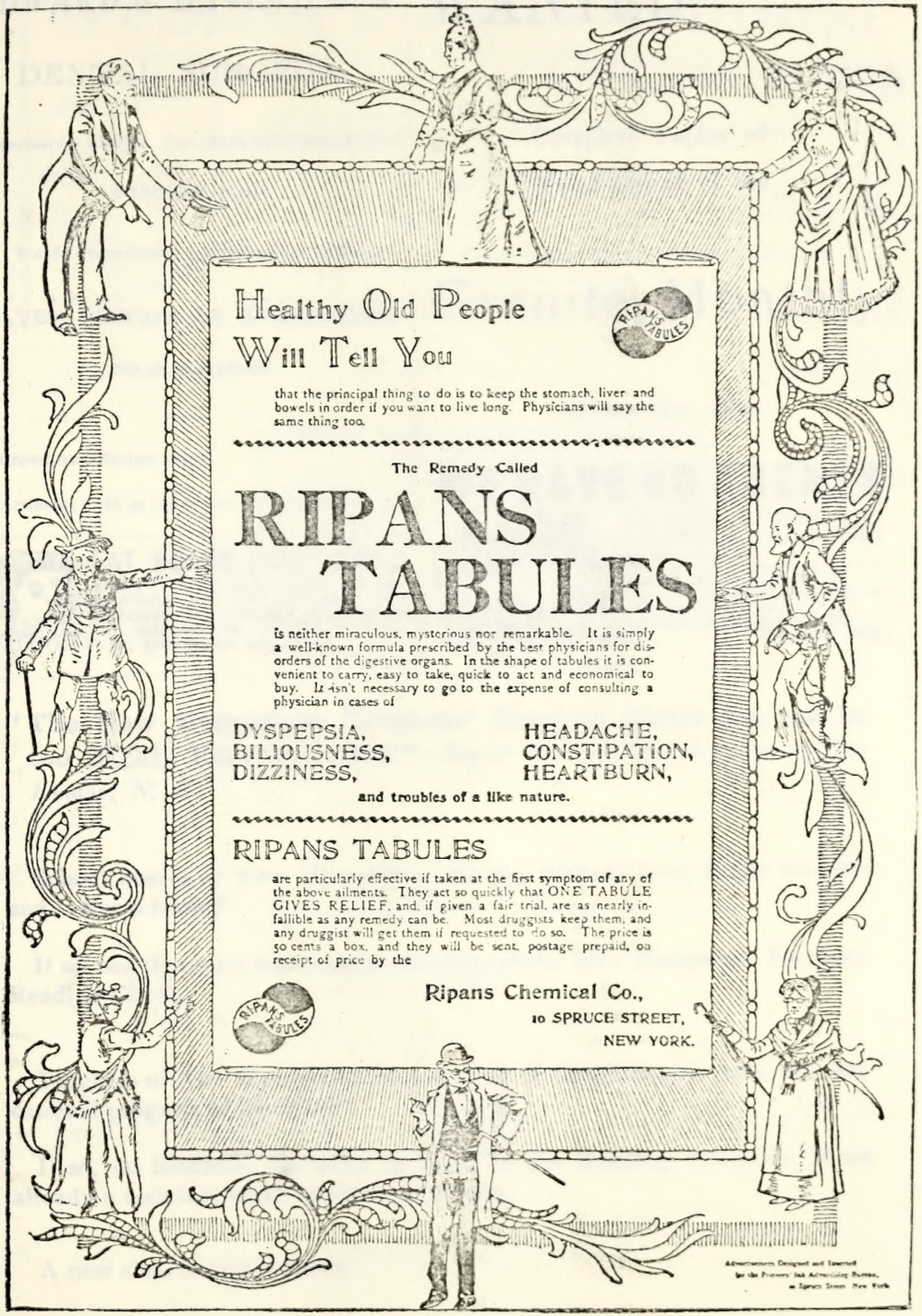
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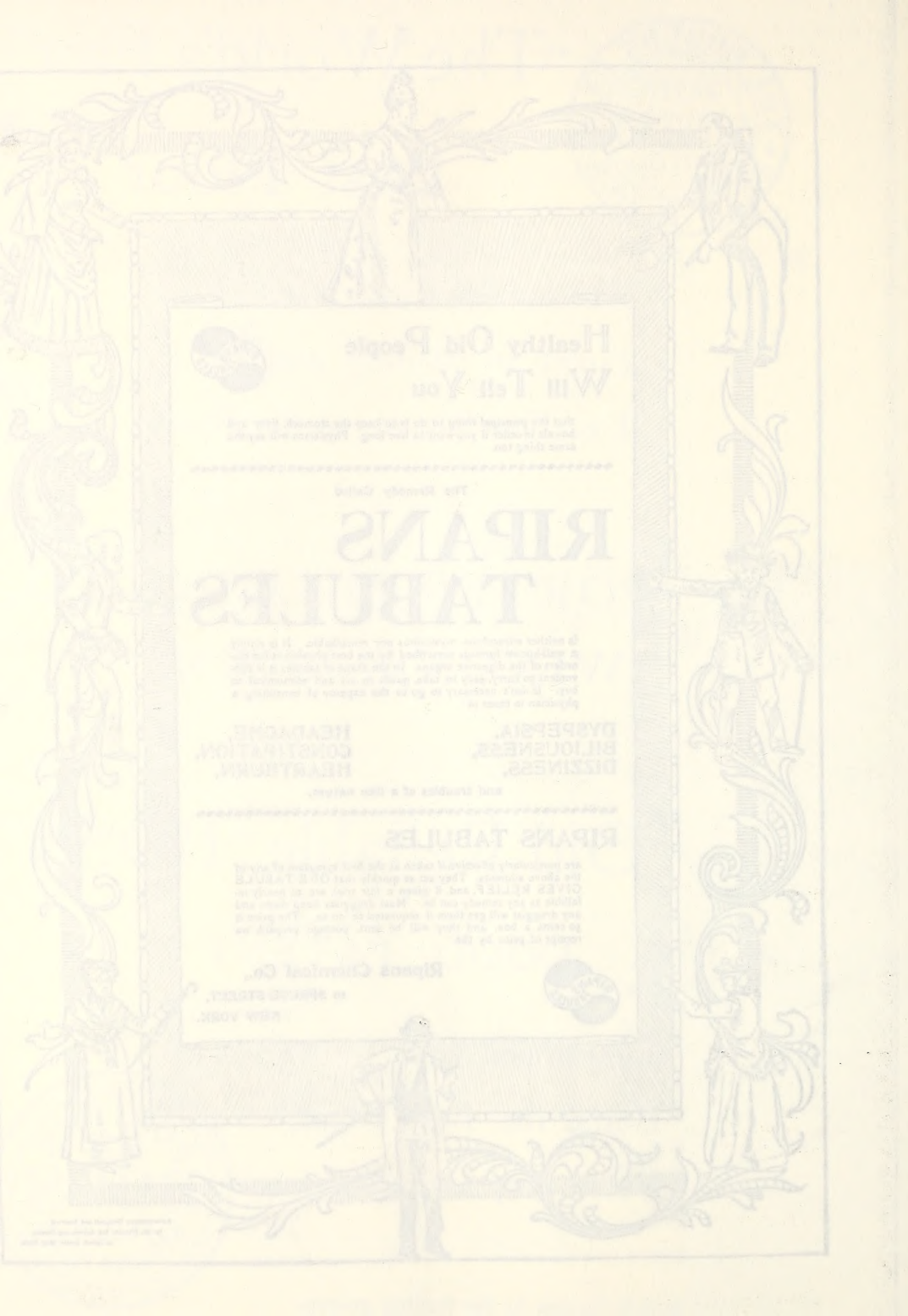
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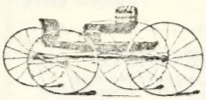
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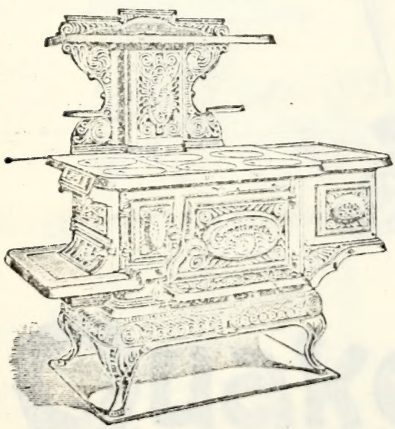
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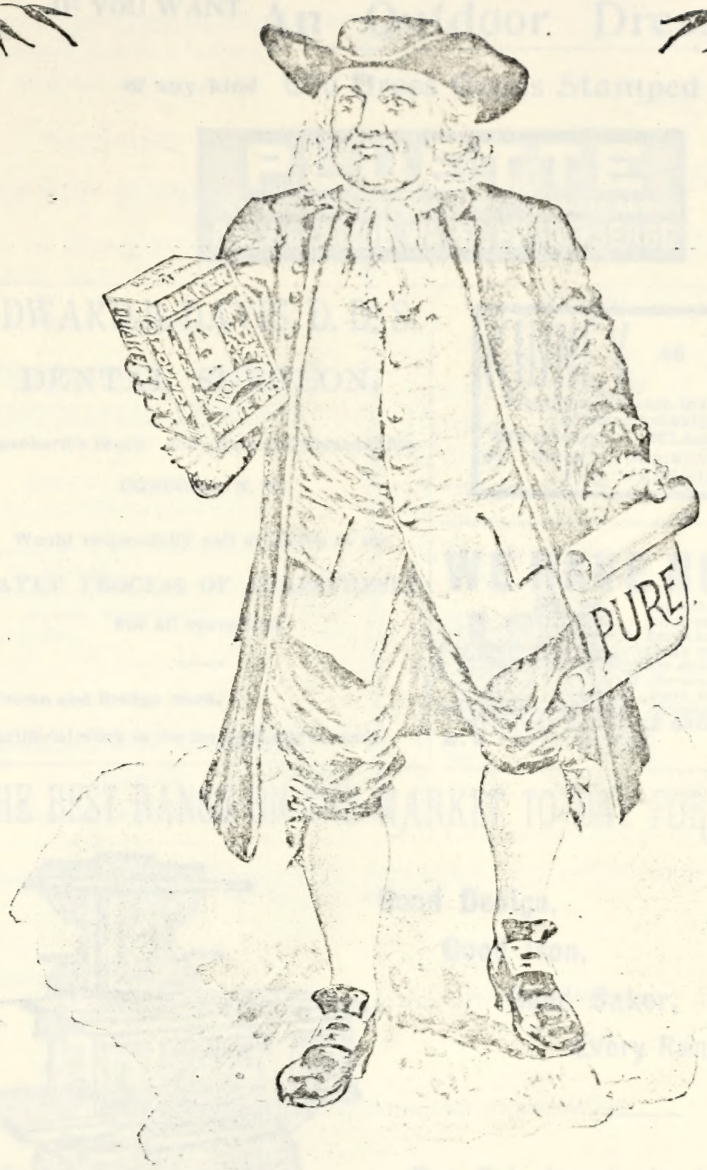
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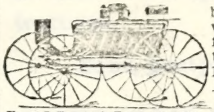
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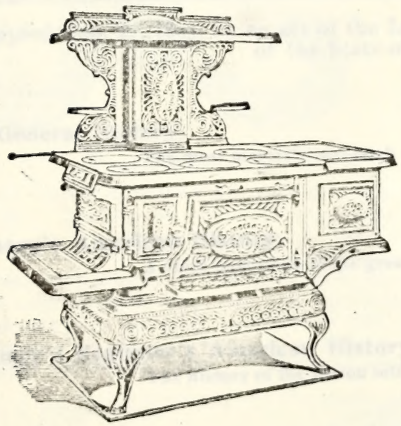
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